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GERMANY'S THIRD TRY

by LORD VANSITTART

LET me begin by repeating that, when I generalize about Germans — and all political judgment involves some degree of generalization — I do not mean every German, but the majority of those with whom we have had to deal in the past and may have to deal in the future. It is by them that we must tot up the chances of acquiescence or resurgence.

The Germans have a saying, "All good things are three." Proverbs and puns are everywhere obsolescent, but there is still a German tendency to repeat a catchphrase, *Spruchwort*, or cliché, provided that (a) it is of their own making, (b) it suits them. No good German likes listening to anything that does *not* suit him. That is why you heard so little in Germany of the "unsuitable" — and unflattering — sayings and writings of Hölderlin, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche.

This characteristic accounts for the fact that Germans do not easily learn — politically at least. They do not learn because they cannot, or will not, unlearn. Once a cliché is in their heads, not even experience, let alone argument, will get it out again. They are singularly lacking in flexibility both of moral and of physical deportment. That, in the long chain of psychology and circumstance, is why they have made, and lost, two brutal and colossal wars of aggression. They just could not shake off the idea of world domination, once they had got it into their system or *Weltanschauung* — a word as "ridiculously dangerous" as I called the Nazis in their earlier days.

A diplomat who served in the British Foreign Office from 1902 to 1941, LORD VANSITTART was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during the crucial years 1930 to 1938. His openly expressed alarm at the threatening power of Hitler's Germany was little heeded either in Britain or abroad. Today we know better, and the thought still haunts us that, unless we take precautions, Germany will make a third try.

Let us continue the chain by which German reason is bound. I should have written "reasoning" rather than "reason," because Germans have hated reason as much as their hero, Luther, did. He called her every name in his incredible repertory of pornography. Reason, being incompatible with their programs of political and territorial megalomania, has been necessarily relegated to the background. The trait shows how and why the Germans are so infinitely suggestible, so wide-open, not to truth or reality but to their own propaganda. They can hardly conceive things other than otherwise when things, including Providence, do not suit their books.

For example, the German Army was never beaten in the last war, declared the Socialist President Ebert. What jam for the militarist! What joy for the bourgeois! Immediately, and regardless of experience, the cry is taken up by the whole nation, Left, Right, Center; and a sufficient din always constitutes fact in the Fatherland. The denial of aggression or atrocity, the clamor for "living space," the whole outcry against the Treaty of Versailles (the treaty did not suit them, and for that reason was clearly a scandal though it was obviously and infinitely more clement than the Treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest), are but a few among many crude examples. The Germans are indeed crude and inflammable — the latter because the former.

All this has a bearing on the prospect of Germany's propensity to "try, try again." A few more preliminary factors must, however, be mentioned before that prospect can be assessed. After the last war there was no German sense of responsibility and therefore no repentance. It is true that Allied propaganda made no real effort to bring home the sense of guilt. Britons and Americans have no aptitude for propaganda; and most people dislike what they do badly. They were both

indisposed to the practice and suspicious of the word. Anyhow, they were tired both by and of war, and in particular of the wordy practice which it had engendered. So they went off the job.

The French stayed on it, but conducted their propaganda amiss to an unsympathetic audience, for Britain and the United States went largely and astonishingly pro-German soon after the last war. The French case was so ill put and received that French occupation of the Ruhr was treated as a crime. All that the French did was to take, under great provocation, action legitimate but unwise, because the German nationalists wanted them to take it, in order to alienate sympathy in Britain and the United States.

The Germans then tuned up harder than ever. There were two forms of German propaganda — one for home, one for abroad. The former was forthwith directed toward rousing indignation, hatred, xenophobia. For that purpose, for example, the myth of “the maintenance of the blockade” was shamefully misstated and exploited, by the double process of suppressing truth and suggesting falsehood. It obtained an immediate hold all over Germany and — more surprisingly — abroad. There has been no bound to Anglo-American gullibility, and the “Amerika Second” Germans will strive to keep it up. Only during the course of this war did the facts of German responsibility emerge. I have taken a considerable part in exposing the facts, and a devastating pamphlet on the subject has also been written by Herr Bernhard Menne.

Briefly, German propaganda at home at once began to prepare the nation for another war, and the Republic went the way of all German flesh. It skillfully linked grievance with invincibility. The German Army, it alleged, had been let down by a “stab in the back” administered by weakness on the home front — which must not happen again. Alternatively, the Army and the people would never have abandoned the struggle — never mind the contradiction; Hitler was not the first to realize that big lies “go over big” — if they had not been betrayed by Allied bad faith. They had ceased fire, confiding in President Wilson’s Fourteen Points — never mind that in 1918 the whole nation had united in laughing them out of court so long as it had a chance of winning. The peals of January were still in our ears when the appeals of October began.

Abroad, German propaganda simply went all-out to organize sympathy by brazenly denying every hard fact that told against Germany. And in the English-speaking countries “tired businessmen” were so tired that, having already by inertia lost the peace without knowing it, they wanted to be left in peace and get back to business as usual, including loans at 7 per cent to the still homicidal maniac. The Germans gasped, smiled, pocketed, armed, defaulted. The *very* tired businessmen looked the other way, or salved their consciences by the mumbo-jumbo of prosperity before security, and by the delusion that they were helping a struggling and deserving young German democracy.

In plain fact it was only a conscious interlude be-

tween the Second and Third Reichs, war criminals both. Yet such was the force of German iteration (here again the tactics of the Republic were the precursors of Hitler’s simple methods) that by bitter experience I found it almost as unpopular to doubt the “sincerity” — a favorite Japanese word — of that fraudulent regime as to question the efficacy, in a pinch, of a League of Nations composed of nations without arms. And for a long while too it was unpopular to challenge Hitler. I remember well drawing up, and getting dispatched to him, a questionnaire which did very definitely question his “sincerity.” And there was such a row about it at home that Hitler found it easy not to reply.

2

SOME, not all, of these factors may tend to repeat themselves, if we allow them to. That is why they are relevant to our present problem. Yet there are happily other circumstances entirely different this time, though throughout this second German World War both Britain and the United States have been handicapped by a section of German refugees in various democratic guises but uniformly at heart German nationalists.

In the first place, we have triumphantly carried through the policy of unconditional surrender, though these agitators strained every nerve to prevent it, by assuring us that we should thus forfeit the collaboration of a phantom German resistance movement. The Germans fought to the end as in 1918, but this time there will be no more babble of invincibility; surrender has been signed by the leaders of the German forces, who have been carried into captivity. In 1919 we allowed a conditional peace to be subscribed by civilian scapegoats, while the Army escaped without a stain on its scutcheon.

Even now — and let us make no mistake about it — the *Wehrmacht* is a popular idol, from whose worship the nation will not lightly depart. It has been hailed with flowers and lamentations as it has passed from the risks of battle into brief and safe captivity. It enjoys the sympathy of the people, and in their dim eyes it has only suffered another “stab,” this time from above, administered by an amateurish former corporal whose intuitions failed against an unfair mass of men and material. (When their own bombing was turned against them, that too became “unfair.”) If human “superiority” could have availed, mutter the Herren-volk, ah, then — Anyhow they so nearly pulled it off twice.

Note that here again the Germans instinctively try to have it both ways. They exonerate their god, the Army, by blaming the corporal; but they have also created a Hitler legend by attributing to him a fictitious death in heroic battle. The raucous little half-man to whom they gave themselves of course met no such end; he died of hemorrhage or poison — perhaps even of a *real* “stab in the back” — well underground with a plump typist; and his body has been hidden or

destroyed. He may return in still another metamorphosis, whose little finger will be thicker than Adolf's flabby thigh.

Anyhow, a second Barbarossa myth may come in handy. At least they have got two strings to their bow, and they may pull a long bow on twin themes before many years are out. No Goebbels will be required to furbish the aureole, no learned Treitschke to persuade the universities that "Prussian military glory is a jewel as precious as the masterpieces of our poets and thinkers." Even Goethe said that art and science "offer only poor consolation, and do not match the proud consciousness of belonging to a great, strong, respected, and feared nation." When such men can express such sentiments, it is not surprising that smaller fry cannot grasp the good life unless it is accompanied by power.

All this must go into the balance sheet of our prospects, for it is another link in the chain. When you have listened to the small fry long enough, you understand that they do know the difference between good and evil, but not when the distinction turns to their disadvantage. They cannot see that there is anything wrong in taking advantage of weaker neighbors, especially if you can clothe wrong in the garb or garble of a doctrine. "Right — or law — is what suits the German people." It took the Nazis to formulate the principle so crudely, but it was always there. I said at the beginning that they believe what suits them.

I also said that there was no repentance in 1918 or thereafter. There were only sore feelings, self-pity, a whining arrogance. Germans don't know what it means to "meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two impostors just the same." Without repentance there could be no dignity. Neither is there repentance or dignity this time. On this point, at least, most reports are unanimous. There is some passable acting, but a conspicuous lack of "the real right thing," on which alone confidence could be founded. An ineffective minority cannot be expected by any miracle suddenly to transmute the recalcitrant bulk.

No greater disservice can be rendered to the prospects of peace than by those who are now endeavoring to spread yet another myth: that the *majority* of the inmates of the concentration camps were Germans. They are even using the camps to prove that the Germans are good people after all. The truth is that there were, from the beginning, few Germans "inside" for a population of 68 million, because there was notoriously little opposition to Hitler; and that the bulk of the incarcerated were Jews or persons interned, not for deeds of resistance, but through suspicion of disaffection. To the residue all honor! Let us be fair to them but also to ourselves.

We have seen a few of the elements that make possible a third German attempt to dominate the world, if the chance comes or can be created. Some factors have not varied: the mentality of the Junkers and heavy industrialists — all doomed to be put out of possession or business, yet still capable of contributing to underground activities. The same role will be attempted by all convinced militarists — also to be put out of action

by the complete disarmament of Germany and the elimination of *all* armed force except the police, which should include no former officers or regular noncommissioned officers.

Other factors are definitely worse and more ominous now than they were twenty-seven years ago. One is the increased brutalization and savagery of the present generation of Germans. In particular we must take account of the large numbers of SS and Gestapo forces, which did not exist in 1918 and which exceed in quantity and cruelty the illegal armies and black murder-bands of those days. To these must be added the nationally perverted Hitler Youth and the League of German Girls. Corruption is more deep-seated and more widespread. The teachings have become more inflammatory, the officials more steeped in malpractices.

Most sections of the people have shared in the loot and the slave-driving. There has been a broad relapse into barbarism too manifest and manifold to need expatiation. The human material for another eventual bid is more plentiful, the spirit more diffused and more damnable. The German evil has long been a crescendo. There can be no argument about this; in any case it would be clinched by the fact that the Nazis *have* planned to go underground — partly in countries beyond Allied control — and to prepare for another struggle. Their preparations would have been more thorough if the end had come less quickly.

3

THESE are some of the items in the debit column. Now for the comparative assets. This time the Germans have been beaten beyond denial, and in the process their country has been wrecked as never since the Thirty Years' War. There can be no more illusions about "fresh joyous war," or its "tonic" and "ennobling" effects. I do not overrate this asset. Memory is short where the spirit is unchanged.

On the other hand, the senseless prolongation of German resistance has resulted in the destruction of a large part of German industry. This will facilitate Allied control and elimination of German war-potential, as promised at Yalta. Recovery will, moreover, be slowed down by drawing off much remaining manpower to repair the victim countries. By the time the German industrial centers are rebuilt, the victims will have at least partly emancipated themselves from German economic dominance. German industry will not, therefore, revive in its former proportions. Certain dangerous industries will presumably have been eliminated altogether. One of Germany's great arsenals, Silesia, will have been detached; the other, the Ruhr, will be permanently controlled. All these items diminish the possibility of aggressive resurrection.

Moreover, the Allies will be occupying all Germany instead of a mere corner. So long as this occupation lasts, even in an attenuated form, a third war should be impossible, though murder will be even more plentiful than between 1919 and 1924, when some 15,000 persons were "liquidated." The "Werewolves" are unlikely to

assume any formidable proportion for a year or two; but they are there, and must not be treated as a joke. On this heading it may be briefly said that there will be no third war if the Allies are resolute and stay on the job. The danger is that they will repeat their mistake of terminating the occupation prematurely. No definite prediction is therefore possible until they have made up their minds.

Nor can any estimate now be made of the German elements likely to lend themselves sincerely and effectively to the beginnings of a German democracy. In any case the word "democracy" will need a deal of defining. We can say only that the Germans have never yet known or liked it: the Weimar Constitution was not translated from paper into the soul of the people. Democracy is a process, and not the natural child of defeat. We do not know reliable names and figures to undertake the great task of building it from the ground up in Germany. I do not doubt the existence of some men of good will, but what will be their numbers, scope, abilities, and what the degree of obstruction or resistance?

I have always insisted that no reliable German democracy will be waiting just around the corner. (I notice that Pastor Niemoeller confirms this view, as indeed would any man of ordinary judgment.) Furthermore, we cannot yet measure the ultimate effect of dividing Germany into four zones of occupation. It seems probable that the Russian zone will be largely communized. The effect of such a development upon the other zones remains to be seen. I always said that rigid zones would be a mistake, and that all Germany should be occupied by all the Allies, not only by a Big Four. Already there is a marked tendency toward fraternization in the Russian zone, which will stultify non-fraternization in the British and American zones. Yet non-fraternization for a substantial period is as undoubtedly right as unconditional surrender, if the moral lesson is to strike home.

Furthermore, this monopolistic zoning system must necessarily also nullify any prospect of homogeneous re-education or reformation. We are only at the beginning of this confusion. There can be no coherent or positive similarity, let alone identity, of curriculum in areas guided respectively by individualism and authoritarianism. The best that we can hope for is some negative agreement on the exclusion of militarism

and racialism. Even the former may not be wholly achieved if the German generals from Moscow can get a finger in the pie.

So long as the Germans can *not* be homogeneously re-educated, they will try to play off one system, and therefore one Ally, against the other. This old game can only hamper progress. The absence of any positive identity is bound to retard the process of re-education — none too bright in any circumstances. If therefore we can, in a generation, de-educate them of what it has taken them a century to imbibe, we shall have been remarkably successful. No calculation can be based on such a chance. It is a hope — no more. The leeway is immense. In this, as in every other field, we can only judge by experience.

Under this heading the matter of the war criminals must also be considered in its bearing on the future. Whole categories of Germans, male and female, are war criminals — for example, members of the SS and Gestapo, whom I have already mentioned. It will be fatal to security to leave these beasts at liberty. Yet they cannot all be executed or deported; all too many will in any circumstances slip through our fingers and go underground — not only in Germany. They are an inevitable menace, which must enter fully into our computation. The number of war criminals listed by the United Nations War Crimes Tribunal does not even begin to indicate the extent of this problem.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? That we know all the native elements which may provoke another conflagration, and practically none of those that may prevent it. We must thus rely upon ourselves. To that simple conclusion we were bound to be driven. We must therefore keep prolonged control of Germany. We must "stay the course," and pay all the insurance premiums that safety demands. They will always be well within our means.

If we stay on the job this time — and we cannot without decentralizing Germany — she will not "try again," for though the spirit may be strong, the flesh will be weak until it is atrophied by disuse. If we fail to do so, if we listen again to those who would throw in their hands and trust to luck and "good Germans," we may again be sure of the consequences. The where-withal abounds, and destructive science has more than kept pace with it. Let that, above all, be remembered.



FIGHTING WITH WORDS

Psychological Warfare in the Pacific

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

THE capitulation of several thousand of Okinawa's last-ditch defenders is an indication that Japanese troops can be reached by propaganda weapons as well as by bullets and flame-throwers. Until recently the general opinion has prevailed that nothing except cold steel could change the Japanese way of thinking.

But two facts should reduce to sober proportions any jubilation over the announcement that approximately eight thousand Japanese troops surrendered on Okinawa. First of all, the Japanese garrison forces held off superior numbers of American troops for more than eighty days, exacted a record toll of American lives, equipment, ships, and matériel, and did not give in until their lines were reduced to disorganized pockets of resistance. Their eventual surrender, following such a prolonged display of unbreaking fighting spirit, was not so much an evidence of weakened morale as a resigned gesture indicating that they had done everything possible to fulfill their sacred mission.

If the Japanese had surrendered on May 30, when it was obvious to everyone that further resistance was suicidal, they would have shortened the struggle to a significant degree. But during the crucial period from May 30 to June 16 only 327 Japanese prisoners were taken. The surrender, therefore, of a few thousand troops after the battle had been won should not encourage anyone to believe that the Japanese are any less determined to fight to the bitter end.

Even more sobering to the observer should be the realization that an analysis of types of Japanese prisoners in American custody purposely is omitted from all of Admiral Nimitz's communiqués. Determined not to tell the Japanese military leaders anything they do not know already, Nimitz does not make public what percentage of his prisoners represent front-line troops. Japanese garrisons on Pacific islands always have included Korean units, members of which traditionally have had less suicidal devotion to the Emperor than the regular Japanese troops.

Furthermore, on Okinawa the Japanese drafted the bulk of the local civilian males for military service and

put them to work behind the lines, digging defensive positions. Anyone familiar with the percentage of non-fighting service troops in a huge garrison force can assume, without endangering military security, that the roster of Japanese prisoners captured on Okinawa includes large numbers of service troops, medical personnel, cooks, bakers, wounded soldiers, and an even larger group of scared Okinawan males who were interested only in getting back to their homes and families. Until organized resistance was broken, fewer than two thousand Japanese surrendered, while one hundred thousand died fighting. Post-battle prisoners do not shorten a war.

Nevertheless, American leaders in the Pacific *did* make their first large-scale attempt with psychological weapons to induce the Japanese foot soldiers to surrender, and for the first time impressive numbers of the enemy *did* surrender. For observers in the forward area, the fact that adequate provisions for surrender finally had been inserted in Pacific warfare was quite as significant as the fact that a minority of the Japanese responded to the American appeals. Until the Okinawan campaign there were virtually no provisions on either side for capturing enemy soldiers alive. Seldom equaled in all history, the ruthless fury of the racial-religious Pacific warfare was shocking to anyone accustomed to the somewhat civilized fighting in Europe — and totally incomprehensible, I believe, to the average American at home.

Censorship regulations have made it impossible for correspondents to describe fully the true nature of the war in the Pacific, but it is sufficient to say that the particular hell of the island-to-island battles has been the unbridled bitterness and savagery of the contestants. There were many persons immediately after Pearl Harbor who felt that Americans were too soft-hearted to fight a completely uncivilized (or total) war, but the Marines and soldiers always have emerged from the fury of hand-to-hand combat as the unqualified victors. The niceties of human relationships were quickly lost in the battles fought beyond our western horizon.

Although post-war literature may reveal more profound psychological reasons for the inhumane aspects of the war in the Pacific, it was obvious after Bataan and Corregidor that the Japanese troops not only did

From his months of close observation of the battles on Iwo Jima and Okinawa, EDGAR L. JONES draws these conclusions about the means we are using to induce the Japanese foot soldier to surrender.

not believe in surrender for themselves, but that they did not respect enemy soldiers who preferred prison camp life to no life at all. Therefore, throughout more than three years of violent warfare, most of the men on both sides considered surrender to be out of place in their war. Each island, from Guadalcanal to Iwo Jima, was a fight to the finish.

Now that we have destroyed Japan's naval might, reduced its air force to suicide proportions, and fought to within bombardment distance of its home islands, we want the Japanese to surrender. Many people cannot understand why the Japanese continue to fight when the odds are so much against them. According to European standards, we have all but won the war in the Pacific. Japan is doomed, and the Japanese know it: the longer the Japanese continue to fight, the more thoroughly they bring about their own destruction. They have been told that an American invasion of their home islands is imminent; yet they apparently are as determined as ever to fight to the end of organized resistance.

Being in a hopeless position is nothing new for the Japanese, because on every island we have captured so far, the Japanese have been outnumbered, cut off from their sources of supplies and reinforcements, and deprived of more than token assistance from the Japanese Navy and Air Force. Faced with eventual extermination, they have fought with the desperate fury of men pledged to make the enemy pay highly for each of their own lives. Once American forces gained the upper hand in the Pacific, the war of annihilation proved to be a boomerang, because surrender, the one thing which would have shortened the successive battles, had no place in the unchecked ferociousness of Pacific fighting.

The battles since Bataan have been bloody and usually one-sided, but American forces in nearly four years of war have killed scarcely more than half a million Japanese soldiers. Inasmuch as there are between seven and eight million Japanese soldiers still alive, at least half of whom are available for the defense of the Japanese home islands, it is obvious that the war in the Pacific could continue for more years than Americans like to think about if each of the remaining Japanese soldiers has to be killed by the slow process of extermination which has marked the war to date.

2

PSYCHOLOGICAL warfare is as much a part of modern war as rockets. It was perhaps our most effective munition in eliminating the Italians from the European war and it contributed heavily to the collapse of the German Army. Until the invasion of Okinawa, however, psychological warfare seldom was employed against the Japanese, who were regarded popularly as too inhuman to be propagandized. One American general was so firm in his conviction that the Japanese mind was responsive only to the bluntest of instruments that he earned the nickname of "Don't-Tell-'em-Let-the-Mule-Kick-'em."

While learned authorities on Far Eastern matters were busy in Washington planning detailed propaganda programs for use against the Japanese, the commanders in the field disregarded paper weapons and stuck to their guns. Surrender leaflets were dropped on the Japanese troops from time to time, but no one fighting a war of extermination put any faith in such a bloodless method of getting the job done. Except for radio programs beamed for Japanese home consumption and for loud-speaker appeals to cave-bound Japanese troops in rear areas, psychological warfare played an extremely minor role in American victories from Guadalcanal to Iwo Jima.

For veteran fighting men in the Pacific, June 17 on Okinawa was therefore a remarkable day. During the afternoon of that day an entire American front-line division stopped fighting. For sixty minutes not a shot was fired from any of the rifles, machine guns, artillery pieces, or ships' guns under the control of the Army's Seventh Division. Throughout the one-hour recess from slaughter, tanks equipped with loud-speakers, and similarly equipped landing craft patrolling the shore, broadcast again and again a message in Japanese which pointed out to the enemy soldiers that their position defensively was hopeless, that further resistance would not help Japan win the war, and that surrender under such conditions would not discredit their fighting spirit.

Never in the long course of the Pacific war had anything like this happened before. Fewer than a dozen Japanese surrendered during the brief armistice, but one can surmise that ideas implanted in the minds of listening Japanese during this period were influential in the eventual surrender of several thousand of them a week later. At least the experiment was indicative of a new trend in Pacific warfare and one that may hasten the day when the Japanese will be willing to accept unconditional surrender.

The late Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner, killed by a shellburst toward the close of the Okinawan campaign, strongly believed that psychological warfare could save American lives and hasten the defeat of the Japanese. As commanding general of American ground forces on Okinawa, he was the first of our military leaders in the Pacific to make more than token use of anti-morale weapons. Several months before the invasion of Okinawa took place, General Buckner requested that the Psychological Warfare Branch of the Joint Intelligence Command, Pacific Ocean Area, prepare a series of leaflets which would (1) discourage Okinawan civilians from hampering the progress of American troops, and (2) weaken the willingness of the Japanese troops to fight against inevitable defeat.

Instead of leaving the use of propaganda weapons to the judgment of individual unit commanders in the field, General Buckner attached representatives of the Psychological Warfare Branch to his Tenth Army headquarters staff, where they were in a position to plan an overall propaganda program. With their own staff of linguists and artists, the Psychological Warfare officers went ashore with the invasion forces and set

up a propaganda shop which was equipped to turn out leaflets and recorded vocal appeals based on current Okinawan events.

The tanks equipped with loud-speakers were an innovation, and one that probably saved many American lives. As soon as one side in a battle starts to make a front-line propaganda appeal, the opposing forces usually turn every available gun in the direction from which the voice is coming. The Psychological Warfare Branch installed loud-speakers in small landing craft and in a medium bomber, both of which could stay beyond reach of Japanese guns, or at least could move rapidly away if they were fired on.

Leaflets were the principal psychological warfare weapons used during the Okinawan campaign and probably were the most successful, because the effectiveness of the written word can be heightened by pictorial illustrations and does not depend on having a relatively quiet battlefield. The Psychological Warfare Branch prepared nearly six million illustrated leaflets, based on twenty-five carefully developed themes, for aerial and artillery distribution both before and after the actual landing was made.

The texts of the leaflets were reworked and reworded scores of times until the ideas and the language itself were intelligible to the average Japanese soldier. The illustrations, usually in several colors, were designed to appeal to the Oriental sense of artistic values, and the leaflets were printed on water-resistant paper. A special bomb for aerial distribution released the leaflets at a predetermined height over the target area and enabled pilots to do their "thought bombing" with a high degree of accuracy.

3

PSYCHOLOGICAL warfare weapons serve as long-range munitions, designed to promote disquieting thoughts in the minds of enemy soldiers and to weaken their faith in the cause for which they are fighting. Used effectively, they stimulate a spirit of revolt which lessens the enemy's military discipline and makes the common soldier less willing to accept unpleasant commands. At its subtle best, psychological warfare implants ideas in men's minds which they later use unknowingly in arguments among themselves. Psychological warfare weapons are those that hit without hurting, yet cut the deepest. They work in the minds of the enemy and they take time, a lot of time.

The leaflets dropped on Okinawa were double-edged in that they were directed both toward the Okinawan civilians and the Japanese garrison forces. The necessity for the twin appeals naturally lessened the effectiveness of the propaganda, because it is an axiom of psychological warfare — as it is of advertising, its peacetime equivalent — that the continual repetition of a few ideas obtains the best results.

Before the invasion of Okinawa began, colorful leaflets were dropped on prospective beachheads to warn the civilians that they should leave those areas at once, because "American strategy calls for days of

merciless bombardment, aerial bombing, paratroopers, and shelling." The leaflets, illustrated in a manner that should have struck fear in the stoutest heart, assured the Okinawans that "we wish to spare civilians from the death that awaits the Japanese troops."

Subsequent leaflets, also designed to scare the Okinawans into the hills, warned that "now that American forces are invading your island, your lives are in danger. American forces are bombing the beaches, but bombs and shells may land anywhere. Civilians who remain in coastal areas will be destroyed along with the Japanese." The Okinawans were instructed by leaflets not to hide near their homes and not to join Japanese troops in caves or buildings. They were told to wear light-colored clothing for identification and to stay clear of American troops until instructed to approach, and were promised that those who obeyed would get food, water, and clothing.

To make the civilian refugees a burden on the Japanese Army, rather than upon the American forces, leaflets addressed to the civilians and depicting Japanese soldiers drinking deeply from canteens were scattered far and wide. The text pointed out to the civilians that "the Japanese Army has plenty of food and water. Demand that they take care of you. They are responsible for the fact that you cannot provide for yourselves. Make the Japanese give you food and water!"

Perhaps the most clever leaflet in this same vein was one made up to look like a letter from the Commander-in-Chief, American Forces, to the Commander-in-Chief, Japanese Forces. The letter was written in formal Japanese correspondence style, except that at the top of the page there was a special note addressed to the person who picked up the leaflet. A translation of the note reads: "To the Finder of This Letter: A large number of copies of this letter have been dropped in order to insure its reaching the Japanese Commander-in-Chief. Please send or deliver this to the Commander-in-Chief immediately!"

The letter itself reminded the General that he was going to be defeated and knew it. The letter pointed out that the ensuing struggle would be another defeat, similar to those suffered by Japanese forces in the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas, New Guinea, and at Leyte. The General was told that he should "avoid needless death and suffering among the civilians on Okinawa by relocating all civilians to safe cover and providing them with food, water, and clothing."

Most of the Okinawans, being sensible people, needed no leaflets to tell them that it was wise to take cover. They already were in their caves by the time the first planes were overhead, and consequently had little opportunity to pick up the leaflets dropped on towns and along the roads. Few of the Okinawans, it was discovered later, could have read the Japanese texts anyway. They treated the Americans and Japanese with like disregard, resisted neither, obeyed both, and asked for nothing for themselves except to be left alone.

Although Okinawa offered no indication of what could be accomplished by propaganda directed at

civilians, it did serve as a proving ground for psychological warfare tactics to be utilized in conjunction with future landings on the Japanese mainland. The Japanese, having propagandized the Okinawans into believing that Americans intended to torture and kill them, maintained that the Okinawans would fight side by side with the Japanese soldiers. They have made the same claims about the civilians in the homeland. When the Okinawan civilians discovered that the Japanese statements in regard to American brutality were largely untrue, they offered no resistance to the American invasion.

Although no one can anticipate exactly how the Japanese civilian mind will react, the possibility exists that the homeland civilians may be no more troublesome than the Okinawans. If for several months prior to a landing on Japan the civilians are assured by American broadcasts and leaflets that they will not be harmed if they keep out of the way, there is a fifty-fifty chance that the civilians, thoroughly frightened by the preliminary bombardments, will not take part in the fighting until they have definite proof that the Americans intend to kill them anyway. Consequently, if American troops are cautioned by their leaders not to incite civilian wrath by needless destruction, the Japanese Army will have to fight without the active support of the civilians. One thing is certain: psychological warfare is the only method of combating civilian resistance in advance.

4

THE Psychological Warfare Branch in its initial effort was faced with two overwhelming missions in regard to its propagandizing of enemy troops. First of all, it had to induce the Japanese soldiers to place their own lives ahead of duty — an idea thoroughly foreign to disciplined Japanese thinking; and secondly, it had to convince the opposing forces that American troops now were prepared and eager to receive prisoners of war.

The Japanese soldier is susceptible to most of the propaganda lines commonly used in weakening the morale of troops of all nationalities, but there are some exceptions. He is unresponsive to the unfaithful-sweetheart theme. Nearly all other fighting men are disturbed by suggestions that they are sacrificing their lives in the front lines while their wives or sweethearts are being seduced by slick-haired, draft-exempt war workers who are getting rich at their expense. The Japanese soldier, however, has complete confidence in the faithful nature of his wife or sweetheart. Nor can Japanese morale be undermined by propaganda which points out that his friends and neighbors at home are growing rich in war plants while he does all the dirty work. The Japanese soldier knows he is as well off in the Army as anywhere else.

To induce a Japanese soldier to surrender, one must make him realize that his Yamato spirit alone is no match for superior military strength, that his leaders consistently have betrayed him, that suicide is taking

the easy way out, that there is no hope for an eventual Japanese victory, and that he does not discredit the Emperor or disgrace his own family by saving his life when further resistance is useless. The Japanese soldier has been taught that surrender is dishonorable, and we Americans, in order to shorten the war, must educate him to the contrary. The process of indoctrination is tedious and often discouraging, but the surrenders on Okinawa are evidence that the Japanese mind is not impervious to propaganda.

The texts of leaflets dropped on Japanese troops defending Okinawa are worthy of examination, although correspondents are allowed to comment only on those leaflets actually known to be in the hands of the enemy. As soon as the aerial and naval bombardment of Okinawa began, a week before the actual landing, leaflets were dropped for military consumption which depicted an armada of ships and planes streaming toward Okinawa. The messages in part read: "You have felt our planes, but that is only the beginning. More ships, troops, supplies, and planes are on their way. Your Air Force and Navy cannot help you. Lay down your arms and cease to resist!" These leaflets were followed, after the landing, by copies of another, graphically illustrated, which informed the Japanese troops that since December 8, 1941, the United States had built more than 33,000,000 tons of shipping and more than 171,000 planes. The leaflet concluded with the question: "Where are your ships and planes?"

The feeling of helpless isolation was suggested repeatedly to the Japanese troops, who always have faith that their air force and warships are coming to their rescue. Leaflets were dropped which showed Okinawa hemmed in on all sides by American ships. The fact was stressed in a number of ways that the Japanese were cut off from all outside help, and that "no matter how hard you fight, you cannot win; to resist is to die."

Another leaflet stated: "Your officers, who cannot hold this island, are now debating when to evacuate the island by plane and submarine."

Other American leaflets that were aimed at destroying the confidence of the Japanese soldier in his leaders called his attention to the fact that he repeatedly had been told flagrant lies and always had been treated as expendable. One leaflet asked how so many American planes, ships, supplies, and men could be at Okinawa if all Radio Tokyo's claims about American losses were true. The hopelessness of continued struggle was emphasized further in leaflets which inquired whether the Japanese had a single plane as good as the Superfortress.

Since the Japanese mind had been found to be most easily reached through statements which stimulated thinking, several of the American propaganda leaflets were written in the form of rhetorical questions. One such leaflet asked if it were not true that American production was the greatest in the world, that the United States led the world in science, that Americans had superior health and strength. The questions concluded with "Have you forgotten past American

victories? If so, the American forces will bring the facts to you!"

This line of propaganda, long ago anticipated and dreaded by the Japanese military leaders, challenged the traditional Japanese theory that the Yamato spirit could defeat the most powerful enemy. American propagandists, intent upon disclaiming the spiritual superiority of the Japanese, have counterattacked with a number of leaflets which have pointed out the fallacies in arguments pretending to prove that "spirit" alone could win.

One of the most easily understood of the American anti-"spirit" leaflets had as its title "Kumo no Koko-hashi," meaning "Do Not Rest Your Ladder Against a Cloud." The leaflet made it clear that the Japanese had an exaggerated idea of their own fighting spirit and that it was American fighting spirit plus superior power which won at Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Kwajalein, New Guinea, Leyte, and so on. Other leaflets pointed out that the Japanese were not the only ones who had "spirit." One of the latter type had pictures of American factories and fleets on one side, contrasted with illustrations of burning Japanese cities on the other. The text read in part: "If American forces are as weak as Japan tells you, the South Pacific would still be in Japanese hands."

5

THE anti-"spirit" campaign was carried still further by a leaflet dropped several days after the landing on Okinawa. The leaflet bluntly stated: "If spirit alone can win, why were you pushed back from the coast? Japanese faith in the superiority of spirit is only silly Japanese propaganda to bolster your courage."

The Psychological Warfare Branch utilized Japanese history for examples of the exploitation of Japanese youth. Facing a grim picture of a Japanese crippled soldier begging on a street corner was a text which in translation read: "Japan won a decisive victory in the Russo-Japanese War. You all know what kind of life the heroes who lost their arms and legs for their country led. Most of the crippled soldiers became medicine peddlers. The first year, they were 'heroes'; the second year, they were just 'peddlers'; and in the third year, they were 'peddlers who force their wares on you.' In the end they were chased away as 'fakes.' The Government did nothing, and the people laughed at the crippled soldiers, who died after a lonely and miserable life. It is useless for you to die or become disabled for momentary glory."

The most difficult problem American propagandists confronted was the creation of weapons to erase the stigma of surrender. Even if the Japanese soldier's morale had been weakened to the point where he wanted to stop fighting, he continued to feel that surrender was a dishonorable way out. American propagandists therefore had to find "face-savers" which the Japanese soldier could use to convince himself that his desire to save his life was justifiable.

Several good "face-savers" have been presented in leaflets to the Japanese, including an argument which played on the traditional Japanese admiration for the German military in an attempt to prove that surrender could be met without loss of honor. One leaflet, for example, compared the accomplishments of Hennecke, a German admiral who surrendered in World War I and lived to serve his country well in a second war, with Admiral Negumo, a Japanese naval officer who committed seppuku (literally, "slit belly") on Saipan. The leaflet asked: "What good is seppuku when it leaves a man without sons to bear his name and carry on his family line? Do you want to be the last of your line, or do you want a family too?"

The face-saving suggestion that a truly patriotic Japanese soldier would save his life, so that he could help rebuild Japan after the war, was put forward constantly by Psychological Warfare men. Possibly the most effective example of this type of leaflet, its message heightened by pictures of American bombers blackening the sky over Japan, explained that "the courageous soldier will fight until the battle is won or as long as there is hope of victory. . . . It is foolish and cowardly to throw away your life in a futile fight when you can serve your country and carry out your obligations to your family by saving your life and helping to rebuild Japan when the war is ended."

The necessity for convincing the Japanese of the wisdom of surrender, regardless of how emotionally unconcerned Americans may be about sparing their lives, was proved at Iwo Jima, the last of the Pacific islands taken without full benefit of psychological warfare. The number of American casualties on that island unquestionably would have been reduced by 50 per cent if the beleaguered Japanese soldiers had not been convinced that they had no alternative except to continue fighting until they were dead. After a bitter struggle the Marines on Iwo Jima entered one cave over the dead bodies of the Japanese defenders and found a note signed by four Japanese soldiers. A translation of the note, addressed to "The Enemy," read:—

"We have fortified this island for a year, but we cannot win this war with just the Yamato spirit. We cannot match your quantity. There is no other road for us to follow but to die."

The four Japanese soldiers in that cave died, but not before they had taken their toll of American lives and continued their resistance until, as they put it, there was no other road for them but to die. To shorten the war, American propagandists must show the Japanese soldiers that there is "another road"; that when they are surrounded, cut off from all outside help, and beaten to the point where further resistance is useless, they may surrender without disgrace. Unsympathetic as we may be toward the Japanese, we must either furnish them with a substitute for their desire to "die in honor" (Gyoku Sai), or be prepared to continue the Pacific war until the majority of the vast numbers of remaining Japanese troops have been killed.

FRANCE PAYS THE BILL

by MONICA STIRLING

I

AMONG the anecdotes that compose this war's mythology, there is one heard frequently in Paris today. It opens with a respectable middle-aged man finding a million francs hidden in the bedroom of his twelve-year-old son. Intensely shocked, he calls his wife and together they await the boy's return from school. When the boy hears his father accuse him of being, among other things, an unnatural monster, he merely answers, in tones of sincere amazement, "Why do you call me a monster, Father? I only do a little Black Market, like everyone else — and if you and Mother aren't doing the same, you're very silly."

This story illustrates with economy a mentality that exists in France and that shocks some foreigners. Some of the evil done by the Germans lives after them — lives after them not only in injured bodies, but in the minds of the bereaved survivors, and particularly those young enough to have had their nascent conception of good and evil affected by extremely subtle German propaganda.

Sixteen nations took part in the war of 1914–1918, but of the eight million deaths that resulted, over one million (1,385,300) were French. In addition to the slaughter of the living, the last war cost France three quarters of a million in decreased birth rate.

World War II, coming so close to World War I as to have engulfed innumerable only sons whose fathers were killed then, has cost France (with 38,000,000 population, as compared with America's 132,000,000) well over half a million to date. I qualify these figures by the words "to date" because the exact number of dead French deportees is not yet known, and the fighting is not yet over.

To comprehend the effects of deaths upon a country, one needs to consider not only their numbers but their quality. Few deaths are more tragic than the one a soldier finds in battle; but I think most people will agree that among these few are the deaths from that combination of physical with mental torture recently perfected by the Germans for the benefit of non-military deportees — and it was deaths of this kind that,

at the very least, 250,000 of the French met: the 100,000 who died in prisons or concentration camps, and the 150,000 who were shot — most of them after receiving treatment beside which being shot was an act of mercy.

The bitterness left in the bereaved by these deaths will be easily understood by those whose men have died in Japanese prison camps. But for the benefit of others I want to give an account of a typical case. It is that of a young woman of my acquaintance who recently returned to Paris after a year as a deportee in Germany. Her name is Annie; her class the small bourgeoisie; her disposition quiet and conventional. The most remarkable feature of her life was the extreme love between her and her husband. They were deported at the same time but in separate groups — in May, 1944.

Once across the Rhine, Annie was consigned to an airplane factory. The hours of work were long and the prisoners did not leave the factory even for the few hours during which they were permitted to sleep. During the many Allied air attacks, they were guarded by three German women who marched up and down among them, slashing with a cane any of the half-starved prisoners who showed alarm or despondency, and encouraging them by the reiterated observation that they would be there for twelve years, should they live that long. They had no medical attention: when Annie developed an abscess on her cheek, she might have died had it not been for the care of a fellow prisoner, a nineteen-year-old French girl who had been a medical student, who lanced the abscess with a pen-knife she had managed to conceal.

Throughout this time no German ever saw Annie cry. And the mainspring of the courage that made her remarkable, even among the by no means unremarkable other persons in that group, was her determination to live until she found her husband. ("It was so easy to die there," she kept softly repeating as she told me her story.)

When the Allies began their final advance, the prisoners were, for the first and last time, permitted to leave the factory. The Germans then drove them eastwards, on foot. I am employing the word "drove" precisely. During the first two days' march those who faltered were killed; during the next few days the Germans, beginning to be frightened, contented them-

MONICA STIRLING spent her girlhood in France, where her father was the director of the English-speaking theater in Paris. From 1940 to 1944 she worked in de Gaulle's headquarters in London; and shortly after the Liberation, the *Atlantic* sent her back to her "other country" to succor her friends and to tell us of what had happened to a valiant and humiliated people.

selves with striking their victims. For part of the time they trudged behind a convoy of trucks bearing prisoners from another camp. Many of these were dying, and as they died the Germans threw them from the trucks. Having reason to suppose that her husband had been in this camp, Annie forced herself to look at each corpse. None presented an agreeable spectacle.

At the end of ten days Annie could go no farther. But by this time the Germans were too frightened to penalize her for collapsing. They rushed on, leaving her by the roadside. Two hours later she was found by a band of American prisoners escorted by members of the Wehrmacht eager to surrender to us lest Russian or French vengeance overtake them. The Americans took Annie with them, and together they fell into the arms of the American forces, who gave them a heartbreaking welcome. Annie said, "They were just going to eat, and there was a big dish of corn syrup. We were like savages. We plunged our hands in up to the wrists and sucked them dry, and then were dreadfully sick."

For the rest of the journey Annie was outwardly dumb, inwardly delirious, with joy. But when she reached home she found that the husband for whom she had made the phenomenal effort required to survive had been dead for a year: suffocated in a cattle truck on his way to Germany. And the woman whose bravery sustained her fellow prisoners and astonished the Krauts is now a small white collection of skin and bones who tries to talk normally but whose eyes periodically assume the vacant look one has only to go to a Deportee Receiving Center to see again and again.

She cries apologetically and whispers apologetically, "When I do sleep, I wake up in the night and remember he's dead — and such a horrible death — and I keep imagining how it must have been." And although Annie is still brave, she is no more what we think of as a normal human being than are those who have come back visibly disfigured, or punctured by tuberculosis — a disease which, thanks to Germany, has increased 40 per cent in France. And she is one of two million prisoners — about 6 per cent of the population.

Annie and the other prisoners can only be abnormally sensitive about the prestige of the country for which they have so abnormally suffered; and even to those much less scarred, the occasions when the French Army parades with banners and with music — with what seems to us like unnecessary preoccupation with the symbolism of glory — are a necessity, providing as they do assurance that the German occupation has not succeeded in severing France's future from her past.

2

AND to what kind of country, physically, are the prisoners returning? There are few better ways for persons not able to visit France to discover the answer to this question than by studying the Michelin Guide for 1945 — the first Michelin book published in five years. Its compiling in wartime is a fine achievement; its format is the same as in pre-war years; its handsomeness evokes memories of holidays spent in motor-

ing through peaceful villages, and meals in restaurants where chicken and fried potatoes and a bottle of wine cost less than half a dollar. But its contents are not as those of pre-war years.

Of restaurants noted for their good food, no details are given, since, as the Guide says with dignity, "*Tout est à reprendre dans ce domaine*" — which, translated literally, means: "Everything must be taken possession of all over again in this sphere." In regard to hotels, "some are destroyed; others have not yet reopened; many have lost their claim to be comfortable."

The town plans, too, are embellished by new signs — signs that indicate ruined or damaged buildings, ruined bridges or bridges under repair. The word "repair" darts in and out of the text like a moth in a cupboard of good clothes; and to banish it, France needs not only manpower but coal. Unless the Allies allot France her fair share of German coal this winter, the reconstruction of French towns and industries will have to be done with only 30,000,000 tons of coal — this in a country which before the war habitually needed some 70,000,000, and sometimes as much as 88,000,000 tons. It will be a tragedy for the Allies if lack of coal for French industry produces the unemployment and starvation that precede revolution.

There are many aspects of contemporary French life that are less fragrant than one could wish. But did we expect the French to be so thick-skinned, so thick-minded, as to be unaffected by five years of cohabitation with evil?

Now is the time when Americans in Europe are sick for home, and when Americans at home are sick of the confused suffering shown them by newsreels. "To hell with Europe — I'm sick of hearing about prisoners. Why can't they get along the way we do? We don't want any part of Europe. Hell, it's the last time we'll come here to fight."

This, understandably, is the contemporary American form of "How long, O Lord, how long?" But only if we determine that this will *not* be the last time, should another be necessary, can there be hope that this really *will* be the last time. And if we esteem our civilization valuable, we have no right to deny that hope existence and, in so doing, betray the missing husbands whose absence, combined with the Germans' presence, accounts for the little boys' ignorance of the nature of monstrosity, for the partial eclipse of the civic virtues, in invaded countries.

The choice before us is less disagreeable than that of five years ago. It is no longer a question of whether or not we shall fight. It is a question of whether or not we shall understand the countries we have been fighting with. With, not for. If we fail — and to my mind France is the test case — we shall fight again.

Whether or not we like the choice before us, we cannot avoid making it. For, as a great American said, "we cannot escape history. . . . The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth."

HEARING IS BELIEVING

Fulton Lewis, Jr. — Upton Close

by DIXON WECTER

The influence of the radio reporter and the news analyst has been explored for the *Atlantic* by an American historian, DIXON WECTER, in a series of three articles. In our June issue, Mr. Wecter examined the relationships between the FCC, the networks, the radio stations, and those companies which sponsor the commentators. Last month he scrutinized the individual records of a number of the commentators, their reliability, their prejudices, and their mistakes. In this third article, he continues that scrutiny and comes to his conclusions.

1

THE strength and weakness of Fulton Lewis, Jr., as a radio commentator arise from the fact that he has always lived and moved in the national capital, the son of "a Republican who never cast a vote," a member of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants. Each Christmas Eve, Fulton Lewis, Jr., accompanied by Fulton Lewis III, now aged nine, and Betsy, thirteen, in response to "many hundreds of requests from every nook and corner of the nation," broadcasts a program from the little church in Georgetown where the present commentator at the age of eight first lifted his voice in public as a chorister.

After a brief interval at the University of Virginia, young Lewis began his long career in Washington journalism. He is and always has been a tenacious reporter, hard-working and persistent. In 1934, with the reluctant consent of his employer, Hearst, and at the insistence of Senator Black, Lewis delivered to the Senate committee investigating air-mail contracts and ship subsidies a mass of valuable material he had unearthed. In those days the columnist of "Washington Side-Show" might have been taken for a mild crusader against the interests.

Eager to break into radio, Lewis substituted for a vacationing analyst, and in December, 1937, won a regular nightly job over Mutual's WOL, which is still his base of operations — although his \$25 a week salary has long since multiplied a hundredfold, thanks to more than sixty sponsors and an audience numbering three to four million. His coup of getting Lindbergh on the air in September, 1939, brought Lewis national fame but left him with an isolationist repute.

Lewis has ventured occasionally into military matters outside his ken. His Mutual broadcast, "Pictures Can Lie," later carried by *Scribner's Commentator* in November, 1940, scouted photographs of inductees drilling with broomsticks as part of "a vast propaganda movement [that] seeks to impress the nation with the mistaken conception that its armed forces are pitifully equipped." We had enough Enfields and

Springfields to equip the 150,000 riflemen that might be put into the field in a crisis, "not with one gun, but with *nineteen guns!* . . . America's defense depends not on publicity photos dreamed up by a high-priced press agent, but on cold steel and the calm determination of her people."

With respect to the war effort directed from Washington, Lewis has made some sound criticisms. His sharp arraignment of General Somervell's Canol project seems fully to have been justified by developments. More recently, he began a series of shocking disclosures about government expenditures on the Latin American highway. Certain aspects of the manpower shortage have probably been bettered under Lewis's needling. But not infrequently he seems to assume that any change of policy means a confession of error, and his conclusions are sometimes disputable.

The old Liberty League fun of the thirties — boondoggling in Mr. Ickes's department, the theorizing of "professors" and statisticians, the jargon of Federal reports and questionnaires — never loses its charm for Mr. Lewis. His repeated attacks upon Federal housing in 1944 drew at last a long letter from the Administrator, John B. Blandford, Jr., explaining to Lewis that he had badly confused the war housing program with the old New Deal slum clearance project, and supplying facts that invalidated much of what Lewis had charged.

"A great many of you believe," Lewis said in May, 1944, "that the President should be elected for a fourth term . . . and it's entirely possible that I may believe so, too, as the campaign develops." Republicans who heard these words with a sinking feeling might have recalled that in past times Lewis has pretty consistently overestimated Republican chances, that he left the payroll of the National Association of Manufacturers as recently as June 9, 1942, and that his father-in-law was once Republican National Committee Chairman.

From the start of the 1944 campaign, when he stood

on the rostrum at the Republican National Convention, smoking a long cigar, with one arm around Mr. Hoover, — the commentator looking blissful and the former President slightly uncomfortable, because he does not take easily to such bonhomie and besides the weather was tropical, — Lewis left some doubts about his political neutrality. In his broadcast of June 28 he announced that Dewey “is regarded by radio professionals as having a radio personality and delivery that is fully the equal of President Roosevelt himself” (and added a bulletin from the other camp: “I have very authoritative information from Washington that the President has finally stated that his first and only choice as his vice-presidential running mate is Vice President Henry A. Wallace”).

On July 4, in a solemnly facetious broadcast reporting the day’s news as of July 4, 1776, the commentator lauded Jefferson, the brilliant young Tom whose only handicap was youth, forecasting that when he “gets a little seniority, you may hear quite a little from him in the future.” But, when October came, Lewis was frank enough to admit that his latter-day Tom had proved a forensic disappointment: his first radio address fell flat, and his Los Angeles speech was “not an inspirational performance.” Although he kept overrating this candidate’s vote through the nation, Lewis broadcast on October 30 that the Hearst papers had killed his column reporting that Dewey’s chances on the West Coast were slim, adding that “it puts me in a false light,” and promising to announce by radio any such suppressions in the future.

Lewis’s prejudices blind him to the good such agencies as the OPA have done. “The common complaint of all business,” he reports, “is that it is humanly impossible to conduct ANY business operation, without making mistakes in the highly complicated ration coupon system.” Early in 1943 he berated the “fundamental unsoundness” of the rationing of canned goods: “Nothing will do but that we try the same thing immediately just because England is doing it.”

A year later, in espousing the cause of the meat packers, he declared that it would be “perfectly safe to remove all price-ceilings, and let prices simmer down to their own level.” His confidence that prices would fall rather than rise, and that in such case purveyors would not hold back their stocks, may or may not have been warranted. More recently he has spoken of the “guilt” of OPA, run by “theorists and statisticians.” And he regarded the cancellation of some food stamps last December as a monstrous betrayal of American housewives. Some will disagree with the emotional nature of these conclusions, without questioning Mr. Lewis’s right to explore and present the facts.

Two favorite techniques of Lewis should be noted, as illustrations of radio partisanship. The first is that of skirting direct statement, by use of quoted opinion on only one side of a controverted topic — for example, adverse comments on Lend-Lease by Senators Ellender and Tydings. The second is more subtle, and is fair to the extent that its cases are truly typical. This is the championship of some small citizen against the government, when his cause happens to be the same as that

of much bigger citizens. Such names and cases have studded Lewis’s programs for many months.

Nuances of intonation play an important part in Lewis’s broadcasting technique, so that the printed record of his remarks and the impression the listener gets may vary considerably. With heavy irony he will say, “The National Selective Service headquarters made another *final* decision tonight as to the drafting of men in certain age groups.” Both the word “final” and the emphasis he gives it are Lewis’s own addition. The forte of Lewis often lies in amplifying the small wartime irritations of farm, home, and local ration board until they expand into matter for noble anger and significance — and, one might add, until they are intelligible solely upon the premise that Washington is a madhouse. Lewis’s mission is to describe “this Washington maelstrom of government, where no department ever seems to know what any other department is doing, nor cares, and in which days and weeks and months usually pass before any bureau or agency ever shows the initiative to correct weaknesses that develop in government procedure.” The topheavy structure is honeycombed by “termites,” those three and a half million Federal employees whose bosses spread confusion far and wide.

At the beginning of April, 1945, for example, his microphone picked up civilian complaints from Honolulu, where government contractors have long been a special target of his wrath, and from Boston, where S. S. Pierce with Federal approval allows customers to send bundles of rationed food to Britain without giving up coupons. “For whose benefit,” he asks plaintively, “our own or other nations’, is this government being run?”

2

THE passage of news through a commentator’s personality achieves its sharpest refraction with Upton Close, pseudonym of Josef Washington Hall. A native of Kelso, Washington, he went to the Far East as newspaper correspondent during the last war, and presently found himself in charge of the United States Legation espionage service in Shantung during the Japanese penetration of 1916-1919. His experiences in that Oriental welter of spying and counter-spying, conspiracy, and distrust appear to have left their stamp upon him.

As a radio commentator his manner is to raise questions as if he knew all the answers, and knew they were very shady ones indeed. The *Chicago Tribune*, which admiringly calls him “the Marco Polo of news commentators,” not long ago described his appearance at a Lake Shore cocktail party as that of “an intellectual, even pious face, a mass of fuzzy dark hair round a bald spot, and a dynamic personality.” On the radio Close is a smooth, fast talker.

Millions of Americans heard him for the first time on the afternoon of Pearl Harbor, when NBC in San Francisco called upon him as a Far Eastern expert to interpret the news that was flooding in. “Hello, Americans!” he began. “The most fantastic thing that has

yet happened in this fantastic world is the bombing of Honolulu. . . . There is more behind it than meets the eye. . . . I think I have just received the most interesting and perhaps the most important sidelight on what has happened. . . . I have just been in touch with the San Francisco Japanese Consulate. The Consul was not able to talk, but his representative and secretary said that the attack is a complete surprise . . . and he implied that it is likewise a complete surprise to the Foreign Office in Tokyo and the Japanese Government in Tokyo.

"It is very possible," Mr. Close went on, "that there is a double double-cross in this business . . . a coup engineered by German influences and with the aid of German vessels in the Pacific . . . [or] a coup engineered by a small portion of the Japanese navy that has gone fanatic . . . [or] a coup engineered by the group in Japan that wants the group that wants war kicked out of office." Close apparently thought, in any case, we had received the comeuppance we asked for, whether by Secretary Hull's sternness in handling Japanese pride, or by Roosevelt's "very sweet and very humble message" to the Mikado — take your choice.

Upton Close's broadcast was so wide of the mark that NBC promptly dropped him from its staff on account of it. Almost three years later, in speaking at the Chicago Athletic Association on October 23, 1944, Close expressed suspicion that Vice President Wallace, listening in Washington, had brought pressure to bear upon NBC to effect his removal. Close recently wrote me that the only proof of his allegation lay in a caution he later received from an NBC official, to say nothing to offend Wallace, after Close made a quip on the air about the former Vice President's having been away too long from the corn of Iowa — although when Close subsequently called to see Wallace, the latter laughed off this jest.

Judging that this proof seemed a little tenuous, I wrote to Mr. Wallace, who replied: "Of course I have had nothing whatsoever to do with barring Mr. Close or anyone else from the radio. As a matter of fact, I didn't know that Mr. Close had made such a broadcast."

The other side of the story maintains that Close was dropped because of irresponsibility, but that, following his earnest vows of amendment, he was shortly reinstated as NBC's Far Eastern expert. At all events, Close was heard regularly afterwards on a weekly sustaining program, "Events and Trends of the Week." A rather temperate, objective news analysis, it was printed and distributed by the University of California Press as "a public service." Here was not the Upton Close who in the twenties had lectured to ladies' clubs on Oriental poetry, under the title of "Cherry Blossom and Pear Orchard," but neither was he the passionate pleader of present broadcasts.

He liked to style himself "a historian." Even though he referred to "Commodore John Dewey" as the victor of Manila Bay, and to Thomas Jefferson as "the man who phrased our Constitution," Close did talk knowingly about Pacific geography and the war

itself — which he interpreted idealistically, while lauding British productiveness and Russian tenacity.

3

IN TWO new series, beginning in the autumn of 1942, Close's growing recognition landed him commercial sponsors, Northern Pump and Sheaffer Pen. About this time a new note of dissatisfaction crept into his broadcasts, to grow steadily stronger. Perhaps it arose from sincere conviction that our war policies needed criticism, or from the publicist's desire for more pungent copy, or from the commentator's occupational egoism, or from the unconscious bias of an analyst whose dependence no longer lay with NBC as a public service feature but with industrial sponsors.

At any rate, Close began increasingly to worry about "the war's spiritual aim," to criticize the Renegotiation Act, and joyfully to hail the 1942 elections as proof "that Fourth Term ideas were farfetched" and "conservatism is in the saddle . . . the American voter's Battle of Midway . . . is turning the tide of bungling." Thereafter he grew steadily more bitter toward Britain and Russia, the war in Europe, and the Roosevelt administration.

Most of us, no doubt, have changed our attitudes toward some nationalities from time to time, and are in no smug position to criticize a simple about-face. But the reader and auditor of Upton Close's views can hardly escape an extraordinary sense of flexibility. For instance, respecting Japan, Close in 1935 published *Challenge — Behind the Face of Japan*, suggesting some of the sinister aspects borne out by events, and this book he never tires of mentioning.

But as late as March 4, 1941, in a speech he does not often quote, Close told San Francisco's Town Hall: "I see less reason for having a war with Japan who is frayed out, eaten out at the heart, who has the blind staggers — no, I see less reason to have war with Japan today than I have at any time in seven years. . . . Japan is licked to a stalemate in China. The Japanese are trying daily to negotiate with Chiang Kai-shek to get him to come back to Nanking and for God's sake to help them out. He has just played a very canny Chinese game and has let them get in worse and worse and offer him a better and better bargain." Close warned that if we went to war with the Japanese, "by the time we get through probably the Chinese would be feeling very sorry for them and trying to help them out against us."

Yet, despite Close's view in the spring of 1941 of an impotent Japan, late in 1942 he was calling her the "roughest, toughest, most unyielding enemy in the world," freely predicting her planes would soon start bombing the West Coast and Great Lakes factories from the Aleutians. However, in his broadcast of last September 17 (in announcing, unluckily, that MacArthur would begin his reconquest of the Philippines with Mindanao), Close remarked, "In the Pacific and Asia, we are not up against superior organizing and fighting power, and never were. What we were and are

still up against is geography, race touchiness, and our own carelessness and ignoring of fundamentals." In fact, Close has talked so much during the past twenty-five years that occasionally he has been most regrettably right, and at other times most regrettably wrong.

At the height of German resistance in France, on July 9, 1944, Close said over Mutual: "Certainly the hard-boiled German generals and the palace guard, as well as the German people, do not prefer the Russian conqueror. Quite the contrary. They would prefer to surrender to the Anglo-Saxons." But repeatedly in January and February, 1945, after the Russian winter drive began, Close explored "the theory that someone in the German high command is deliberately letting the Russians in. My only guess about this would be based on the thesis that if I were a German general, I would see more of the future for me in a surrender to Stalin than in surrender to Roosevelt and Churchill." These shifting intuitions may be all right in their place, but just what validity they have on a news program is hard to discover.

About Soviet Russia there is no ambiguity in Close's view. Even in April, 1941, he foretold the day when "influences out of Russia may be more dangerous to democracy and Americanism than Hitler's fraying threats." Russia is treacherous, cunning, powerful. In August, 1943, Close averred: "We have arrived at the stage where our Russian allies have openly paved a way, ready for use if they shall see fit, for a separate pact with the enemy they are fighting." It has been almost impossible for Stalin to please Close. If Russia paused to collect her strength, she was stalling; if she rolled forward, the great Red menace was growing still more ominous.

4

TOWARD Britain, Close is not much friendlier. He is perennially suspicious of Churchill, whom he upbraided in November, 1944, for having aided Roosevelt's reelection by predicting that hard fighting still lay ahead, whereas the commentator knew better, and even ventured the guess that "Santa Claus Eisenhower will have Germany in the bag before Christmas." But when the Rundstedt offensive opened, a few weeks later, Close tore into the President for lulling us with complacencies about early victory. "Virtually they [the voters] had been promised that the European war would be over in November."

As to Churchill's Empire, Close also finds himself of a divided mind. Sometimes the British lion appears to his vision as arrogant with power, at others as retreating before the Russian bear with almost contemptible weakness. Over the radio on December 10, 1944, Close obligingly wrote a new ticket for British imperialism, a *Drang nach Süden* toward peoples too feeble to make trouble. "I think," he said, "that Britain should make her future area of interest and exploitation the continent of Africa, where she will be out of the way of Russia and the nascent peoples of Asia."

In earlier stages of the war, Close's suspicions of Britain helped make him an isolationist. His San

Francisco speech of March 4, 1941, called "the kicking around of Lindbergh . . . the most shameful page in American history," and he deprecated the reckless sympathy for England and hatred for Germany displayed by "the Anglophiles and the Jewish people on the umbilical coast, east of the Hudson River." Now that we are more than three years deep in war, Close in his broadcast on February 11, 1945, scolds the "Protestant chiselers" and "Jewish opportunists" for calling attention to racial and sectarian prejudices.

Quite possibly, in the sincerity of his heart, Close does not regard these utterances as biased. For, only a few months ago, Close offered a thousand-dollar War Bond "to the person who will bring the first authentic quotation from my writings or broadcasts which is 'anti-British' or 'anti-Russian' . . . [and] to any person who will produce anything I have ever written or said in public that is anti-Jewish." Lest the offer seem too generous, contestants should note the phrase "in public," along with the fact that Close himself presumably is judge and jury.

In his broadcast of January 21, 1945, Close quoted with hearty endorsement the words of Merwin K. Hart, that great friend of Franco: "Let us not pursue the suicidal policy of cruelty to Germany because she has been cruel." In April, 1944, Close termed Allied insistence upon unconditional surrender "a harmful exhibition of petty vanity," and in the same month was quoted by the press as calling the European war "that bloody strife between people a little different from each other." More recently, on March 11, 1945, Close told his listeners that "the shocker of the week" was Mr. Roosevelt's possible approval of "Stalin's plan of putting 10,000,000 young Germans to forced labor in Russia!" Mr. Close questioned the "morals of this" as well as its aggrandizement of Stalin.

The grand secret of Close's point of view is not hard to discover. Whatever happens, he is against it. Internationally, the dominant fact is the war; at home, governmental red tape. No doubt both need salutary criticism from time to time, on radio controversy hours, if not in so-called "Close-Ups of the News." But when all the world looks sallow week after week, we may ask whether the eye itself is not jaundiced.

To Upton Close, bad news from the fronts was always an indictment of Roosevelt's or Churchill's or Stalin's bungling; as for good news, in this phony war it is mostly an illusion. Things are never as they seem, for this country is always being sold a bill of goods, like Teheran or Yalta or the San Francisco Conference. "The nation," Close will say, with his gift for metaphor, "is baffled by the cloying sweetness of a honeyed idealism which more and more fails to dovetail with reality." Often he becomes the reproachful voice of "the paying and dying citizens" of America, who "are fighting for we know not what."

As a "War Dad" — a role of which he never tires — Close clamors for the boys to come home just as quickly as possible, predicting that they will return "confirmed isolationists." The magic phrase "America first" runs like a charm through his latter-day utterances. As early as October, 1943, Close told an Iowa teachers'

convention, as reported by the *Chicago Sun*, that "it is time for the United States to pull out of the European conflict. . . . America is waking up and wondering why she got into this war."

Not even the Pacific war is anything to be very proud of. Close now avers that prior to Pearl Harbor, America "outraged" Japan by demanding that she move out of Indo-China, and asserts that Roosevelt in those days "missed the greatest gift to men since the teachings of Christ . . . the opportunity to bring about a meeting of the East and West without violence." Sometimes Close explains that Pearl Harbor happened, not on account of our aid to China, but because Japan "became a threat to the British and French Asiatic empires," or, as another theory, "because we had been entirely European-minded and our guards were down." Close's intuitions about Pearl Harbor are still almost as obfuscated as they were on that fatal day itself.

5

THE United Nations alliance, above all, is a "sour mess." We are pulling everybody's chestnuts out of the fire. The idiom in which this disillusion is cast varies with the occasion. On Sundays, when Close is prone to quote Scripture and clothe his thoughts in the garb of our native idealism, it finds expression in his sad resignation that good Americans will "continue as Christians to bear much more than their own share of the cost of man's destruction of his civilization and man's inhumanity to man."

On other occasions, as in a luncheon speech last year before the Chicago Executives' Club—in the congenial company of General Robert E. Wood, Werner Schroeder, and Close's own sponsor, James S. Kemper—it took more jovial tones. "Usually," said Mr. Close, "our war governments make the fool mistake of trying to convince the American people that their Allies, whoever they happen to be in bed with militarily, are saints, and because they are in bed with them politically they have got to fall in love with them; and perhaps have a few bastard children. [Laughter.]"

A word about Close's sponsor, now Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Republican National Committee, is not amiss. Between Mr. Close and Mr. Kemper the bond is staunch, and the latter has printed and mailed several million leaflets of the broadcasts paid for by his mutual insurance company—in effect, by its policyholders. Mr. Kemper, the only Chicagoan to earn more than \$200,000 from salaries in 1942, inclines to conservatism in his general outlook. In September, 1932, for instance, under the regime of Herbert Hoover, he told a national insurance convention: "I feel that our recovery from the Depression has been delayed rather than hastened by not permitting natural forces to have full play . . . [by] too much emphasis upon the responsibility of government for stimulating business activity."

In January, 1941, as President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Kemper over a nationwide NBC hookup praised the America First Commit-

tee, declared that we had no need of a vast, expensive rearmament program because "America could be defended with an adequate supply of long range bombers alone," and asserted that "if we keep our heads, we won't be in the war."

Although Close calls himself "a contemporary historian, not a party man," at least some listeners in 1944 suspected that his impartial balance trembled a little when he contemplated the Fourth Term. Sometimes his attitude toward the President was stern. Mr. Roosevelt "bungled the draft, the manpower situation, rationing, and lend-lease." On other occasions Close manfully resisted the impulse to be playful. His first broadcast after D Day remarked the phrase "again and again" in Mr. Roosevelt's prayer for the invasion: "A political wag would pick on this as Mr. Roosevelt's favorite phrase, but an apostrophe to the Deity is not proper material for wags."

In Close's considered judgment Mr. Roosevelt's great weakness was "pliability," but that of his party is rigidity—as contrasted with the Republican Party, which is "subject to moulding, subject to leadership, ready for new ideas . . . I am speaking as a historian, not as a politician." A workable unity under Mr. Roosevelt was admittedly impossible. "This is the basic and deep reasoning which has caused such weighty, careful newspapers as the *New York Times* . . . to declare for Dewey." Readers of the *Times* last autumn may raise their eyebrows at this last remark.

It is gradually revealed that Close objects to the Administration *in toto*, ranging from international matters like Dumbarton Oaks ("the dumb oaks conference") to domestic ones like social security. Social security or any kind of security is illusion, Close tells us, as proved by "the truth learned by us and our sons on the battlefield: that if you refuse to assume risk you remain ridden with fear . . . [we need] individual opportunity to invent and to establish businesses . . . [and] must take the risks of that decision and not bawl for the security of a child or a slave. We must risk being casualties in the field of peace as in the field of battle."

Just what connection the risk of battle has with the civil risks of unemployment, accident, and sickness, or the inevitability of old age and death, is not clear. Certainly the glorification of unpreparedness against loss is as extraordinary a philosophy as ever introduced a commercial plug for casualty insurance.

Close was greeted by angry murmurs at a Republican rally in Evanston, Illinois, on April 4, 1944, when he "revealed" that the Japanese Navy in the North Pacific was convoying our Lend-Lease shipments to Russia, and "it is to be assumed that Japan gets her cut of our lend-lease materials in return for such service." Into these waters he failed to carry with him this audience of Evanston Republicans, although a few days later he scored magnificently with a similar speech before the Chicago Citizens U.S.A. Committee, formerly the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee, and then the Committee for Negotiated Peace. At each weekly meeting this group distributed copies of Close's Sunday broadcasts, as did other groups, like

We the Mothers Mobilize for America, the Peace Now Movement, and Gerald L. K. Smith's Nationalists.

Dissatisfied with most Democrats and Republicans, Close finds his true love in General Douglas MacArthur — for which, of course, that eminent soldier is in no way responsible. In an NBC broadcast shortly before Christmas, 1943, Upton Close dedicated a jingle all his own to Republican hopefuls: —

We've a mighty dark horse in our Candidate's stable,
And MacArthur for President might be the label;
So Santa, go easy in handing out plums,
For we'll be in the White House when next Christmas comes.

Visions of MacArthur on a white horse have long danced through Close's brain, linked with his dream of "a new and fervent American nationalism." In April, 1944, he pronounced MacArthur the man who can lead the United States "out of the woods of confusion."

In his first Mutual broadcast after D Day, Close foretold that, from the way things are now going, our soldiers will come home disgruntled and "ask what comes out of this for America, as well. If they find our politicians still ignoring this prime cause they may go at it in a mistaken way, or overdo it, actually giving the final blow of destruction to that American society which in their hearts they wish to save." The implications of this statement are dark. A soldiers' and sailors' revolution, of course, can be either fascist or communist — as one should remind himself before even a gloomy satisfaction is taken in the prospect, seemingly so alien to the context of American life.

6

IN A notification sent him in late October, 1944, but not publicized until mid-November, NBC dropped Close from its network. According to the victim, "The flood of protests, by letter and telegram, and the number of newspaper editorials and comments descending upon NBC have far exceeded any such public reaction previously in the history of radio, in the case of the removal of any commentator from a major network." Michigan's Congressman Woodruff called it "terrorism on the radio." Merwin K. Hart's National Economic Council issued a leaflet, "Why Was Upton Close Dropped by NBC?" accepting Close's belief that the FCC and Robert Hannegan were guilty. And in Chicago his old friends the Citizens U.S.A. Committee urged the faithful to flood Congress with their protests.

This incident obviously was responsible for Close's plaint that "voices of opposition" have been eliminated since election day. (The only other cases one recalls are those of Boake Carter, dead of a heart attack, and Henry J. Taylor, bound abroad on newspaper service, who testified in his farewell broadcast that he had always "been as free as a bird on the Blue.") Close is sure that "terrific pressure" must have been exercised upon NBC to remove him.

The explanations supplied by his brooding ego are,

as always, dark, complicated, and conflicting. In a December broadcast over Mutual — when he foretold that his one remaining program "is going to be the top rating Sunday program on any network," although his Hooper rating since that date has ranged between 4.7 and 6.3, whereas Winchell's averages 25 — he blamed a persistent consumers' boycott of his sponsor, the pen company, "the most dastardly, most anti-American thing that has yet hit America."

But in press interviews Close said "pressure from various sources" had removed him because, in his broadcast of November 5, 1944, he had exposed a "secret Communist meeting" in Mexico City which had ordered Hillman and the CIO to throw their weight into the 1944 Presidential election. ("It is well understood," explained the *Chicago Tribune*, "that the broadcasting industry is subject to government control.") How a broadcast on November 5 could have influenced a decision that NBC announced to him on October 31, Close did not pause to explain.

The real reason for the dropping of Upton Close is not uninteresting. It involved his NBC broadcast of July 9, 1944, about the Tyler Kent case, concerning which Close, Gerald L. K. Smith, and others have had much to say. Kent, it will be recalled, as employee of the American Embassy in London, in October, 1940, was convicted by British courts of delivering information to the Axis, after Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy had waived diplomatic immunity for this "traitor," as he later termed him.

When caught, Kent had in his possession over 1500 confidential documents lifted from the Embassy files, so gravely damaging the security of the secret ciphers that a new code of American diplomatic communications had to be worked out. Kent was known in London as an anti-Semite, a friend of British fascists, and the intimate of a White Russian girl in Axis pay. Friends of Kent never mention these facts in seeking to prove that his abstraction of the documents was inspired by the highest motives — namely, his distress over the secret correspondence of Roosevelt and Churchill, which allegedly was drawing America ever deeper into the war against Hitler.

Over Mutual on June 25, 1944, Upton Close argued that Kent "properly should have been brought to America for trial," and suggested there were "old-fashioned Machiavellian politics in the motions that carried the United States into war." Later he reported portentously to his listeners that Kent from prison had cabled his mother: "Kennedy's statements false." Close was not alone in this view. Still more bluntly the *Chicago Tribune* aired charges that "Kent was railroaded to prison to conceal behind the scenes dickering between Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt before the former became prime minister of Great Britain."

Meanwhile a friend of Tyler Kent, John Bryan Owen, grandson of William Jennings Bryan, was found dead in his Greenwich Village room on January 2, 1944, by the New York police, from an overdose of veronal, a drug to which he was a known addict. Under the imminent approach of the 1944 election, when any

and all political skeletons might be rattled, Upton Close inquired on his NBC broadcast of July 9: "Did the mysterious death of the grandson of William Jennings Bryan, just after his return from England, have a connection with all this? . . . Well, mystery of mysteries, will the former fighting District Attorney of New York pick up the thread of that death in Greenwich Village and try to untangle the snarl of this international scheme? Will Tom Dewey, the young squire of New York's Dutchess County, . . . roll up his sleeves again and get the truth for the American people?"

Beyond one minor discrepancy in the story (according to Gerald L. K. Smith's résumé of the Tyler Kent case, distributed in multigraph, sixteen months elapsed between young Owen's return from England and his death), Close's inference is plain: namely, that high authority caused John Bryan Owen to be "rubbed out" because he knew too much. Upton Close has often made unsupported statements, in the clean fun of politics, — such as his flat assertion of Harry S. Truman's "early Ku Klux Klan connections," — but he has never gone farther than in this case, where he took the word of a convicted felon.

Close ended his most recent radio series, July 1, 1945. In his broadcast of June 3, he said: "This series will terminate with the coming July 1 program. It is not ending because of any dissatisfaction from either sponsor or network, but simply because *this* particular advertising budget has run out. This contract would have terminated six months ago, but my good sponsor would not drop the program under the un-American and unsportsmanlike attacks made at that time."

7

AN appraisal of the best-known commentators shakes down to one conclusion. Under the guise of news, or news comment, a great variety of fare is handed out by the networks and stations. Some is brilliant reporting or mature, well-balanced analysis. But a very large volume is hearsay, petulance, tattling, and the fluid emotionalism which even at its best has little place in the presentation of news or the guidance of rational public opinion.

A minor part of the output is positively bad, appealing to sensationalism, domestic suspicion, and bitterness among allies — mainly to attract notice and feed the commentator's sense of power. Often the unwary listener tunes in for news, only to get an adulterated product with a misleading label. He may get, for instance, a generous distillation of super-nationalism or American fascism, which the uncritical may find heady, while they remain blind to its aftereffects — such as theories of race supremacy, economic autarchy, military imperialism, and war.

So far, the overseas war coverage of American radio has been magnificent, but the job done by most commentators at home has been distinctly second-rate. A few suggestions are in order. The first, increasingly favored by CBS and NBC, is more honestly to

segregate news from comment, so that the listener will always know what he is getting. In the second place, let stations reserve certain periods for news analysis, seeing that the analyst assigned to a certain period is kept there whether some sponsor wants that quarter hour, and that particular analyst, or not. This policy guarantees that advertisers will have no direct control over content or personalities.

Against possible off-scene pressure or collusion, there are still stronger safeguards. Senator Wheeler's proposal that all commercial sponsorship of news and comment be forbidden is probably too drastic; but prohibiting sponsorship of comment alone would meet the radio industry's objection that it needs commercial revenues to pay for global news coverage. This policy would deflate considerably the movie-star scale of commentators' present salaries.

Essential to any program of reform is closer scrutiny by network and station into the qualifications of their analysts. Is the speaker with a rich, pleasing voice an able, conscientious, knowledgeable man — or is his fine voice merely resonance in an empty head? Ability to coin a picturesque phrase, to lead crusading flurries, or to stir up local excitement is no substitute for a sound knowledge of American history and the modern world, against a background of economic and political literacy. Calmness and common sense are also important. But no commentator, whatever his record and training, has the right to make up people's minds for them on every subject — and the closer any speaker comes to this oracular assumption the more he ought to be distrusted.

Within the pale of national security, and of those broader limits of patriotism upon which the mass of Americans agree, the duty of radio as a forum is not to take sides, but to keep the channels of debate open, accessible to those with points of view that have any reasonable claim upon the ear of the American people. A code which forbids the sale of time for the discussion of controversial issues would be well enough if unsold time during good listening hours were available in reasonable quantities. But when commercially sponsored commentators use their quarter hours week after week to vent highly debatable opinions, and when unsold quarter hours are so few and far between, the code wears thin.

A healthy symptom of listener reaction is the practice of writing commentators or station managers to question facts, challenge views, or protest obvious unfairness. Yet it is depressingly clear that the majority of letters which flood the FCC from individuals, groups, and organized blocs of protesters — saying, "Take Pearson off the air," or "We protest the muzzling of Upton Close" — are inspired by special grievance or approval, with scant concern for the rights of free speech or for the equally important responsibilities of speakers in the public domain of the air.

If a chain or station which presents only one side of a popular issue is not being operated "in the public interest," neither is one which shuns or neglects its duty to inform the people about that issue. Entertainment, of course, is a primary function of broadcasting;

but in so far as radio stakes out a claim in the field of current events, trafficking in news and interpretation, it has a corresponding obligation to inform, clarify, and aid discussion.

8

OFTEN this duty is taken lightly. As one example, through eleven months of the year 1941 the hottest issue in the United States centered on our foreign policy — Lend-Lease, convoys, bases for defense, and the whole debate of isolation versus intervention. With this controversy in mind, the FCC by questionnaire made a canvass of all programs broadcast between January 1 and June 1, 1941. Answers ranged from that of one small North Carolina station which stated that its offerings were “100 per cent American and pro-British,” to that of a Wisconsin station whose manager simply wrote the word “isolationist” across its broadcasting schedule.

These answers, of course, were not typical. But out of the 842 stations then operating in the United States, only 388 reported having originated as much as one non-network program about any of those issues. Among these 388, the average carried fewer than one such program per month. After lumping together both network and local programs, one finds that between 200 and 300 American stations did not carry a single program about this debate, during those five stormy months, while half the total number of stations broadcast fewer than one such program per week. In contrast to the press, radio played a timid, lackadaisical part in educating the public against the day of Pearl Harbor.

The major cause for this poor showing, beyond doubt, was radio's reluctance to cede profitable commercial time to public service programs. In American radio, by a kind of Gresham's Law, sponsored programs, often of inferior quality, tend to drive out even the best sustaining ones — notably in the zone of maximum listener coverage, the early evening hours. Well-liked public service features find themselves whittled down in time, or pushed here and there over the clock face with consequent loss of followers, or else dropped by numerous local stations free to reject what the network supplies. Their place is taken by radio serials or swing-music records which sell soap or cold cures or cathartics.

The networks, of course, sustain certain forums, but these occupy less than one per cent of their time, are carried by fewer stations than commentators like Fulton Lewis and Upton Close, and often sound stereotyped and synthetic. The line-up of their participants changes constantly, and commonly includes men who are comparative strangers to the average listener. These experts, however competent to deal with special topics, leave something to be desired in radio experience and radio personality.

Some sort of “controversy hour,” or half hour, could be set up for the commentators themselves, and those commentators who now enjoy immunity from rebuttal might be pitted against each other. Let radio answer

radio, with less of the current politeness which restrains Mr. Swing, for example, from challenging Mr. Close, or Mr. Lewis from tangling with Mr. Gailmor. Even if the present *entente cordiale* were shattered, and analyst began to refute analyst, each from his citadel of fifteen-minute monopoly, proper debate could not flourish. We cannot be sure that the same audience which heard the affirmative will hear the negative, or that rejoinder will squarely meet the charge.

Senator Wheeler has proposed that any person or organization assailed by a commentator be allowed to go on the air as promptly as possible, on the commentator's regular program — as did Wright Patman to answer Fulton Lewis, or Martin Dies, Walter Winchell. This scheme has one ironic advantage. Commentators jealous of their time would probably be more careful about facts and personalities. But the lapse of a day or week is no guarantee of the same listening public. Also, how shall the length and relevance of a rebuttal be fixed? Do a few tart words call for a reply as long as any Congressman chooses to make? And finally, how many facets has a question? The intricacies presented by a series of set speeches, against squads of opponents and shades of opinion, freezes the imagination.

Faced with these perplexities, one station manager in the West, Ed Craney of KGIR in Butte, has proposed an editorial “box” adjacent to news programs, where commentators could tangle and all sides of current issues could be explored by give-and-take. Surplus emotion, partisanship, and the desire to win converts would thus be drained away from the news.

Some such policy might be tried by the networks. While drawing a cleaner line between fact and opinion, it need not bar from regular news analysis those commentators whose competence and fairness are widely recognized. They should not be throttled down into mere newscasters, but invited to speak as experts about matters — like military strategy, foreign affairs, or government — where special knowledge gives perspective to the news. To the controversy hour, however, should be admitted any well-known commentator whom considerable sections of the listening public cherish, whether he be Democrat or Republican, free-trader or protectionist, friend of management or of labor, advocate or foe of Bretton Woods or Dumbarton Oaks or San Francisco.

But upon the same program he would face other experienced commentators with different views, and have the immediate obligation to answer for his words. The contrast between maturity and shallowness, good taste and bad, fact and unsupported assertion, integrity and speciousness, can best be seen when they are set parallel. The tradition of debating national issues — once a great American custom, now seldom heard by the mass of our people — calls for revival, in terms of familiar radio personalities. Their present following, and frequent reappearance in the cast, in a way not possible to current radio forums, would assure lively interest. The meeting of minds, and their collision, is an old but not outmoded method for advancing truth.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SURRENDER

by LT. THEODORE DRAPER

I

A CIVILIAN (in the Army everything is so simple; for us there are only two kinds of people: soldiers and civilians) thinks that when a soldier caught in a trap wants to live, he has only to give up. Only! It is much more complicated. A man decides to give up when he has been reduced to utter hopelessness and helplessness and life is worthless, or when he has a last reserve of courage to take the final risk that surrender demands, or when he has enough battle experience to know how the trick is done with a minimum of danger. Far more is involved than the mere desire to get out the easy way.

One way to tell a new outfit is by the number of prisoners it takes. New outfits always take as many as they can get. The boys behave the way they would like the enemy to behave. They have not seen and heard enough men die; they have not fought enough to kill a man in cold blood.

The first two prisoners I ever saw were a young man of twenty-four and an older man of thirty-five. The older man was insensible; he didn't care any more. The younger one was twitching, crying, crazed with fear. We looked at them with curiosity and loathing. We did not understand them. That comes later, when you yourself have to wonder how you might surrender.

They say our men get angry only after they see the boy they used to sleep next to, shoot crap with, swap troubles with, fall on his face with a piece of 88 in his head. They say the main motive of our men is revenge, personal revenge. You suddenly find this is a game you play for keeps; but somehow it is still a game, not a cause or a crusade or a conquest. This is part of the story. There are other things just as interesting about the game.

You are running or trotting or walking or pulling yourself with pain on a road. A burp misses you. The word "sniper" leaps into your head. You fall on your belly into the slot at the side of the road. So do the rest of your squad — ten men. A few more burps and you have a pretty good idea where the bastard is. A couple of men crawl out of the road into the field while you

cover them. The sniper knows he hasn't got a chance and doesn't dare stick his head out of his hole to fire another shot. He has to jump out of his hole and surrender or wait for the kill. To surrender, he *has to* stick his head out, or at least his hands. Who knows whether he *wants to* surrender? If he crouches in his hole and waits, one of our men will reach him and riddle him full of holes or, more likely, fling a grenade ten yards away and cut him to pieces.

Now comes the moment when we know we have him. Should we give him a chance to surrender? Should the game stop for a moment to give him a chance to decide whether he wants to give up or to go down fighting? Obviously, that would be risky for us. He might choose to go down fighting — with one or more of us. You can not play the gentleman's way unless you are sure he is a gentleman or a coward.

But even if somehow you knew he had had enough and wanted to give up, would you let him? Why should you? When he took a pop at you, he was playing for keeps with your life. If he won, it was your skin. If he has lost, why should he get away so cheaply? Why should he enjoy the luxury of playing for keeps when he thought he could plug you, but change the rules in the middle of the game because now you can plug him? Is it really so murderous and inhuman to put a few slugs into him just because you maneuvered him into a grave which he dug with his own hands? You have to feel a burp or a whistle or a whine or a thud miss you by an uncomfortably small margin to play this kind of game seriously.

The worst, the most extreme, version of this thing is pillbox warfare. A few determined men in a pillbox can cause a vast amount of trouble, hold up a battalion, — even a regiment, — lay down a fierce fire if the pillbox is well placed. At the cost of many casualties and much effort, you work around to the sides and button up the front, and at last the men in that pillbox know they are lost. The pillbox has become a prison. Every man in it has been sentenced to execution.

Some men in that spot will wait to die bravely. More will not. They will crack, and shake with fear. Instinctively, they want to run out, escape from the prison walls. Where can they run? That is sure suicide. Sometimes our men, instead of slipping the charges in the slots and blowing them up into a salad of cement and steel and invisible bones, walk in to take possession.

A soldier and a writer, THEODORE DRAPER, now a Second Lieutenant, was a Sergeant in the 84th Infantry Division and the historian of his outfit when he wrote, in a letter to his wife, this remarkable account of what passes through a man's mind before he surrenders. In 1944 the Viking Press published his book, *The Six Weeks' War*, which is the chronicle of the defeat of France in 1940.

A half-dozen cowering men wait an eternity inside. Our men walk out alone. That is when you really have to shoot men in cold blood, inside four small walls, and the noise of the execution rattles through the place.

Why not? Not so long ago, those six men thought they were pretty smart and well fixed in a cozy pillbox, nicely camouflaged as a haystack, with walls so thick the shells of your artillery bounced off like rubber balls. You managed to seize the upper hand, at some cost. If they won, it was your life. If you win, why not theirs? That is how a man thinks who has been scared to death but has not died.

2

A VETERAN will tell you other things on the practical side. Everything is so simple when you kill the enemy — which is, after all, what weapons were made for. Take prisoners and your troubles begin. Many prisoners have to be taken in open fields in the middle of an action. A machine-gun crew has been popping away at everything in sight and a lot more in their imagination. The game is up. They jump out of their hole. They look very awkward with their hands up and their heads bare, because they don't know whether to step forward to meet you or to jump back again into their hole.

Suppose you let them live. What would you do with them? You cannot let them stay there. If you sent them back alone through the no man's land of one or two thousand yards or more, they could pick up other weapons, jump into another hole, and go into operation again. Or, as soon as you moved out of sight, they could try to get back to their own lines. When the first troops advance over open country, everything is wide-open, pell-mell. So you have to send someone back with them. And if thirty or forty have been picked up, a platoon may have to lose three or four men to take them back under guard.

These prisoners have deprived you of three or four men as effectively as if they had killed them. Those three or four men, a few minutes later, might save a whole squad or turn the balance in favor of a whole platoon. If you had to make the decision, you would think twice if you had any sense or experience. You know you will need every man desperately before the action is over, and you could use twice as many as you have. How can you bring yourself to part with a single man when it may soon cost your life, and the lives of the men under you?

Suppose you are new at the game and you send your prisoners back under guard. In many circumstances, you have sentenced your own men to death. In the advance, it is very unlikely that you cleaned up everything on the way, especially if you jumped off in the dark, an hour or two before dawn. The enemy is lying behind you as well as in front of you. You don't worry about those behind, because other friendly forces will take care of them. But that will take time. Meanwhile, a platoon of infantrymen may be sitting behind machine guns, burp guns, rifles, in a dozen holes which you cannot see before you are actually on them, and which

you do not suspect until a shot gives you nervous warning.

If the small arms and automatic weapons don't get your guards on the way back, the 88's may have zeroed in on the route by then, because our follow-up forces are coming through the same way. Incidentally, when the shooting starts, the prisoners get panicky and run off in all directions. The guards are too busy trying to take cover; and even if they should fire at them, most of the prisoners will probably get away in any event.

What have you, the commander, gained by sending back your prisoners under guard? You should have known that the chances were only about even that they could get back. Meanwhile, you lost men whom you desperately need. Your men were lucky to get through in the first place. Why send them back with prisoners when they have nothing in their favor? The enemy has been alerted; anyone you have by-passed is tensely clutching a trigger, ready to let fly at the trembling of a leaf. And where, unless they do not know what it is all about, will you find men who will be willing to make the trip back with a gang of worthless Krauts who would have knocked them off a few minutes before? It is too much to ask of anyone.

The practical difficulties of taking prisoners are greatest for armored outfits. Such outfits are tightly organized and simply do not have the men to spare for the job. That is why, on both sides, a tank's life is cheapest. Knowing that tankers find it a nuisance to take prisoners, and do so rarely if at all, it is military policy never to take tankers alive. Once an outfit gets a reputation for not taking prisoners, it cannot expect any mercy. When the word went around that SS men, to show their toughness, never took prisoners, we stopped capturing SS men. Revenge feeds on itself, and an old outfit is willing to take almost no one alive. This is the secret of the absence of prisoners on the Russian front when the fighting was bitter.

There is one exception to all this. In a break-through, whether you like it or not, thousands of prisoners pile up. By slashing through for ten miles or more, inevitably thousands of enemy troops are by-passed or just passed. If you tried to stop to shoot them all, you would really miss the forest for the trees. In fact, you don't fight at all unless you positively have to. You keep rolling, without firing a shot, as long as you can. In a break-through, you don't take prisoners, but neither do you shoot them. You just ignore them or wave them down the road.

3

AN experienced soldier — and the Germans became very experienced in this respect — obeys several rules about the art of surrender, whether he has ever bothered to codify them or not. Some of these rules are: —

1. Don't try to surrender to an armored outfit. Wait for the infantry to come up. You have to be careful when you try to surrender to the infantry, too, but your chances are at least twice as good. When you see

the enemy's armor come up and you know you have to give up to live, find a dark hole — in the woods, a cellar, a church loft, a closet — and go to sleep or pretend you are dead, or do anything else more original to suggest you are not there, until the tanks have passed.

2. Don't try to surrender to the first wave of infantry. They do most of the fighting and dying and feel it is unsportsmanlike to take prisoners. Wait them out, too, especially if your hide-out is not likely to draw attention. On the other hand, if you don't have time to think of anything better than hiding under the bed, it may be better not to try to hide at all.

3. Make yourself as obscure as possible for as long as two or three days. By that time, the rear echelon will take over the town. It is well known that rear echelon men never die except of diarrhea and boredom. They would rather take you prisoner than kill you. You are the living proof they were really "in combat." You might have been killed by anyone. Needless to say, the papers will report that the town was "flushed" out and several hundred prisoners were taken "who offered little resistance." No one will know that you sweated it out for two days between two mattresses until you dared to make a personal appearance in the street.

4. Don't try to surrender in the dark. To surrender successfully, you have to let the enemy know that you want to surrender. That is a very delicate operation. One of your thoughtless comrades — he did not think that one day you would want to surrender — made a false move. He came running out of the woods yelling at the top of his lungs. He threw his rifle and helmet to the ground with fervor. But when he saw only three of the enemy ahead of him, bunched up, he could not resist the temptation to toss a grenade — with which he had *not* parted — at them.

In the dark, the enemy has no way of reasonably assuring himself of your intentions, except possibly by your voice, which may be a decoy, and the sounds may be plain gibberish to him even if you are in dead earnest. Better wait until it is light and you can put on a good performance of helplessness and despair.

5. Don't forget to take cover even if you are waiting to surrender inside a house. The first enemy troops to enter a hostile town start shooting the moment they see the first house, and don't stop until they pass the last one. They throw grenades into as many windows as they can. If you are hiding in a cellar, remember that no one wants to walk into a black space without a good assurance that it is empty or that you really want to give up — an assurance which unfortunately you are not in a position to give him. A desperate man, anxious to sell his life as dearly as possible, especially if he has found a cache of good food in the cellar, could plug him before he went down three steps. Anybody but a novice will send in a calling card before him in the form of a grenade, just to make sure. Therefore, it is not enough to hide out in a house. Try to find a place that will also protect you against a grenade if one is thrown, or a place where a grenade is not likely to be thrown.

6. Try to surrender in a group — the larger the bet-

ter. It does not require too much of a psychological wrench for a hardened soldier to get rid of one, two, or three if he is not in a mood to take prisoners. But with the worst will in the world, most men will hesitate to stage a massacre even of the not so innocent. To knock off a crowd requires an SS mentality.

7. If there are many of you who would surrender if only you knew how, try one and test the reaction. If you see that one of your crowd has given himself up without regret, you know the coast is clear. Better yet, let him explain that there are a lot of friends where he came from and he can arrange to induce them to come out too.

(It is always amusing to see this scene. A doughboy goes into a house and comes out with a meek little individual who looks like a fellow caught trying to slip into the subway for nothing. This individual starts talking but he is understood only when he points to other houses. He walks into one and comes out with five friends, equally depressed. Soon the street seems to be filling up with prisoners equally relieved. This type of surrender has the stamp of safety and experience on the face of it.)

8. Surrender to your own prisoners. Admittedly the circumstances are special but it has been done. Often it happens that your side has had its own way for a while, but enemy reinforcements have come up and you know the end is near. In your better moments, you may have taken a few prisoners yourself and not shot them. If you give yourself up to your prisoners, they will probably be so giddy at the transformation of their own fortunes that they will haul you outside and march you down the road with all the pride of world conquerors. Since it will look as if you were their catch, no one else will interfere and waste any bullets on you. Your captors would not like the competition. This technique will almost always get you by the most terrible moment in any surrender — the first.

9. If nothing else will work and your chances of coming out alive seem so slim that only the most desperate measures can save you, try to wound yourself, the more seriously the better. If you obviously cannot walk or use a weapon, you cease to be a menace, and you can be left to rot where you are. Most men will not have the heart to finish the job. This method will almost always work if the enemy has been doing a lot of shooting and has to conserve ammunition.

10. In those awful moments when the first wave is shooting everything in sight, choose a nice, bloody corpse. Be careful to choose an enemy corpse. Lie down next to him, smear some of his blood on you, but don't get so close that a running rifleman won't be able to see at a glance that your dead companion is one of his own. You may benefit from a confusion of corpses. The man with the live rifle may get the idea that all the stiff bodies are corpses and were all on his side.

This last piece of advice, found in a German document captured in the Ardennes, shows that much thought and ingenuity have been devoted to the art of surrender by those who have learned from experience how hard it is.

WHEELS IN HIS HEAD

by M. M. MUSSELMAN

1

EVERYBODY, including Grandma, said A.J. would never amount to anything because he just wouldn't stick to a good job when he had one. In more or less chronological order he was a bicycle racer, hardware buyer, sporting-goods dealer, bicycle salesman, assistant manager of a mail-order house, tire salesman, manufacturer of golf clubs, real-estate subdivider, country-club promoter, research engineer, and gentleman farmer.

In my adolescent days I was always sorry A.J. had not realized his earliest ambition: he wanted to be an acrobat in a circus. He would have been a good one, too. Silk tights and bangles would have suited A.J. It started after Grandma took the boys over to Newton to a little one-ring circus. When they got home to the farm, A.J. tried walking on his hands. After one try he yelled for Grandma to come out and watch him.

"Hey, Ma! Look at me! Look at me!"

Grandma, who was ninety-five pounds of dynamic devotion, came to the screen door to watch A.J. demonstrate on the front porch. He flipped over on his hands and walked right across the porch.

"Careful!" warned Grandma. "You'll break your neck." And at that moment A.J. walked right off the railless porch and almost did break his neck.

But A.J. was not the least bit discouraged by his first acrobatic misstep. He practiced for weeks until he could stand on his hands, turn handsprings, and do back flips. Then he grew ambitious and wanted to turn somersaults in the air. Not by jumping from a beam in the hayloft; anybody could do that. He wanted to do it just the way the circus acrobats did it: right off the hard ground, with a leap, a cat-like flip, and back on his feet again, finishing with a graceful bow.

He broached the subject to Grandma one morning at breakfast. "Ma," he asked with a speculative gleam

in his eye, "how do those circus acrobats learn to turn them somersaults in the air?"

"I don't know," Grandma replied, cutting an apple pie into four sections for her ravenous brood. "But if you dare to try any tomfoolery like that I'll tan your hide. I don't want you abed with broken bones just at haying time."

Grandma should have known better. Any time you dared A.J. to do something, it was as good as done. He went right out behind the barn to give that backward somersault a whirl, feeling somehow that because Grandma had forbidden him to try it, it would be easy as rolling off a log.

He clenched his teeth, leaped into the air, and landed flat on his back. When he regained his breath, he sat up and meditated for several minutes. He had no intention of repeating his experiment. It had been too painful. But he intended to figure out a way to turn somersaults with some degree of safety. All that day, as he took the cows out to pasture, fed the pigs, worked in the hayfield, and helped with the milking, he pondered the safety factor in a backward somersault. At last he solved the problem with a simple but ingenious "invention."

Grandma's clothesline was always stretched between the privy and an old apple tree. A.J. let out enough slack in the line so that it hung down just about waist high. With a short length of rope, he tied himself to the clothesline and tried a back somersault. To his delight it worked.

He practiced prodigiously for several weeks until he was sure that he was ready to attempt a somersault without the clothesline for a safety belt. Then he went out behind the barn to try it, but to his chagrin he discovered that he lacked the nerve. The memory of that first painful effort still haunted him, and he realized that he had become a slave to his safety belt. In later years A.J. told me this story many times and always pointed out the obvious moral.

"Some people go through life wearing a safety belt," he would say. "Never get up nerve enough to take a chance; stick to the same job all their life; live in the same little one-horse town; wear rubbers on rainy days; never eat oysters out of season; never kiss anybody but their wife; vote the straight Republican ticket; and then discover it's all over but the flowers and the funeral and they never had any fun out of life."

A. J. Musselman, known to his family by his first initials, was one of that rare tribe of Americans to whom invention is the spice of life. To the consternation of his family and the neighbors, he produced, like rabbits from the hat, the Tearless Onion Peeler, a self-rocking cradle, the La Mode Pneumatic Bosom, a coaster brake for bicycles, the Fut-Shift for automobiles, the Gyroscope golf club, a pneumatic tire for airplanes, and numerous other inventions.

What it felt like to live with such a genius is told by his son, M. M. MUSSELMAN, a professional writer for the radio and motion pictures. The incidents he relates here will form part of the biography of his father, to be published this autumn by Whittlesey House.

But A.J. was not long a slave to his safety belt. One morning, trudging back from the pasture, he determined to take just one more practice somersault, tied to the clothesline; and then, come what might, he would give it a whirl on his own.

Hurrying to the clothesline, he tied himself firmly in position and gave a confident leap into the air. For some reason he turned only halfway over. Fortunately the clothesline caught the weight of his body and saved his neck. But the weatherbeaten privy, to which the line was attached, could not take it. With a wooden groan it collapsed. Simultaneously, there was a scream from Grandma, who at that moment was occupying the second hole.

For an instant she sat frozen amid the ruins, her Scotch Presbyterian blood horrified by this intrusion on her privacy. Then, with fire in her eye, she dropped her skirts and started for A.J. This was one time when he could not escape Grandma's wrath, for he was still tied to the clothesline.

But A.J. was not to be deterred from his career as an acrobat. He kept on turning cartwheels and back flips and somersaults. He built a horizontal bar out behind the barn, on which to try new tricks. His three brothers were satisfied when they could chin themselves a few times and "skin the cat." Not A.J. He kept fooling around on that bar until he was as much at home on it as a monkey.

Some years later, A.J. became a Y.M.C.A. physical director on the strength of a couple of back flips and a giant swing, which was the closest he ever came to being a bona fide acrobat. But I used to brag to the neighbor kids that Pop was a circus performer — the man on the flying trapeze. If they doubted it, I would yell for him to come out and show them. A.J. would come out in the yard and turn somersaults and back flips till the other kids were popeyed. They thought a circus acrobat was about the greatest kind of dad any boy could have. I would not have told them the truth for a million dollars — that he was really an inventor.

2

GRANDMA had been left a widow with a farm to run and four sons to rear, the eldest twelve years old, all of whom, it was whispered among the neighbors, were slightly tetchy. But Grandma thought they were just plain lazy. She'd send them out to pick the cherries in the orchard and they'd come in that evening and declare the trees were stripped. But next morning, when Grandma would go out to see for herself, she'd find the boys had lied to her; they hadn't picked half the cherries. The same thing would happen when they'd go out to pick apples.

"Never would pick 'em all," Grandma used to declare. "And then lie about it like little heathens!"

A.J. was the worst. He used to argue back at Grandma. Downright sass her. Then Grandma would get angry, grab her hickory switch, and chase them up into those trees again. But it never did any good.

It was not till thirty years later that Grandma heard

about color-blindness. All four of her boys had it — couldn't tell red from green.

"Probably a good thing," Grandma philosophized when she found out why the boys never picked all the cherries. "They needed a certain amount of lickin' anyway."

Even as a boy, back on the farm, A.J. had a passion for things that went round and round. Wheels! Anything with wheels attached to it started him off on a mental tangent. An unattached wheel would leave him in a state of suspended animation, while he gawked at it with a dreamy, speculative expression.

A.J.'s first invention was inspired by a huge wheel from an old high-wheeled bicycle. He purloined it from a junk heap behind the village blacksmith shop, brought it home, and went to work on it. In the barn he found a long axle and a couple of old buggy shafts. These he attached in their proper places; then he hung a homemade seat on either side of the wheel.

This uni-sulky, as A.J. has always called it, had several remarkable features. In the first place, it could operate only if there were two occupants of about the same weight, and they had to jump into their seats at the same time in order to keep the contraption balanced. Secondly, the occupants had to crouch low in their seats to keep from bumping their heads against the axle, from which the seats were suspended. Third, it required two drivers — one to hold the left rein, the other to hold the right. Any difference of judgment between them was likely to result in trouble.

A.J. and his brother Joe chose a Sunday morning, about an hour before church time, to try out the wonderful uni-sulky. Dressed in their best, they led old Bill, the work mule, out of the barn and backed him between the shafts. Then, with youthful nimbleness and enthusiasm, they jumped into their seats and urged Bill out onto the road, in order to get out of Grandma's sight as quickly as possible.

It was probably the most amazing vehicle ever seen on a Kansas highway. And remarkably enough, everything went well for about half a mile, until they came to the main road into town. There, A.J. chose to turn right while his brother Joe preferred to go left. Both being of a stubborn nature, neither would compromise.

Now it happened that Bill was a precocious animal. A.J. has always claimed that he was smarter than most human beings and meaner than Simon Legree. Anyway, Bill became annoyed at the difference of opinion behind him, gave a jerk of his head, and craned his neck around to see what in hell was going on. One look at the contraption to which he was hitched convinced him that he was pulling the devil's own chariot. He gave a snort and set out across country at top speed.

There has always been a difference of opinion between A.J. and Uncle Joe as to exactly what happened. But it seems that as Bill dragged the uni-sulky through the ditch at the side of the road, each boy dropped his rein and grabbed his seat. After that Bill was on his own. He went through Ed Beem's cornfield like Greyhound out to break all records at Goshen. Then he turned south and leaped a barbed-wire fence into Ham

Turner's watermelon patch. It was at this fence that Uncle Joe was unseated and hung up by his breeches.

Without Uncle Joe, the wonderful uni-sulky veered to starboard like a catboat in a high wind, causing Bill to run in circles. A.J. held on for dear life, bouncing over green watermelons so fast he felt he was riding the Santa Fe ties to Wichita.

Somewhere in the backstretch, the sulky seat broke from its moorings and took a hop, skip, and jump which landed A.J. amid a tangle of vines. By the time he had freed himself, caught his breath, and stood up to look around, Bill was just vaulting another fence, with what was left of the uni-sulky still dragging along behind him. He disappeared in the general direction of California.

Long-suffering Grandma, dressed in her black dress and bonnet, was rocking grimly on the front porch when the boys finally hove into view. She took one look at their tattered Sunday best and reached for her hickory switch.

It was late afternoon before they found Bill, grazing peacefully, down by the river. The uni-sulky was no longer attached to him. A.J. spent many days searching for the remains, but he never found them.

3

A MAN who invents a novel and useful device or process may apply for and be granted a patent from the United States government giving him a monopoly of his invention for seventeen years. Inventors sometimes become very wealthy, but more often they go bankrupt. For many years A.J. danced a jig between the two, but in the end, to everyone's amazement, he did all right.

The first invention on which he was granted a patent was a game, called "Parlor Golf," which he sold to Parker Brothers for one hundred dollars, spot cash. When he invented it, A.J. had never seen a game of golf. But apparently neither had Parker Brothers, for the game resembled golf about as much as Paris, Illinois, resembles that other and more famous Paris.

The idea of the game was to flick a marble, with thumb and forefinger, up a series of nine grooved and undulated inclines, into nine little holes. In all Wichita, where A.J. by this time owned a bicycle repair shop, he was the only person who had the patience or skill to accomplish this feat in less than par. Everyone else grew infuriated at the damned thing and gave up, leaving A.J. the first undisputed Western Open Golf Champion (Parlor Division).

There followed a number of remarkable inventions, all of which, for one reason or another, failed to produce quick riches. Many of them were contrived while he was operating a bicycle shop in Wichita.

The Tearless Onion Peeler was a gadget that should have been a welcome addition to every kitchen. It was an affair of wheels and knives with a crank to operate it. For large consumers of onions, such as hotels and restaurants, A.J. devised a model which had a foot treadle for motive power. With this super-

gadget one man (or woman) could peel, A.J. estimated roughly, seven bushels of onions per hour, without shedding a single tear. And by a simple adjustment, the machine could be converted to a potato, apple, peach, turnip, or rutabaga peeler. In those days, however, labor was plentiful and cheap; consequently, manufacturers of kitchen implements were of the unanimous opinion that A.J.'s Tearless Onion Peeler was no substitute for a ten-cent paring knife.

"It was a good invention," A.J. once told me, "but nobody wanted to buy it. That's always been the trouble with the world. People are suspicious of new ideas. If you spend one year inventing something new, you have to spend two years cramming it down people's throats. There are lots of easier ways to get rich."

After the Tearless Onion Peeler, A.J. invented his Wind-Proof Umbrella. "It Can't Blow Inside Out," read the prospectus. A.J. was sure he had a winner. Every household needed an umbrella, more especially one that would not collapse at the first gust of wind. And certainly rain was usually accompanied by wind; at least it was in Kansas. He figured that if he could collect a royalty of five cents on each umbrella, he ought to make a million dollars in five years.

At the time he perfected the new umbrella, he was enamored of a girl in Wichita, whose name, according to Aunt Ora, was Bertha. A.J. told Bertha about his newest invention. She listened with round-eyed admiration and assured him, breathlessly, that he must be the cleverest man in Wichita. And would he, pretty please, give her one of his patent umbrellas when he became a famous millionaire?

A.J. didn't wait to become a millionaire. He rushed right down to Innes's Department Store and bought a lady's silk umbrella, priced at three dollars. Then he took it to his shop and rebuilt it, with the cross-bracing, truss arrangement which was the feature of his Wind-Proof Umbrella.

On Bertha's birthday he presented it to her. For a week or so, Bertha displayed her umbrella proudly, and A.J. was elevated to the position of chief swain in her retinue of admirers. And then the rains came.

It happened while Bertha was on her way downtown, clad in a new spring outfit. The sky was slightly overcast, so she was carrying her Patented Wind-Proof Umbrella. When the first drops fell, Bertha struggled with the mechanism of the Wind-Proof Umbrella and finally opened it. Then she slipped her hand through the umbrella's stout wrist-loop, grasped the handle, and quickened her pace, feeling completely secure beneath her Wind-Proof Umbrella.

Suddenly the rain began to slant; overhead, tree branches bent and groaned as a rush of wind struck them; and the sky turned a threatening yellowish gray. Bertha stopped in her tracks. She had lived in Kansas all her life and she knew what was coming: a Kansas tornado. The wind filled her umbrella and tried to tear it from her grasp. The loop tightened about her wrist. She and the umbrella were swept along like two chips on a torrent. By the time she piled up against the Onderdonks' picket fence, bruised, battered, and hu-

miliated, the romance between Bertha and the inventor of the Patented Wind-Proof Umbrella was forever ended.

4

ALL A.J.'s most successful inventions seemed to stem from that huge wheel which was the inspiration for his uni-sulky: they were things that went round and round. The invention of which he is proudest is his method for making the tires now used on airplanes, farm tractors, and other vehicles. This invention created a new principle in tire construction, by means of which the cross-section could be nearly as great as one-half the diameter, resulting in very low air pressures. These tires make it possible for planes to land or take off on rough or muddy fields; they also reduced ground looping and eliminated crack-ups due to wheel failure. Unfortunately, he sold his patent before anyone could foresee the enormous production of planes that World War II would bring. The invention which has brought him the greatest financial return is his bicycle coaster brake.

"I got the idea for my bicycle coaster brake back in 1894," A.J. always begins one of his best stories. "It was while I was traveling about ninety miles an hour down the slopes of the Rockies on a bicycle."

As A.J. tells the story, he unlocked his bicycle shop one July morning and discovered that the window on the alley was standing wide open. Then he noticed that his pride and joy, a red and white Peerless bicycle, the latest thing in cyceldom, was missing. It was the most expensive one in the store — priced at \$125. The plush-lined case, for shipping via railroad, was undisturbed, so A.J. knew that the thief had ridden his loot away.

He hurried over to the police station, where inquiry revealed that a stranger, who had skipped out of the local hotel without paying his bill, had been seen the night before, by Patrolman Murphy, high-tailing toward Hutchinson on the Peerless.

A.J. was fit to be tied. "Why didn't Murphy pinch the fellow?" he demanded. "That was the only red and white Peerless bike in Wichita and everybody knew it belonged to me."

The Chief of Police shrugged. "Maybe Murphy thought the guy had bought it."

A.J. hurried over to the bank and drew out twenty dollars for expense money, then dashed back to his store, shouted to Aunt Ora that he was on the trail of a bicycle thief, and climbed on his Ariel road-racer.

As A.J. likes to point out, he was pretty sharp on a bicycle in those days — an amateur circuit racer and one of the best riders west of the Mississippi. He thought he could overtake the bike-rustler before nightfall, because the red and white Peerless was bound to attract attention.

But he soon discovered that his quarry was a fast rider himself. For when he arrived at Great Bend, about nine o'clock that night, the Peerless had been there and gone. A.J. started out next morning at day-break, hoping to overtake the bike-snatcher before he

lost the trail. He was at a disadvantage, of course, because he had to stop at every crossroad and make inquiries; but the trail stayed hot — as A.J. says, "hotter'n an iron pump handle in August."

The second afternoon, he arrived at a fly-infested lunchroom, where he ordered a sandwich and inquired about the man on the Peerless.

"Yeah," answered the proprietor. "There was a fellow come through here on a bike like that."

"How long ago?"

"Couple hours. Told me he was headin' fer Colorado Springs. Purty long ride, if you ask me."

A.J. didn't wait to finish his sandwich. He hit the road and settled down to ride his fox to earth. He claims this was the best race he ever pedaled in his life, but somehow the thief evaded him. He thinks the man may have bribed a brakeman on a freight train to give him and the Peerless a lift in an empty boxcar.

A.J. reached Colorado Springs early one morning. As soon as the stores were open he canvassed every bicycle shop in town, but nobody had seen the Peerless. As a last resort he went to the police station.

"Saw a fellow ridin' a bike toward Cripple Creek this morning," one of the cops told him.

"Was it a red and white Peerless?"

"Didn't notice."

A.J. took a chance and headed for Cripple Creek. He had never seen mountains before and hadn't the vaguest idea what he was in for. The last ten miles into the little mining town were so steep he had to get off and push. As he plugged up those weary miles, he had an uncomfortable feeling that he had been sent on a wild-goose chase. Sure enough, nobody in Cripple Creek had seen the Peerless.

A.J. was a very unhappy man — tired, defeated, six hundred miles from home, and with only six dollars left. His one consoling thought was that he would be able to coast all the way back to Colorado Springs and a bed.

So he climbed on his bicycle and started, with never a thought of more trouble ahead. But before he was half a mile out of town he realized that he was traveling too fast. For although the Cripple Creek road didn't look so steep, it was something like the first dip on a roller coaster. He tried to slow down by throwing his weight against the pedals, but he kept gaining speed and was heading down that road faster than a hound dog with a hive of bees on his tail.

In those days a cyclist used to brake his bicycle by slipping one toe under the frame and pressing on the front tire with the sole of his shoe. A.J. tried that. For a moment it worked; then friction made the sole of his shoe fiery hot. He let out a startled yell and jerked his foot from beneath the frame.

Then gravity took charge once more and away he went. It was time to think of something ingenious. But the only idea he could contrive was to fall off. He hit the dirt with a thud that knocked the wind out of him; in one bounce he was off the road and rolling down the mountainside. He fetched up against a scrub pine fifty feet from the road.

For a minute or two he just lay there regaining his wind and wondering if he was all in one piece. Then

he got up groggily and shook his head until the world came back into focus. He scrambled up to the road and looked about for the bicycle. It was not in sight.

After an extensive search, he found his bicycle with eight spokes broken and the frame bent. When it would run again, he sat down to think.

His pondering resulted in the invention of his first brake. He cut several pine branches and tied them into a bundle with a piece of rope from his tool kit. The end of the rope was then attached to his saddle post so that the pine branches dragged behind on the road.

It worked like a charm. The bundle of branches was just enough brake to keep things under control. He went down the mountain road throwing up a dust cloud big enough for thirty head of cattle.

For about six miles A.J. was mighty proud of his invention; then, to his dismay, he discovered that it was an infringement. He was informed of this fact by a deputy sheriff who halted him with a forty-four and a vocabulary of four-letter words.

Using a drag for a brake was old stuff in those parts. Wagon freighters had invented the device years before. The trouble was that it ruined good roads, so the state had passed a law against that invention. A.J. had to wire back to Wichita for money to pay his fine.

"And that's one reason," A.J. has often told me, "that I conceived the idea of putting a coaster brake on a bicycle."

The idea was a long time hatching. It was thirteen years before he applied for a patent. But since 1908 five million bicycles have been equipped with A.J.'s coaster brake. Even Grandma had to admit, before she died, that somehow "one of Alvey's fool inventions turned out purty good."

Grandma used to worry about A.J. 'way off there in a big, Godless city like Wichita. Because, she always said, "he never seemed to have no fitten respect for religion." But she need not have worried. A.J. went to church every Sunday in Wichita — because that was the best place in town to meet the girls.

That was where A.J. met Aunt Laura. She was the Gibson Girl type — tall and willowy. A.J. asked Aunt Laura if he could walk her home. She would rather have walked home with Uncle Joe, who had dark wavy hair and wore tailor-made suits; but Uncle Joe was rushing a banker's daughter. When A.J. squeezed her hand, she warned him that if he was not going to act like a gentleman she would go home alone.

A.J. was abashed and frustrated. After six blocks of uncomfortable silence they arrived at Laura's house. There, sitting on the front steps, was her sister Gertie. Although it was obvious to Aunt Laura that A.J. was a masher and meant a girl no good, there was no way to avoid introducing him to Gertie.

Gertie was a pint-size redhead and, the way she tells it, one of the best-looking girls in town. All available facts indicate that she had lots of beaux and played hard to get, but was really an awful flirt. A.J. fell like a ton of bricks. He sent flowers without delay and

called on her three times that week. On Sunday he walked home from church with Gertie and her friend Maud. He walked in the middle and tried a double-squeeze play.

Gertie thought A.J. was rather presumptuous for a young man who had nothing but a little bicycle shop; she was used to having her hand squeezed by a sprouting young lawyer and a chap who was a floorwalker in Innes's Department Store. But Maud, because of an irascible father, known among the younger set as "The Old Walrus," had few boy friends.

When they reached Gertie's house they found that her sisters were entertaining friends. They made lemonade, played charades, and had quite a party. It got to be eleven o'clock, which was the deadline for respectable girls to entertain gentlemen. Gertie took A.J. aside and asked him to escort Maud home.

Now Maud was not what folks in Wichita called "fast," but on the other hand she didn't let the grass grow under her feet. She clung to A.J. on the way home in a way that challenged his manhood. He slipped his arm around her waist. Maud quickly responded by leaning her head invitingly against his shoulder. A.J. had not figured on that possibility. There was nothing left to do but proceed or admit to himself that he was a coward. So he kissed her, somewhere in the vicinity of her left eyebrow.

Unfortunately, Maud's father (The Old Walrus) was waiting on the porch for his daughter to appear. When he saw that she was with a man, he let out a bellow of rage. In a loud voice he implied that A.J. doubtless had designs on the virtue of his innocent child.

Maud wept and A.J. was too tongue-tied to say anything. He escaped at last through the front gate, followed by threats of horse-whipping. By the next morning the neighbors had spread the word. The rumors became even more sensational when Maud revealed to girl friends that A.J. had kissed her. By nightfall it was being whispered about that a shotgun wedding could be expected any minute.

A.J. was scared stiff. He rushed a messenger boy posthaste with a note to Gertie, asking to see her at once.

That meeting was of major importance to me. Gertie was very cold at first, although she has admitted since that this was more or less of a pose. She had heard about A.J.'s kissing Maud on the way home; but at the same time she suspected that Maud had led him on.

A.J. admitted the kiss but declared he had been driven to it by moon madness; his family always had been hot-blooded.

"Besides," he reminded Gertie, "you made me take her home — I didn't want to do it!"

Gertie sniffed indignantly.

"You can save me from a loveless marriage," A.J. declared passionately, "and a lifetime of misery!"

"How?"

"By eloping with me tonight!"

It was short notice, but Gertie was a romantic soul and a sucker for anyone in trouble, so she did it.

(To be continued)



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE FIRST TWENTY-NINE MINUTES

by WILLIAM GEORGE

SHE had been a bit too lovely in the mirror and had felt a bit too professional. Through the past three years she had grown used to this; but then, having seen him smile, and now, feeling the length of body, she was not a bit too of anything.

They were together standing on the gray canvas-covered front porch of her father's summer house near the bay in Santa Cruz, California, at eight-thirty that night. He had phoned her from his family home and she said:—

"Why, darling, I didn't know."

"You do now," he said.

"Sammy, please drop by. I want to see you so much."

"I will," he said. "Tonight all right?"

"You know it is. I have my hair up but I'll fix that."

"Don't get *reckless*, lady," he said. "I can see you tomorrow on the beach."

"Please, Sammy, don't be ridiculous. Come over tonight. What time?"

"About eight."

To the long list of *Atlantic* "firsts" we delight in adding this story by a new writer, WILLIAM GEORGE. In his training as a gob Mr. George never lost the incentive or the power of concentration for writing. The letter accompanying his manuscript gives us this sketch of his working conditions: "This is the first story I have written that is all right by *all* the barrack critics. By them, it is Roger; except they seem to think I should have ended it with the guy clipping the girl on the snoz. I simply say, 'You don't know yourselves very well any more. You've been away too long.'"

"Seriously, writing in a barrack gets to be a local institution after a while. Maybe you can imagine how it is to write as three or four sailors sit behind you and suggest, appraise, remark — 'You tell 'em, kid. Give 'em the works. I wish you'd rush it; I want to see how this comes out.' But behind all the foolishness they are serious; and more, they want serious truth; and furthermore, they like to sit and dictate that truth. And out of all this comes a writing which must be immediately what they are — non-detailed, not very concrete, not too certain though certain enough, a little mixed up, tired sometimes, in love all the time because that is what they live by."

"All right," she said. "Sammy, are you smiling?"

"I am now."

"I want to see you smiling. Please be smiling when I see you. Right at first."

"Sure, lady," he said. "The best for you."

When he drove to the cottage near the beach, and got out of the car, and it was dark enough and no one could see, she, the perfect of face, perfect of body, came up very close saying, "Hello, soldier." He smiled and she kissed him and she learned a lot more than she ever intended.

"It's so good," she said now.

"Sure, lady," he said.

"You've always called me 'lady.' You remember why, I suppose?" She was laughing pleasantly.

"Yes. When you were fifteen I got sore and called you a forty-cent thing or other. After I left, you cried, and when I found that out I thought, that's what a lady is, with blondie hair and blue eyes. A lady."

"I hated you for three days," she said.

"You bawled like hell."

"Oh, Sammy, I've missed you so much."

"Friends do, I guess. I've missed everything."

"I've just missed you."

"Lady?"

"Nothing."

He kissed her and then moved her in very close. "You feel little," he said laughing. "Just right and little."

"I love this," she said. "I love it with you here."

"It's fine, lady. I love it too."

He did not have to glance around to see how things were. In the half-dark he could remember and he had the damndest, the most easily remembered feeling in his arms.

"We have an awful lot to talk about," she said. "Should we go in? Mother wants to see you."

"No. I like this better."

"Later then."

As he held her by the shoulders and smiled foolishly, she told herself, this, this, this must be how you are paid off. You go along, neither caring nor writing, behaving like a coot and enjoying, just *so* publicly, the pretense of temporary addiction, and he comes back and you know a few things with the kidding not workable any more.

"I've been terrible, haven't I?" she said.

"Have what?"

"Been rotten. I've just been so terribly selfish and rotten. I hate myself right now."

"Nonsense."

"I have been, Sammy, I have."

"That's rot. The British have some lovely words. 'That's rot,' they say."

"But I have, Sammy."

"All right, then. If you have, you have. Don't let it worry you, though. Typical American girl rottenness, pretty and mixed up." Why, he wanted to know, does she do this now? Believed I knew the score to her song and dance. It's not like her. Can't quite see this. She always depended on her pedestal of beauty and purity and sophistication, and what are the other words? Doesn't make a lot of difference. Just can't quite see this is all.

"I didn't write as I promised," she said. "I made so many promises and that was one I wanted to keep. I tried. I tried all the time. After a while the address you gave me was worthless. You move around so fast. I didn't have the nerve to ask your mother."

"You're lovelier than ever. God, you're lovely. I'm very proud of you."

"No one else heard from you. I wanted to write and make a fool of myself and say I miss you."

"You're awfully pretty, lady."

"Please, Sammy, can't you be serious?"

"I don't care now, lady," he said, precisely as he had planned to say. Then he smiled happily and tilted her chin up and kissed her.

"You're sure you understand?"

"Yes," he said, "I understand."

"I'm ashamed."

"Waste of time. Let's walk to the beach."

"I'd love to," she said.

2

WALKING quickly then, past the hedges and across the lawns, then on the pavement, holding her hand, with the smell of bay water and hearing the roll of water onto the sands, he was happier than he was capable of feeling slowly.

"This is swell," he said. "I've loved this and dreamed it so often. Know what I mean? See, lady, see how dark it is and you can still picture it all. I could paint it at night."

There was the stucco house on the corner on the cliff, all dark now, and the wire fence at the end of the asphalt street. Behind the houses that lined the street was the alley, where people walking down for a swim stopped and talked and made jokes and the children

picked blackberries. There were the split cypress trees in the lawn at the Giffons' place they climbed through, and the steps there in front leading down the chalk cliff to white sand.

"Shall we go down on the beach?" she said.

"Ya," he said, "sure."

He helped her down the chalk and caught her at the bottom and kissed her. In the distances lights were shining and he could see the bay curve by the lights.

"Not bad," he said, holding her neatly and smiling. "When the others were here, we'd come down and make a fire and count the lights. Remember? We never finished the lights."

"No, we never have."

"You still weigh 106. With blondie hair and blue eyes."

"Of course, silly."

"There's nothing of-course about it. I haven't seen you for a long time. I used to tell everyone how you are, just anyone, anywhere, and I told them — blue eyes, blondie hair, whiter in summer, and 106 pounds, and then all the rest. The way you move and so on. All the time I was merely reciting. I only half-believed and really hoped for these 106 pounds."

"And you still talk crazy."

"Sure, why not?"

"You're nice, Sammy. I like your niceness."

"Let's sit," he said.

They sat facing the water coming white on the sands and the bay curving on the lights.

"You haven't told a word about your work," she said.

"It's grand work."

"Well?"

"We kill things," he said.

"That doesn't sound very grand to me," she said.

"It's murderous. Want to know more?"

"If you can say it and still be funny, yes."

"Then tell me about school and Stanford," he said; "though, come to think of it, some of the fellows are having the last laugh out there after all. But tell me about your education."

"All right," she said. "What?"

"Well, what are you?" he said eagerly.

"A junior," she told him.

"Learning a lot?"

"The proper things. You loved it there, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I love it too when I pretend it's like we dream it once was. It's a little different now, you know."

"Yes, I suppose it is." He looked carefully at her and then at the water and the black beyond the lights that seemed the end of all there was.

"The spirit is there still. Seeing the chapel down Palm Drive and the mystery of the museum off alone at dusk. Then there's the drinking at the Shack and food in the Stone Cellar. We swim at Lauganita, and — oh, Sammy, I don't say it very well, do I?"

"You're trying," he said quietly.

He thought, she is different and *not* familiar, and I like it too, I suppose. Damn. Had this straight once.

Had it cold in the back of my mind. Been carrying it like a cocked pistol. Looking back on what had happened so far, he had gone puny, betrayed himself. There was not going to be any slop. Seeing the good, well-remembered things had potted him all right. Well, oh, to hell. Be decent and play it safe. Don't be a damn fool for the sake of a little bitterness. Don't hurt anyone — that has been your job long enough. But don't betray it all either. Good God, man, stay mixed up. You're doing all right. Then aloud: —
 "Come on, lady, tell me more."

3

WELL, sometimes," she said, leaning against him, "in the lanes, there are parked cars and people make love and listen to the radio and say crazy things."

"Go on." He could feel the eagerness again.

"There are dances, and the *Chippie* has a male editor, and the *Daily* is still a daily. We walk to classes or ride bicycles over the gravel and some have cars. It's fun to sleep-in when you have an eight o'clock. Oh, Sammy, you know how it is. I've lied. Things haven't changed so terribly. It's all there, charming and crazy like when you people left."

"Really?" he said. "Yes, yes, of course. Things like that seldom get very far by changing."

"I know," she said.

"People only lie to themselves if they say those things change. Nothing about it changes except the populations. Changing would wreck it." He stopped. Then, "I'm glad it hasn't changed. You still meet the guy and strut around being foolish, I suppose?"

"Sometimes."

"What's he like now?" He was, he told himself, merely interested and making sure business was as usual.

"You wouldn't like him."

"I'm sure I wouldn't. What's he like?"

"You already have your private picture drawn. Let him fit," she said.

"Go ahead, lady, what's he like? Big, little? Bright, stupid? A hero or a coward?"

"Don't be mean, Sammy."

"I'm not being mean. Do you still practice that special butchery of yours?"

"Please, Sammy."

"I want to know how things are."

"Ask someone else then, and quit being a fool."

"He must be utterly-utterly for you to act like this."

"Stop it."

"Well, what are you ashamed of?"

"Sammy, please stop."

"Lord, he must be a mess." He was nearly through being amused, or not amused; he could not tell. She was really losing her control.

"Stop it, Sammy."

"You *are* ashamed, aren't you?"

"All right, Sammy." She stood up and he realized she was ready to cry.

"I'm sorry, lady," he said, not moving. "I was acting not very funny."

"No, I'm sorry," she cried. "I'm sorry you're the way you are. I wish you hadn't spoiled it so."

"I am sorry. Very sorry."

"No. You're not sorry and you don't care."

He was afraid he would get sore, but now it was over anyway.

"I care," he said. "You weigh 106 pounds. That's something I care about. That and your education."

Then, when he said that, she was not going to cry, and now she was cool and sure of herself. He was staring at her, and she said, "Shall we go home? Mother wants to see you."

All at once, then, standing there, lovely, damnable, very new and unused, simply standing on a pedestal of her own, absolutely distant, she was truly familiar, absolutely damnable, and what he remembered exactly. He got on his feet and he was embarrassed. Then he began to smile. At first she looked away and watched the lights. When she turned again, he laughed, and then he was moving her in against him.

"I'm glad that's over," she said. "I'm glad you care."

"So am I," he said. "And I could destroy you for it."

"I know," she said. "I know."



THE HOPE OF BRETTON WOODS

by ARTHUR R. UPGREN

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I

Two corporate charters for two new international financial organizations were drafted by the representatives of forty-four United and Associated Nations at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, in July, 1944.

Corporate charters never make interesting reading. When they are international, difficulties increase. One set of words can hardly be expected to satisfy many people speaking many languages. And when the whole melange, covering most of a hundred pages, is put together in three weeks, it may be expected to spell trouble. And it did.

The two institutions set up were: (1) the International Monetary Fund; (2) the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Even in defining the titles, the greatest dispute took place about the single word "bank" — perhaps because everybody felt sure he knew what the word meant, and also that it was being used in the wrong place. At least Lord Keynes thought it was!

In the intervening year, discussion — much of which has become increasingly intelligible — has helped us to get a better idea of the two institutions. We find generally that they make good sense. What is that sense?

Any set of institutions must be set up according to the purposes the institutions are to serve. In the case of the Bank — though that institution is not discussed at any length in this article — the purpose is to revive long-term international lending. There is wide agreement that capital lending by the United States will not be revived in the old forms. If it should be revived, it would be fitful, and fitfulness is not a good ingredient in any part of international relations.

For these reasons an arrangement was made whereby all forty-four nations, each to the amount of its subscription, would "jointly and severally" guarantee all international loans made through the Bank. It makes no difference if only a handful of countries make all the loans — they can do so, and of course they would benefit through the resulting expansion of exports and, therefore, domestic employment.¹ The country to which the loan is made would also benefit from the

¹ Except in certain cases the loans are not "tied" to a required purchase of goods in the country which has been the source of the proceeds of the loans. But despite this, lending countries are the source of goods wanted by borrowers who borrow abroad to buy abroad.

productive capital so obtained; therefore it is required to guarantee any loan for any project within its boundaries. By virtue of their subscriptions to the Bank's capital, all the other nations participate in what can be called an overall guarantee.

Practically everyone who has looked into the Bank has a good word to say for it. Many, especially those critical of the Fund, have urged that the Bank be given powers to make longer-term stabilization loans. Because of this wide acceptance of the Bank, the remainder of this article is concerned only with the Fund.

2

IT is on the Fund that the spirited debate has centered. Many critics stress the complicated language of the charter. Nevertheless, it is possible to use an extremely simple illustration to describe the working of the Fund.

In joining the Fund, each of the nations makes its specified payment. A part, one quarter where possible, is to be paid in gold and the rest in its own money. The amount paid in is the quota of each nation. This quota fixes the total amount of other currencies which each contributing country can obtain from the Fund: a member may not purchase foreign exchange with its own currency in a net amount exceeding 25 per cent of its quota in any twelve-month period. The currencies and gold initially paid into the Fund will be placed in the custody of the Fund, which no doubt will keep them in the form of bank accounts at the central bank of each participating country.

For our present purposes it may be clarifying if we agree to put all the payments to the Fund into a unique container — a "forty-eight-pot muffin tin" with forty-four pots to be used by the United Nations and the others reserved for latecomers, the neutral countries. The pots are of different sizes, but the entire tin is well adapted to hold all the currencies in the different paid-in amounts, which are to total \$8,800,000,000.

The biggest single pot will be marked "United States Dollars." Into it our government will pay \$2,750,000,000. This makes ours a 31 per cent contribution; and in the Fund, as in the Bank, we shall have that proportion of total voting power.

The next largest pot will be marked "Pounds Sterling." Into it Britain will pay pounds having a value of \$1,300,000,000. For Britain, as for all nations, a rate of exchange for all other currencies is agreed upon as its first payment is made to the Fund. Then \$1,200,000,000 will be paid by Russia in rubles. China's amount will be \$550,000,000. France will pay \$450,000,000, Canada \$300,000,000, and so on, with all the members paying in what have been judged to be appropriate amounts, all the way down to Panama and Liberia, each of which makes a payment of \$500,000.

With this tin initially so well supplied with a wide assortment of the world's currencies, the Fund is prepared to begin operations. As each nation joins, as has been said, agreement must be reached as to the rate of its exchange or the "par value" of its currency in relation to all other currencies. Each member country will indicate the initial par value or rate of exchange for its currency; and unless it is changed by joint agreement, it is to be the rate of exchange prevailing sixty days before the Fund starts initial operations. This rate, however, later can be changed by 10 per cent "with no questions asked." That much currency depreciation is permitted, perhaps chiefly because no one has the temerity to suggest any initial binding rate. In fact, another 10 per cent depreciation is permitted if consent of the Fund is obtained, and under certain conditions consent cannot be withheld.

The two permissible reductions in par values are limited to a total of 20 per cent. This total may be compared with our dollar depreciation of 41 per cent in 1934. This flexibility endows the Fund with stability without rigidity.

3

ONCE the Fund is open for business, how does it operate?

Suppose a French textile manufacturer wants to buy a million francs' worth of raw cotton and the French banks do not have sufficient "dollars," the currency needed to buy cotton. The Fund can help out. Into the pot marked "francs" go the one million francs which the French cotton manufacturer does have. Out of the pot marked "dollars," at the previously agreed rate of exchange of francs for dollars, go the dollars to the American cotton exporter.

A single foreign-trade transaction has been completed. The French textile manufacturer has his vitally needed raw material. A United States cotton planter has been paid in dollars for cotton he has raised and sold. When the French manufacturer has sold his finished goods, say months later to the United States, the dollars American women pay for French textiles are directed back into the dollar pot of the tin. In return for them, the French textile manufacturer receives their equivalent in francs — the kind of money he wants. The tin now has been restored to that even balance which, with substantial accuracy, we may call "economic equilibrium" as the economist uses that term. (Actually all transactions take place in private

markets. The Fund comes in only if the regular markets call upon it for the aid which it can give.)

But what has been accomplished?

The Fund has served as a "buffer" for the franc. The financial advance has provided a breathing period for the French manufacturer. For his francs he was able to obtain dollars. To him dollars were synonymous with his needed raw cotton. Cotton growers in the United States were able to find a foreign customer. The Fund permitted the foreign buyer to make payment in dollars. In this way, the Fund constantly serves as an international agency to give the world exchange rates that have been amicably determined.

This is just about the opposite of what the world suffered from in the 1930's. Then there was one-sided, erratic currency depreciation. That depreciation, for the nation resorting to it, represented an attempt to export some of the depreciating country's depression to foreign shores. For example, an American wheat grower, depending in considerable part upon foreign markets, saw wheat prices fall as low as 49 cents a bushel in Minneapolis before the value of the dollar was reduced, to compete with an Australian pound depreciated from \$4.86 to \$3.30.

So far the Fund does not look very complicated. But when there are not enough dollars to go around, trouble begins. Buyers all over the world may be pressing their currencies upon the Fund to secure dollars; large amounts of many currencies are stuffed into all their respective pots and the Fund may run out of dollars. A "fundamental disequilibrium" results.

The remedies the experts have provided for this contingency show us how important the Fund can be, and whether or not it will stand up under disequilibrium.

In the past, under the gold standard, the process of correction of any international disequilibrium started with an outflow of gold from the countries that lacked foreign currencies to countries whose currencies were wanted. This outflow of gold reduced monetary reserves at home. Credit was tightened. Prices and wages fell. Deflation resulted. This process tended to restore equilibrium.

In the country that received the gold there were few serious effects, particularly if the banking system accepted the gold without consequent excessive monetary and credit expansion. Thus, it is generally said that the old equilibrating mechanism required a maximum of adverse adjustment in the debtor or gold-losing country.

Under the Fund, the supply of dollars in the Fund provides a buffer so that gold need not be transferred. There is also an arrangement for the permissible depreciation of the debtor's currency; this depreciation can help enlarge the volume of exports, which become cheaper as a lower value for the currency is agreed upon. Finally, if dollars become too scarce, the Fund may resort to the rationing of the scarce dollars. If this third step should be taken, the exports of the United States would be forcibly reduced. That, of course, would not be popular.

Many objections to the Fund have been recorded, some in great detail. This much is certain: the extremely chaotic world that lies ahead of us will test the strength of the Fund to its limit.

4

THE most fundamental problem is one recognized alike by the Fund's friends and its critics. It is whether the United States will in the future adopt international economic policies that will secure reasonably close *balance in our total international accounts*. To be sure, we were making good progress on this problem in the 1920's. In the 1930's, however, we retrograded. In the post-war decade the issues appear to be in doubt.

Though our intent for the future can be regarded as greatly improved, future conditions in other parts of the world can deteriorate so much that our improvement will not offset the deterioration abroad. In short, there appears to be reduced ability in the rest of the world — as a result of high prices, high costs, reduced productivity, slow export recovery — to produce goods attractive and competitive enough to yield enough dollars to give the desired buoyancy in the international accounts of other countries. At the same time, though we may not attempt in post-war production to become self-sufficient in all things, some of our new synthetic products may result in a reduction of our imports.

There is only one general policy needed on our part to correct this disequilibrium, or world shortage of dollars: we in the United States must, for our own sake, determine that we are going to get our international accounts into balance. For us the Fund is a buffer too. For a period we may rely on it to help manage, in a planned way, an excess of exports for the first years while we are making corrections.

Because of this buffer we get a breathing period in which we must enlarge the total amount of the dollars that we pay for all goods and services we buy from other countries. In addition to our merchandise imports, we pay for such services as our tourists abroad buy and for many other services, such as shipping, banking, and insurance. These too we may be able to increase.

Some critics have asserted that while we contribute almost one third of the total amount paid into the Fund, the share of what they like to call "internationally valid" money that we provide is more nearly two thirds of the initial amount of all such money that will be held by the Fund. In the phrase "internationally valid," credit is given to the international acceptability of the dollar and its continued connection with gold.

But if, in the tin, the dollars become scarce, then nearly all other currencies will be plentiful but will possess virtual validity, at least for the United States. These currencies will become valid for us because the process of balancing our international accounts involves exchanging dollars for the *other* currencies. We are privileged any time to use the world's currencies

in this way to buy the world's goods. Thus other currencies become valuable because of their power to command goods for us, as the dollar has for them. If, on the other hand, the other countries do not stand ready to sell us their goods, or if we do not intend to balance our international accounts by buying their goods, then other currencies are without validity.

In fact, if we do not balance our accounts, neither the Fund nor, for that matter, the Bank can achieve equilibrium for us. The Fund's management must then intervene to reduce our exports, since we did not succeed in increasing our imports. The demand for dollars will be reduced and equilibrium can be secured, but it will be at the cost of a reduced world trade.

The issue, therefore, comes down to this: Can we balance our international accounts? If we can, the problem of internationally valid money vanishes.

5

THE second major requirement to maintain economic equilibrium is able management of the large amounts of cash in the Fund. This management, in an organization from which any member may withdraw at any time, must ultimately convert "paper" power into more effective power. Whether or not it does so will depend on whether the currency which the Fund can supply is more valuable to the member than what that member must give.

It is most important to remember that the world has fashioned other weapons that it believes can serve the ends of economic defense. Past reliance upon these weapons, such as import quotas and clearing agreements, partly explains why countries were not prepared to give unusual power to the management of the Fund.

But a world which has not known any very satisfactory substitute for capital-lending, since that was abruptly terminated after 1930, has been willing to give stronger powers to the International Bank. As a result, the Bank can specify more stringent conditions in its contracts. A loan from the Bank is a *loan* — dollars must be repaid with dollars. Securing money from the Fund, however, is a *purchase*, because if dollars are obtained, full payment for them, at agreed rates of exchange, is given in Dutch guilders, Canadian dollars, New Zealand pounds, or Indian rupees. It is an exchange at an agreed rate — as when a tourist takes dollars to the American Express office in Paris and gets francs. But it is in setting the rates, and in approving advances, that the Fund management must operate with great sensitivity. It is not fiat action but good judgment plus good cash that is necessary to give the Fund great influence.

In the debate about the Fund there has been considerable overstatement, especially in terms of its purposes and advantages. The purposes are laudable, to be sure, and some advantages are very clear, but they should be studied with care. In the post-war world it would be extremely difficult to restore a system of free exchange, let alone a full gold standard.

This difficulty was recognized by those countries which consented to continue existing exchange restrictions. Supporters of the Fund like to cite as a great advantage the removal by the Fund of such controls. But their removal will not be secured for some time, even though the goal is set at five years, and it could be still further delayed.

The Fund has been created in part because the past network of exchange restrictions has hampered world trade. And now the situation for many countries is so gloomy that exchange controls still must be maintained. What is required is that steps must be taken by the Fund to abandon such controls progressively. But it must be recognized that, as in the case for naval disarmament, economic disarmament has not always been sincerely urged by many nations, whatever the attachment some of them have professed for it.

United States foreign-trade interests can be helped and protected by a well-functioning international monetary fund. It is equally true that, since we are by far the greatest creditor nation, the Bank offers sub-

stantial possibilities for the promotion of our international interests.

Fortunately the world has one important advantage, even in the difficult conditions that now exist, for trying, via the Fund, to hold to desirable trade policies. That advantage lies in the world's large supply of gold and dollars outside of the United States — a supply that has never been larger. The total amount of gold held or owned outside the United States is now probably very close to \$10,000,000,000. In addition, the world has United States dollars amounting to another \$10,000,000,000. Thus liquidity is widespread.

There are excellent prospects that trade can be buoyant after the war because of the world's wartime accumulated needs and the liquid funds possessed by many countries. Buoyant trade will help greatly to keep the world's production and employment activity at high levels. Under these conditions the Fund and the Bank can help to fashion a prosperous world — one that is willing, through its experience with two new agencies, to collaborate for economic peace.



LAST TIME

by LEONARD P. AYRES

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I

AFTER the First World War, this country made two serious economic errors. The first was that we financed an export boom while this country was still short of goods. The inevitable result was inflation, which we had in 1919 and 1920. The depression of 1921 followed. Our other economic error was that we spent, and lost, billions of dollars in supporting weak foreign exchanges of nations that had not yet made serious efforts to put their economic affairs in order following the war. These experiences warrant our examining with care and caution the proposal that we should try similar experiments following this war.

In 1917 the Congress authorized the Treasury Department to lend the European Allies ten billion dollars. Approximately seven billions of this total had been lent by the time of the Armistice. Nearly all of the remaining three billions was lent by the middle of 1919. During the first four months after the Armistice, the funds that were lent to Great Britain were used to peg sterling exchange. The firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, as agent for the British government, used the dollars drawn from the United States Treasury to buy sterling exchange offered in the market, and by that purchasing held sterling exchange at a fixed rate.

Others of the European Allies also were receiving loans from the United States Treasury, and they were

using them to support their currencies in the foreign-exchange market. During the first four months following the Armistice of the last war, we had in operation a simple form of International Monetary Fund which stabilized or supported foreign-exchange rates by using funds lent by the strong creditor country, which was the United States. Then late in March of 1919 the British announced that they would no longer continue to peg sterling, and there followed a sharp drop in the price of sterling exchange and of the exchanges of nearly all the European countries.

The exchange rates for nearly all the European currencies, however, continued to be far higher than was justified by the fiscal and economic conditions of the various countries. The reason for their strength was that the loans from our government to the European governments continued to provide funds with which the exchange rates of those countries were artificially supported, even though they were not actually stabilized. The result was that we had an export boom and a serious post-war inflation.

Support of the foreign exchanges by our dollars in the first half of 1919 was a sufficiently powerful factor to check the business decline which had begun here after the Armistice, and to generate a violent boom accompanied by soaring prices. Our exports grew with

unprecedented rapidity. This country was short of goods, much as it is now, and we continued to strip it of goods and to ship them abroad. In 1919 our exports amounted to nearly eight billion dollars — an amount far in excess of any previous yearly total. Wholesale prices had been at the time of the Armistice 203 per cent of the pre-war level. By February of 1919 they had declined 10 points to 193, but by December they had soared 30 points to 223.

In 1919 the continent of Europe was prostrate in an economic sense, but it was buying from us, without limit of price or quantity, everything it could get from us with its inflated paper money offered in the exchange markets. The results were boom, then inflation, and then deflation.

In 1920 the value of our exports was nearly eight and a quarter billion dollars, which remained the greatest export figure in our history until the establishment of Lend-Lease. Wholesale prices continued to advance until May, when they reached 247 per cent of pre-war levels.

2

THEN deflation began. There was no more support for the foreign exchanges. We were no longer willing to accept the depreciating currencies of Europe, and neither was London, which had retained faith in them longer than we had. Prices which had been 247 in May of 1920 fell to 179 by December, and to 139 by the end of 1921. Wheat, which had sold in New York for \$3.35 a bushel in 1920, fell to \$1.09 in 1921. Cotton fell from 44 cents a pound to 11 cents.

Our exports, which had been going out at an annual rate of over eleven billion dollars a year in one month of 1919, and of nearly ten billions a year in three months of 1920, fell to a rate of only three and one-half billions by the end of 1921. The dollar had become a scarce currency in the foreign-exchange markets. Foreign exchanges which were stabilized and supported with our funds had generated a boom and an inflation in this country, and these conditions had been promptly followed by deflation and depression. The statistics and the economics of that period are explained in detail in various issues of the Economic Bulletin of the Chase National Bank of New York, written by the bank's economist, Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson.

At the beginning of 1919 the exchange values of the currencies of England, France, Belgium, and Italy had all been close to their par values. Two years later, at the close of 1920, the exchange value of the British pound was 72 per cent of its par. That of the French franc was 30 per cent of par. The Belgian franc was 32 per cent of its mint par, and the Italian lira was 18 per cent. Our public loans and our private funds that had been used to support the exchange values of their cur-

rencies had harmed these countries and had also harmed us.

We should have been much better off if we had taken our post-war readjustment at the end of the war instead of two years later. We were all braced for it then. Our industries and our banks were financially strong. Instead, we spent most of three billion dollars of public funds in supporting foreign exchanges, and a somewhat larger amount of private funds in financing the export boom on credit. We generated an immense real-estate boom and extensive speculation in farm lands.

It would have been better for the nations on the continent of Europe to have faced their problems the hard way. That hard way would have called for cutting expenditures, reducing borrowing, working towards the balancing of budgets with taxes, and stopping the printing of irredeemable paper money. The easy way was to ask the central bank to print bank notes, and to use them for pensions, unemployment relief, and the rebuilding of shelled cities. Then the people could use the irredeemable money to buy foreign goods as long as the foreign-exchange markets would take it.

Most of the continental nations chose the easy way at first, and then the hard way after internal currency disorders had brought about intolerable domestic conditions. The solution of their problems was merely deferred when billions were wasted in 1919 and 1920 in the futile supporting of foreign-exchange rates.

All this may be summed up by saying that we had after the last war an extensive — and very expensive — experience with the workings of an informal but real International Monetary Fund. The strong currencies, which were the dollar and the pound, were used to support the weak currencies in the foreign-exchange markets. The support was given before the nations having the weak currencies had seriously attempted to put their domestic economies in order.

We financed an export boom while we were still short of goods, and brought on inflation here, followed by depression. When we stopped extending credit to the countries of Europe, they had inflations, followed by depressions. The experiment was a complete and costly failure for them and for us.

It is to be hoped that the administration of the Bretton Woods agreements will take into account the unhappy experiences which we and other nations had in the field of international trade following the First World War. Weak foreign exchanges are symptoms reflecting economic maladjustments. No lasting help results from lending funds to support such exchanges unless the maladies causing their weaknesses are in the process of being cured. Each proposed stabilization loan of the Fund and the Bank created under the Bretton Woods agreements should be considered on its merits, with its extension subject to terms directed at alleviating the conditions that made the loan necessary.

FOR A STABLE MARKET ECONOMY

by ALVIN H. HANSEN

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1

THE post-war planned world which American business faces can best be described as a modernized market economy. The old market economy has broken down. It failed us utterly in the two decades between the two world wars. If the democratic governments of the world were not now planning and constructing new institutional arrangements to make the market economy function more smoothly than it has done in the past, the future would be black indeed.

Those who think that a reversion to the institutional arrangements of the nineteenth century would give us, in the world we live in, stability and prosperity are not realists. They are nostalgic dreamers. Their thinking is frozen in the fixed patterns of the past. We cannot meet the problems of today by institutions suitable to conditions that no longer exist.

World War I was unfortunately not fought out to a definitive conclusion. The peace proved to be a mere interlude. The constellation of national groupings remained as before. Germany continued to be the threatening giant on the continent of Europe. Similarly, in economic matters, we returned to the *status quo ante*. We were not convinced that a new world was upon us. We tried to pour new wine into old bottles. Everywhere there was an effort to revert to pre-war policies and to restore pre-war conditions.

This effort failed. Price instability, boom and deflation, the breakdown of the gold standard, the destruction of multilateral trade and the international price system, the substitution of various improvised mechanisms born of desperation: multiple currencies, competitive exchange depreciation, import quotas, and exchange control — all these came of the effort to return to policies no longer suited to the needs of the modern world. Have we anything better to look forward to today than a repetition of the chaos that followed World War I?

Happily we have. Everywhere today governments are planning new policies and new programs. The plans are not hasty improvisations. They have emerged out of the bitter experiences between the two wars. They are the product of two decades of hard thinking. In place of the confusion and the frustration that prevailed after World War I, there is now a program. Among the democracies there is sufficient agreement

to warrant the hope that this program will be put into effect.

The goal is a workable market economy, one that will not break down at the first sign of rough weather, as happened after the last war. The plans involve not only international monetary, financial, and trade arrangements, but also full employment. The domestic and the international plans are interrelated and interdependent. The aim is to achieve a sustained market, high business volume, and rising real income. The market economy, international and domestic, cannot function well without a sustained volume of demand for goods and services.

The victory we seek must be an economic victory no less than a military one. The Nazi "New Order" about which we heard so much in 1940, when Germany had conquered nearly the whole of Western Europe, and the "East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" of Japan were fascist answers to the breakdown of the world economy. We must devise a democratic answer to this breakdown. This is the meaning of the planned world the democratic countries are now building.

Among the many pillars of this new world order are the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

The International Monetary Fund is a modernized gold standard. It combines stability of exchange rates with orderly adjustment. If a country has made a mistake and finds itself loaded with a wrong exchange rate, as England did in the twenties, under the Fund it can make the needed adjustment without loss of prestige and without being branded an international outlaw. Adjustment cannot be made in the Fund arbitrarily, but only in accordance with the "rules of law" established by international agreement. The new plans do *not* substitute a government of men for a government of law. They establish new moorings to tie to, new canons of conduct.

The Monetary Fund provides a monetary mechanism through which a world market for private traders can function effectively. It represents a kind of planning without which private international trading would gradually disappear. It substitutes international rules of law in monetary matters in place of the arbitrary nationalistic governmental interferences with which we were cursed in the decade prior to World

War II. The new moorings do not leave us adrift on an open sea as we were when the Great Depression came. Thus the Monetary Fund represents that kind of "planned world" which promotes the workability and smooth functioning of the market economy.

The Fund arrangement will give us an international monetary system operating under international management in accordance with "rules of law." It is not an arbitrary and irresponsible monetary system. It is a mechanism suitable for the conditions of the twentieth century, just as the old gold standard was reasonably well suited to the conditions of the nineteenth century. The goal is the same: a workable market economy.

Much the same may be said of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. We know that the international capital market functioned badly in the twenties. The erratic and financially irresponsible character of much of the international lending in the twenties contributed a great deal to the boom and the collapse. The international money and capital market did not, under the automatic market forces, prove a good guide for investment and production.

We need a new institution which will make the international capital money market a workable mechanism in a well-functioning market economy. The Bank will not supplant private investment. It will guide private funds into urgently needed basic development and improvement projects. It will raise the productivity of backward countries and thereby increase the level of world trade. And by so doing, it will open new fields for private investment, undertaken quite apart from the Bank. It can, moreover, be expected that the standards under which the Bank must operate, according to the provisions in the agreement, will place international lending all around on a sounder, more responsible basis.

The international price system has become a pretty sick institution under the impact of trade barriers and discriminatory trade practices. The Hull trade agreements have at any rate helped to check the disorders and started us in the right direction. We need to extend these agreements and to supplement them with a more general multilateral arrangement. There should, moreover, be established an International Trade Authority through which, by international research and voluntary coöperation, the various members in the family of nations could together promote an expansion of world trade.

We have set up the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration to promote an orderly transition to peacetime production of food and other essentials. We are in process of instituting the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations to promote higher nutritional standards throughout the world and thereby to extend the market for agricultural products. It also is an organization designed to improve the workability of the market economy.

An international agency has been proposed which would accumulate and hold buffer stocks of the more important agricultural commodities with a view to stabilizing market prices. Such an arrangement would

permit the free play of market forces for each commodity, within upper and lower price limits, adjusted from time to time according to supply and demand. We have seen between the two wars how disastrous violent fluctuations in raw-material prices can be. The proposal under consideration would not supplant the market. It would, I believe, contribute to a more orderly market. It would help to make the market economy work.

Finally, at Dumbarton Oaks it was proposed that an Economic and Social Council should be set up, to make recommendations on its own initiative with respect to economic, social, and humanitarian matters, and to coördinate the work of the various international economic organizations. In particular, it was intended to secure coöperation among the various member governments in their efforts to cope with depressions, which are contagious and spread from country to country. We know that if one country attempts an expansionist program all alone, its imports will rise and it will get into balance-of-payment difficulties. Accordingly, it may be compelled to take measures which restrict trade and exchange and which tend to destroy international prosperity. It is therefore important that countries move along together in a coördinated manner in their anti-depression policies.

2

DOMESTIC policies aiming at high levels of production and employment are of international concern because of their effect upon the demand for goods and services. Demand is the final source of trade. Without high levels of employment and purchasing power, the real motive force behind international trade is lacking. The acceptance, especially by the leading nations, of the responsibility to maintain high income and employment levels would make a fundamental contribution to a better-functioning market economy.

Thus an important part of the "planned world" upon which the democracies are embarking relates to domestic policies of full employment. A violently fluctuating market, such as we have had in the past, is not a good guide to production. The total demand for goods and services has not been adequate or sufficiently stable to provide sustained business volume.

Modern democratic countries have plans to correct this defect in the market economy. They are not so naïve as to believe that the millennium has arrived or that perfection will be achieved. But they have a program, and they mean to pursue it with vigor.

The British government, in the White Paper on Employment Policy, has accepted as one of its primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war. And it has announced the policy it expects to follow in pursuance of that aim. The government has stated that it is prepared to accept in the future the responsibility for taking action at the earliest possible stage to arrest a threatened slump. It recognizes that

this is a new approach and a new responsibility for the state.

In its report to Parliament, the government stated that a country will not suffer from mass unemployment so long as the total demand for goods and services is maintained at a high level. It analyzed total demand into (1) consumers' expenditures, (2) private capital outlays, and (3) government outlays. In particular it has announced the intention of managing its own budget, with special reference to its capital expenditures, so that the government will serve as a balance wheel to the private sector of the economy.

The Canadian government similarly has made a report to Parliament in which it stated unequivocally, as a major aim of government policy, the adoption of a high and stable level of employment and income. The government made it clear that it was selecting *full* employment as its goal. Yet it was mindful that employment and incomes will be subject to fluctuations and that these cannot be overcome without much patient and resourceful work.

The government listed a variety of programs designed to achieve these ends. They include: international arrangements, such as the Bretton Woods proposals, to promote export trade; provision of credit for new enterprises through the establishment of a Canadian Industrial Development Bank; encouragement of house building by providing for financing at low rates of interest for homeowners, and by low-rental housing projects. In the National Housing Act of 1944, provision was made for direct grants to municipalities of half the net cost of slum clearance. Consumption expenditures will be stimulated by the Family Allowance Act of 1944, effective July 1 of this year, which will make substantial payments in respect of children up to sixteen years of age.

The Canadian government indicated its support of additional social security measures, including old-age pensions and health insurance. It announced its firm intention to institute a system of managing its capital expenditures, including public works and the development of natural resources, so that they will contribute to the stabilization of employment and of income. Finally, the government proposed to finance scientific research, to continue and expand after the war the work of the National Research Council, and to establish and operate a technical and scientific information service to make the results of research and technical knowledge available to industry all over Canada.

A similar program has for some time been in operation and is currently undergoing further development in Sweden. The Swedish Post-war Economic Planning Commission has recently made a number of significant reports. The general objective is to influence investments in order to stabilize as far as possible the fluctuations of business activity. Sweden being heavily dependent upon exports, it is the aim of the government to offset any incipient decline by bringing about an increase in domestic investment activity as soon as the trend becomes evident.

The Minister of Finance has had an inventory drawn

up by the local authorities throughout the country, and by the state-owned economic undertakings, of the various useful public works and investment projects which might be started in order to check a down turn. This inventory is being minutely planned so that it can be employed on a flexible basis — either spread out over a long period or concentrated within a brief period to stop a threatened slump. In selecting the public works projects, particular attention is being paid to the ability of each project to contribute rapidly toward increasing the national income.

With respect to private capital outlays, there has been set up a special Investment Council consisting of representatives of private industry and of the Swedish government. Its tasks are to observe the trend of business activity and to make recommendations on the basis of its findings.

Plans are being made to stabilize the construction of dwellings at a steady high level. Once the present housing shortage is remedied, a result expected in about three years, the rate of demolition of old buildings will be accelerated on a systematic basis.

While the United States has not yet officially adopted the goal of full employment as a national policy, or outlined a concrete program in pursuit of that aim, there are nevertheless evolving in the work of many agencies and departments of the government the component parts of an overall employment policy. These relate to development of resources, agriculture, rural electrification, public works and development projects, housing, social security, public health, education, taxation, fiscal and monetary policy, lending operations, plans for small and new industries, reconversion, and many other matters. Moreover, the public discussion and public hearings on the Murray Full Employment Bill are currently focusing the attention of the entire nation on the paramount issue of our generation.

3

THE United Nations Conference at San Francisco has elevated the Economic and Social Council to a rank in the new world organization equal to that of the Security Council and the General Assembly. The proposed Economic Council will coördinate the various specialized international economic institutions such as the Fund, the Bank, and the Food and Agriculture Organization. It will also be charged with the duty of constantly being on the alert with respect to basic causes of economic rivalries and national conflicts growing out of inadequate access to raw materials, and out of trade obstacles and discriminations.

Furthermore, — and this is a fact of the very greatest importance, — the economic and social section in the new United Nations Charter will include the pledge by the signatories to promote within each country the goal of full employment.

It is therefore clear that leading democratic countries are not content to leave their economic destiny to good luck or chance. There is, however, no intention to supplant the market economy. Rather they plan to

make it work more effectively. The democracies are firmly committed to a system of private enterprise. They are convinced that personal freedom is safeguarded best by a system in which workers can select among a wide variety of job opportunities offered by numerous employers.

They believe in a mixed system in which economic decisions are widely diffused — a system in which production is mainly by private enterprise, but in which the state, by adequately supplying those needs which it alone can serve, is able to act as a balance wheel to the economy. In the countries in which social reform is the farthest advanced, communism and fascism have not the slightest chance. Wherever the people as a whole participate actively in social affairs through voluntary organizations of all kinds, there the social order is more secure.

The democracies are planning a more stable market with higher business volume for private producers. It is in this sense that we are witnessing the development of a planned world. But production continues to be guided by market forces. Private enterprise will pro-

duce whatever the market calls for. Such a “planned world” is neither communism nor socialism. It is the coöperative effort of enlightened democratic countries to establish a market economy free from the violent fluctuations and breakdowns which we have witnessed time and again in the past.

I am convinced that the democratic countries have learned a great deal from the events of the last two decades. I am convinced that we are building a better world — one in which private enterprise can, and will, flourish and expand, and one that will yield a rising living standard to the people as a whole.

There will always be those who look upon change with dismay, and who see only doom and disaster ahead. But nothing can be more certain than this: failure to make adaptation to change means decay. These adaptations we may call, if we wish, a “planned world.” And business in all the democracies, I feel certain, will more and more join with labor, agriculture, and government to guide and mold the planning so that it will be sound and constructive and will promote a better-functioning market economy.



SAINT SAMMY

by W. O. MITCHELL

I

THE first day after Mr. Candy's visit was not the day. As soon as he lifted the sacking from the front of the piano box in which he lived, and looked out across the prairie sweeping to the horizon's bare finality, Saint Sammy, Jehovah's hired man, knew that it wasn't the day. The Lord had been busy; for one thing, He had been lightening and darkening His earth by slipping the slow edges of cloud shadows over the prairie.

The second day after Mr. Candy's visit was not the day. Saint Sammy knew it wasn't, as he walked to the corner of the poplar-pole corral he had built on to the piano box. The second day was not the day, he decided as he walked with his left shoulder high, walking as though he had a spring under his right heel. Far to the east the Lord was occupied with a honing wind and a black dust storm that needed His attention. True, it had been on a day like this ten years ago that the Lord had come to him the first time. That had been the bad hail year when he had stood on the edge of his ruined crop, looking at the countless broken wheat heads lying down their stalks.

As he had stared, the wind, turning upon itself in sudden fury, had built up a black body for itself out of the topsoil and had come whirling toward him in a smoking funnel that snatched up tumbleweeds, lifting them and rolling them over in its heart. The voice of the Lord had spoken to him: —

“Sammy, Sammy, ontuh your fifty-bushel crop have I sent hailstones the size-a baseballs. The year before did I send the cutworm which creepeth, and before that the sawfly which saweth, and before that the hoppers which hoppeth and the rust which rusteth, and every year the drought to make sure.

“Be you not downcast, for I have prepared a place for you. Take with you Miriam and Immaculate Holstein, and also them Clydes. Go you to Magnus Petersen, who is even now pumping full his stock trough, and he will give ontuh you his south eighty for pasture, and there you will live to the end of your days when I shall take you up in the twinkling of an eye.

“But I say ontuh you, Sammy, I say this — don't ever sell them Clydes, for without them ye shall not enter. I will take them up with you when I shall fill the air with cherubim and serubim from here to the correction line, and they shall have britching studded with diamonds and emeralds, and their halter shanks shall be of purest gold.

A young Canadian author in whom the *Atlantic* takes special pride is W. O. MITCHELL of Alberta. He catches the sweep and character of the prairie with an authenticity good to see.

"Even as I did ontuh Elisha and Elijah and John will I speak ontuh you just like now. So git, Sammy — git to Magnus Petersen before he has finished of pumping full the stock trough and shall commence of stooking his oats which I have made ready for him.

"There will you find the box of Miss Henchbaw's piano which Magnus will give ontuh you together with his stone boat for hauling it.

"Hail, Saint Sammy!" the Lord had said. "Hail, Jehovah's Hired Man!"

Although the second day after Mr. Candy's visit was just such a day as the one ten years before, it was not the day. The wind was too far to the east.

The third day was not the day. That day there was no frightened feeling in the pit of Saint Sammy's stomach. So the third day was not the day.

Nor was the fourth day. That day was the Lord's hail day; He was mixing up a batch of hail. Hail to the Lord that was mixing hail! Hail to the little green frog that leaped to plop the stillness! Hail to his long leaf feet trailing, and his snout and the two bump eyes that nudged the slough scum! Hail to Saint Sammy, too!

2

TODAY, the fifth day, was the day. As he watched Habbakuk and Haggar cropping the grass by the empty wagon, and the others, Hannah, Naomi, Ruth, Hosea, Joel, Malachi, and the colts, Corinthians One and Two, in a far corner of the pasture, Saint Sammy knew that today the Lord would punish Mr. Candy. The Lord wouldn't let him get the Clydes.

As he began to walk over the prairie toward the Lord's corner of the pasture, he was aware of a rising wind in the grasses, and the stitching ring of crickets was in his ears like the pulsing of his own blood. He heard a meadow lark sing. A gopher squeaked.

Whatever the Lord did to him, it would serve Mr. Candy right; he ought to have known better than to fool around with the Lord and Saint Sammy. Going to church, passing the collection plate, wouldn't help him now. It hadn't helped the Pharisees. After the Lord had smited him for coveting the Clydes, Mr. Candy wouldn't be called the Flax King any longer.

Today was the Lord's smiting day. It was a perfect smiting day.

Ahead of him the sun haloed the soft heads of fox-tails bending now in the growing wind; it glistened from the amber wings of a dragonfly hovering; it gleamed on the surface of the slough. High in the sky a goshawk hung, over the prairie, flat as the palm of a suppliant hand, inscrutable and unsmiling, patched with dark summer fallow, strung long with the black crosses of telephone poles marching to the prairie's rim.

The vengeance of the Lord on Mr. Candy would be awful. Mr. Candy would wish he'd never tried to get Saint Sammy's horses; he'd wish he had never ordered them off the Petersen pasture. The vengeance of the Lord would be enough to give a gopher the heartburn.

Saint Sammy thought of the day that Mr. Candy had called on him.

"Come ontuh me!" Saint Sammy had called as Mr. Candy crawled under the barbed wire. "Come ontuh me where I dwell in the midst-a the jack rabbits an' badger an' weasel an' skunk! Come ontuh me with the creepin' critter that hath life an' the whole host-a them about me — minus one, Lot's wife! Lot knew her an' she was with calf an' she up an' died! The Lord hath visited me with a plague-a rheumatism, so I ain't bin able tuh git the bresh tuh burn her!"

"I come to see was you gonna sell them Clydes."

"Over the breadth-a the earth there ain't no horses like mine!" cried Saint Sammy. "An' the voice-a the Lord come ontuh me sayin', 'Sammy, Sammy, don't you sell them Clydes!' An' moreover I say ontuh you, I ain't!"

"Like I thought. Figgered to give you one chance. You ain't takin' it. You got a week to git off-a here."

Saint Sammy's mouth made a round, dark well in his beard, and the wildness of panic was in his mild blue eyes. "All-a this here land was give ontuh me, an' the herb there-off for my critters! Magnus Petersen he —"

"Sold her."

"But, the Lord, He wouldn't —"

"Blasphemy ain't gonna do you no good! Sell or git off. My land now. Them horses ain't no good to anybody — way they are. You ain't broke 'em. You don't work 'em. Sell or git off!"

"But — Magnus wouldn't —"

"He did."

"From here to the ridge there ain't no pasture for — The Lord hath mighty lightnin', Ab Candy!"

"Mebbe He has."

"An' He moves in —"

"Sell or git off!"

"The Lord hit a man I knew an' it come to pass between the well an' the back stoop an' the Lord's fearful lightnin' burnt every stitch of clothes from off him an' left him standin' bare-naked with a bucket of water in each hand — once."

"I got no time to —"

"An' his wife she arose an' she went for to emp'y the slop pail an' she was sore afraid when she saw him standin' there an' she yelled an' he come to with a great start an' he spilt the water from them red-hot buckets over him an' got scalded nigh ontuh death."

"You got a week."

"The Lord will —"

"Sell or git off!"

3

AFTER Mr. Candy had gone, Saint Sammy had been afraid. He went into his piano box and lay there. He plunged his hand deep into the raw sheep's wool and binder twine bits that made his nest, and brought out the tin box filled with broken glass and pebbles and twigs and nuts and bolts and empty matchboxes and the underwear labels he had been saving for years.

He counted them as he always did when troubled. Count your labels, count them one by one.

It hadn't helped. He had put the red and blue underwear labels back, and for a long time he watched the wedge face of a field mouse just outside the piano-box opening.

When the fence-post shadows lay long over the prairie and the whole pasture was transfigured with the light of dying day, he went out to milk Miriam and turn the calf loose on Immaculate. Then he started across the prairie to Mr. Candy's. He found him in the act of rolling gasoline barrels off his truck beside the barn.

"Whatta you want?"

"I've come to see would you — Ain't there any way me an' my critters could dwell on —"

"Jist sell them ten head-a horses — stay as long as you please."

"But —"

"You got a week till I drill her fer flax."

"The Lord might knock your flax flatter'n a platter full-a —"

"You heard."

Saint Sammy's long arm came slowly up, and the finger pointing at Mr. Candy trembled. "The glory of the Lord come out-a the east, an' His voice was like the wind through the smooth-on barley field!"

On Mr. Candy's face there was a faint look of discomfort; he enjoyed the reputation of being a religious man, and for many years had served as deacon in the district's Baptist church. "Now, don't you go startin' none-a that —"

"An' the voice-a the Lord come ontuh me sayin', 'I kin do the droughtin' out an' the hailin' out an' the rustin' an' the blowin' an' the hopperin' out till Ab Candy's good an' tired out!' An' she shall come to pass —"

Mr. Candy reached behind him and knocked his knuckles against the handle of the manure fork leaning against the barn. He *was* a religious man, and years of prairie farming had deepened in him a faith in fate as effective as that of Greek drama. There had been a mental struggle before he had gone to Magnus Petersen about Saint Sammy's pasture. He wanted the Clydes badly.

"Sorrah an' sighin' shall come to Ab Candy, for he hath played the sinner in the sight-a the Lord, an' it shall come to pass the horned owl mourneth an' the kiyoote howleth!"

Saint Sammy's arm had come down.

For a long time after Saint Sammy had left, Mr. Candy stood by his barn, a particularly dilapidated building that shouldered alarmingly out to one side, its gray boards warped and cracked and gaping inches.

As he walked back to his house he looked up to the evening sky, where high clouds still caught the lingering light of day and held it unexpected there. His Baptist conscience told him that the Clydes were only horses after all. A killdeer sadly called. He must remember to put lightning rods on the house and barn. About the fields, fences, buildings, there was a

clarity that was not theirs throughout the day. The church could use new pews.

Clear as a coin, the sun had sunk to leave an orange stain behind on clouds above the prairie's western line.

4

AND now, the fifth day, Saint Sammy in the Lord's corner of the pasture waited for His coming. He looked down at the skeleton by the fence, with its whitened rib-bones clutching emptiness. In and out of the teeth an ant crawled, disappeared over the rim of an eye socket, reappeared, and began a long pilgrimage down the spools of the backbone. A short distance away a weasel looked out from his pulpit hole, his head and his toy ears bolt upright in Presbyterian propriety.

The rising wind was tossing the prairie grasses now, stirring Saint Sammy's long and tangled beard, lifting the gray hair that hung womanly to his shoulders from the cap tipped forward on his head — a child's cap with quartering creases that ran down from the cloth button at its center. A yellow butterfly came pelting past to pause on one of the dusty leaves laddering up a goldenrod's stem, wings closed up like two hands held palms together; it untouched itself to go winking and blinking, now here, now there, echoing itself over the empty, wind-stirred prairie.

While he waited for the Lord to button the top button of His work smock, give a hitch to His "Boss of the Road" pants, and call for a whirlwind, Saint Sammy shaded his eyes with his hand and looked out over the prairie. It was there, just south of the correction line, that the heavens would be opened up, where he could see Ab Candy's buildings squat on the horizon. Sorrow and sighing would come to Ab Candy today.

He plucked the yellow head off a flower at his feet, crushed it, and stared down at the gummy threads stringing from the ball of his thumb. The grasses tossed around him, their sibillance lost in the rising voice of the wind. High above him and all around him as he squatted in the fence corner, he could hear it utterly lost and utterly wild in its singing intensity. Calm and peace were in him now; the terror was gone as he watched the far cloud hung low on the horizon perceptibly spread its darkness up the sky. The Lord was on His way. He would smite Mr. Candy hip and thigh and shin. Saint Sammy would hate to be Mr. Candy, for there would be none to comfort him.

A tumbleweed went bounding past, caught itself in the strands of the fence, then, released, went rolling on its way. An unnatural dusk grew over the whole prairie as the wind rose, licking up the topsoil in its course across the land, filling the air with the spread darkness of dust, singing fierce and lost and lonely, rising and rising again, shearing high and higher still, singing vibrance in a void, forever and forever wild.

As far as Saint Sammy could see, around him now the long grasses lay flat to the prairie earth, like ears along the back of a frightened jack rabbit. He could feel the wind solid and real against his chest as the

steady push of a giant hand. It plastered his beard around his cheek, stung his face with dust, snatched at his very breath, and filled him with a ringing awareness of himself.

And from the darkness all around, scarcely distinguishable from the throating wind, came the voice of the Lord:—

“Sammy, Sammy, this is her and I say ontuh you that she is a dandy, for I have tried her out! Moreover I have tried her out! I have blowed over Tourigny’s henhouse; I have uprooted Tincer’s windbreak, took the back door off of the schoolhouse, turned over the girls’ toilet, three racks, six grain wagons; I have blowed down the power line in four places. I have wrecked Magnus Petersen’s windmill! In two hours did I cook her up, and moreover I say ontuh you in two hours shall she die down! And when she hath died down, go you ontuh Ab Candy’s where he languishes, and you shall hear the gnashing of teeth which are Ab Candy’s, and he shall be confounded! Thus saith the Lord God of hosts, enter intuh thy pianah box and hide for the fear of the Lord! Count your labels, Sammy, count them one by one!”

5

AND in the dark depths of his home, Saint Sammy did the Lord’s bidding, going over and over his collected underwear labels by the light of a flickering lantern. And when the light of the lantern had become weak and the light of day had become strong again, Saint Sammy lifted the sacking and went out.

The wind was discreet in the grasses again; just the loose blow dirt, piled slightly higher and sharply rippled as the sand of creek beds is engraved by the water’s current, showed that the Lord’s wind had passed. A silence lay over everything. A gopher squeaked hesitantly, questioningly. A suave-winged hawk slipped his shadow over the face of the prairie, and a jack rabbit, startled, ears ridiculously erect, went off past the fence in an idiotic bounce.

Saint Sammy started for Mr. Candy’s, his shoulder high, his arm swinging wide, his walk punctuated as though he had a spring under one heel; the wiry prairie grass brushed against and clung to his pant legs; looping grasshoppers sprang sailing ahead of him and disappeared, to lift again in brief, clicketing

flight. Here and there the yellow petals of black-eyed Susans hung about, their chocolate domes pointing up. Once Saint Sammy picked a nodding flax flower and stared long at the stripings in its shallow blue throat.

He crossed the road before Mr. Candy’s farm.

Mr. Candy was standing where his barn had been.

Saint Sammy halted. He stared with Mr. Candy at the utter, kindling-wood ruin of what had been the barn. No stick stood. In the strewn wreckage not even the foundation outline was discernible. The barn might have been put through a threshing machine and exhaled through the blower. Certainly, the Lord’s vengeance had been enough to give a badger the heartburn.

There was awe in the old and quavering voice of Saint Sammy as it lifted in the stillness of Mr. Candy’s farmyard.

“The Lord hath blew! He hath blew down the barn of the fundamental Baptist that hath sinned in his sight! Like He said, sorra an’ sighin’ hath come to Ab Candy!”

Mr. Candy turned to Saint Sammy; he looked into Saint Sammy’s eyes, water blue, mildly wild with a fey look which said that he was childlike, senile, or gently insane. He looked at the squeezed intensity of the old man’s face, and he thought of the two sections of flax he had planted; he thought of the years of rust and drought and hail and the many wheat plagues; he thought of the thirst of flax, and he wondered at the cost of pine for church pews. He said:—

“You kin stay.”

Saint Sammy’s arms lifted as in a benediction.

“I looked an’ I beheld! The heavens was opened up, an’ there was a whirlwind a-comin’ out-a the west, liftin’ like a trumpet spinnin’ on her end, an’ there was fire inside of her, an’ light like a sunset was all around about her! Plumb out-a the midst-a her come the voice-a the Lord sayin’, ‘Sammy, Sammy, git up off of thy knees, for I am going to speak ontuh you! The prairie shall be glad, an’ she shall blossom like the rose! She shall blossom abundantly! The eyes-a the blind shall see, an’ the ears-a the deaf shall hear! The lame is gonna leap like the jack rabbit, an’ the water shall spout ontuh the prairie, an’ the sloughs shall be full — plumb full!’”

Saint Sammy’s arms came down.

“Amen!” said Mr. Candy.



LOVE SONNETS

by GEORGE ALLEN

1

INTO the distance of your eyes I gaze,
Range upon range, and only see so far;
Into your night my passion leaps and plays
From star to star but not the final star.

Unknown we touch, as strangers we embrace,
Each looking for each other far and fond;
The nearer mystery lies face to face
Naked, but the remoter lies beyond.

O bless thee, bless thy lips along my lips!
Thy touch is joy, and joy no question asks;
Eyes climb and shine and touch, dear contact grips;
Nearly our masked selves meet behind their masks:

Shivering and trembling secrets dance in the night,
Nearly our intimate selves meet, but not quite.

2

LOVERS in love from separate countries sail
To meet in middle ocean of their bliss;
They touch and love and think they cannot fail,
Nearly they come together, as they kiss;

But they are doomed to meet and separate;
Singly they sail to love, and singly back,
Carrying sharp recognition of their fate —
Joy just begun and broken, love is lack.

So love begun: the wind blew them together;
The wind blew them apart, apart they are broken;
Only their voices on the wind still feather
Flight overhead, still tuning faintly spoken

Faith to each other; both would be one thing
And are not, but two voices one song sing.

3

Now when I move my arm, I touch thy arm;
Content and asleep thou liest at ease arranged
Along me asleep, eyes folded, body warm;
From hour gently to hour nothing is changed,

Nothing is altered in the night outside,
By our own joy; the little wind is gone,
The sirens have not sounded, and the tide
Comes in exactly as it would have done

Without us. What is altered then? We two.
Thou by my impulse heaving in thy heart,
I by the gift of thee I do not know,
But it is given, is mine, not held apart;

Ourselves we are formed, and each the other move
Who undergo the extreme pressure of love.

4

BETWEEN ourselves we met in a strange place
That singly neither of us knew before;
Between my down face and thy upward face
I went to meet thee; miles away and more

I saw thee coming; suddenly secretly
We met and emerged, both having much to give;
Nor were we any longer thou and I;
Our separate selves died, as we came alive.

This moment was our lifetime, not to change;
Into our element we rose, adoring
Another mode of joy remote and strange,
And we were native there, living and soaring,

Moving and still; we were one thing at one
With our own selves complete in union.

"THE OLD MAN WITH THE STICK"

General Lewis A. Pick

by DAVID L. COHN

I

BUILDING the Ledo Road was a project without parallel in military history. It is a broad, all-weather, motor-freight highway running from Ledo, a tiny native bazaar in northeastern Assam, India, to a junction with the Burma Road 478 miles distant. The difficulties of building the road were prodigious; so too the cost in matériel, pain, and lives. Able engineers said it could not be done. It was an undertaking so desperate in its nature that it could be justified only by extreme military urgency. Yet General Joseph Stilwell staked his reputation, and the success of the Allied campaign in Burma, on the ability of Brigadier General Lewis A. Pick not only to build the road but to do it in record time.

The Army undertook what General Brehon B. Somervell has called "the toughest road construction job ever attempted" for the great purpose of re-establishing communications with China. In 1942 when Stilwell was driven out of Burma, he said we had "taken a hell of a beating." Japan had conquered a country larger than Germany. She had captured not only Burmese oil and lead but the richest rice-producing area of the Orient. China was isolated from her allies except by air. Inside that country, "realists" were urging that she make a deal with Japan and withdraw from the war. To avoid this catastrophe, the Army had to open an overland supply route and for the first time link India and China by road. The highway could not be built, however, unless the enemy was driven from Burma — and this could not be done without a road to supply the troops. Hence its construction would involve not only a struggle with jungles, mountains, mud, rain, disease, and loneliness, but also with the enemy at the same time.

A short time ago I spent several days in Assam with General Pick, the engineering genius who brought about the construction miracle called the Ledo Road. Then I went by jeep the whole length of the Stilwell Road from Ledo to Kunming, China, more than one

thousand miles. Along the way I talked with the men who built it. I saw the country they had conquered. I understood then something of the skill and courage they had employed, the pain and loneliness they had endured. And when my jeep reached Kunming, I felt a sense of exaltation in the accomplishments of my countrymen.

The first attempt to build the road failed. For more than a year, engineers had struggled with the road. They had pushed it forty-five miles through the Naga Hills. Then they had stalled. Many men had broken under the intolerable pressure of the task. Eighty per cent of the crews had contracted malaria. Little equipment and few competent workers were available. The project seemed hopeless when, on his first evening in Ledo, in October, 1943, Pick (then a colonel) called a staff meeting.

"I've heard the same story all the way from the States," he said. "It's always the same — the Ledo Road can't be built. Too much mud, rain, and malaria. But it's going to be built. Mud, rain, and malaria be damned."

Pick moved his headquarters into the jungle, set a difficult schedule, weeded out incompetent officers, drove himself and his men around the clock. The road now began to move forward at a rapid rate. A month after his arrival, he sat down one day to talk with General Stilwell in his rain-soaked tent.

"Where are your detail maps?" asked Stilwell.

"I have none," Pick replied.

"Where are your progress charts?"

"I have none."

"Where is the point of the road now?"

Pick took a map and marked a point in the Patkai Mountains sector. "Here at the fifty-mile mark," he said.

Stilwell then asked, "When can you build me a jeep trace to Shingbuiyang?" This, he said, would go for fifty miles through the worst section of the route.

"I can't build you a jeep trace," Pick answered, "but I will build you a military highway to handle truck traffic."

"When?" inquired Stilwell.

"When do you want it?"

"By January 1."

"O.K.," said Pick.

During his weeks in Burma and India, DAVID L. COHN came to know with some intimacy one of our most famous Army engineers, General Lewis A. Pick. One of his proudest possessions is a map of the Ledo Road which the General gave him, with this inscription: "For David L. Cohn, the only correspondent to travel the whole length of the Ledo-Burma Road without restrictions and in his own jeep."

This conversation took place on November 3, 1943. By the morning of December 27 the lead bulldozer entered Shingbwiang in the Hukawng valley of Burma. Pick had conquered the Patkais four days ahead of schedule, and a convoy of trucks carrying Chinese troops — the first Allied soldiers to enter northern Burma by motor vehicle — followed the bulldozers into the village.

2

WHEN Pick began building the road, he faced many obstacles. In its first hundred miles it would cross seven summits of the Patkai Mountains — foothills of the Himalayas — whose peaks in the immediate vicinity of the highway tower to 6000 feet. (At the Pangsau Pass one has the incomparable experience, on a clear day, of seeing at once India, China, Burma, Tibet.) During the stretch from Hell's Gate to the Pass, the climb would be straight up, necessitating two hundred hairpin curves within a distance of seven miles. Here the soil is clay with a tricky shale foundation — the ideal combination for earth slides. The valleys are steep and narrow. The jungle is a matted black mass of trees and creepers. The few natural clearings are swamps overspread with tall elephant grass.

The road would cross ten principal rivers and 155 secondary streams; it required a bridge every three miles of its length. The great rivers of the region are unpredictable and treacherous, and have been hitherto unbridged. Among them is the Tawong, which during the monsoon carries three times as much water as the Missouri in flood. The rains last from May to September. Pick hurriedly threw a 1400-foot timber bridge across it. The river tore it to pieces, and on a dismal night of storm Pick sat in a hut near the stream and queried his staff on the possibility of rebuilding it at once. One by one the dispirited men said it could not be done. It was now after midnight. For a little while there was silence, unbroken except by rainfall on the roof of the hut. Then Pick spoke quietly. "Tomorrow we will build the bridge." And it was built during the monsoon.

Bridges were one of Pick's principal worries, for he lacked the essential data of the bridge builder — records of rainfall and river stages. There were none because no white men and few natives had ever lived in this unfriendly region. For centuries the peoples that grew up around it had left it alone, so that our engineers came into a country as remote, secret, and lethally beautiful as it had been throughout time. Yet there was the mighty Irrawaddy to cross. Fed by Himalayan snows and the rains, this river might rise ten to fifteen feet overnight; its fluctuations between low and high water were as much as forty-five feet.

First Pick flung across it one of the longest pontoon bridges men have ever built — 1172 feet. But the swift, rising waters would often bend the bridge into a curve like the letter U, and Pick's men would remove sections of the pontoons in order to prevent the struc-

ture from being crushed. Traffic stopped until the waters receded. Then, by combining the features of many kinds of bridges and inventing new ones which remain a secret, Pick succeeded in anchoring a huge permanent floating bridge across this violent river. During the monsoon all the rivers uproot trees so heavy they do not float, or float almost entirely submerged, and these trees become battering rams hurled by the powerful currents to take out bridge pilings and piers and sweep everything clean before them.

Pick could not always be sure of where he was going, since there were no maps of the route he would take; surveyors could not use their transits in the jungle; the presence of the enemy often made it impossible to send out survey parties; and consequently Pick, taking to the air, frequently located the route by aerial reconnaissance and his own engineering instinct. Nearly every yard of the road had to be built through matted jungle, and some of the work would go on for half the year in almost unceasing rain. Signal communications would have to be provided for a constantly lengthening supply line, hospitals and sanitary arrangements erected in the unending fight against disease, and recreational equipment procured for the men during their rare hours off duty.

Pick would be operating at the end of the world's longest supply route and, since the China-India-Burma theater was not on the highest priority list, would have to use such equipment as he could get. For supervision and labor he would have 63,000 men. These would include 28,000 Americans, 30,000 Indians and Burmese, and 5000 Chinese.

The polyglot nature of this group created special problems. It is difficult enough to feed so many thousands of men under jungle conditions, but it is far more difficult when they will eat only those foods to which they are accustomed. Thus the Indians, because of their habits and religious customs, required four kinds of rations; other native laborers and the Chinese demanded their own types of food; the Americans wanted still another variety. Consequently Pick had to supply seven kinds of rations in the jungle, although he was more than a thousand miles away from his supply port of Calcutta and 12,000 miles distant from the United States, where most of his supplies originated. His labor force, moreover, spoke over a hundred dialects and no common language. But the road moved forward at the astounding rate of one mile a day.

Pick now spent four fifths of his time with his men in the jungle. The Old Man was with them on the job every day, sharing their hardships, going about with almost closed eyes and swollen face as the result of a jungle infection; and as they saw him their spirits rose and they worked with redoubled energy. He knew hundreds of his men by name, got good food for them, the best quarters that could be provided, and frequent movies. They affectionately called him "The Old Man with the Stick." Many of the men carried a long rattan stick with a hooked end for catching onto branches and pulling themselves up slopes, but the Old Man's stick was the longest of all and it be-

came part of his personality as he tirelessly tapped and prodded up and down the hills and valleys of northern Burma.

3

LEWIS A. PICK, builder of the road that men said could not be built, was born at Brookneal, Virginia, in 1890. Like his great colleague, General George Marshall, who is a product of Virginia Military Institute, Pick is not a West Pointer, but a graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. A civil engineer, he entered the Army in May, 1917, served in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, later attended the Army War College, and before being assigned to the China-India-Burma theater was Division Engineer, Missouri River Division, with headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska. There he was in charge of a vast program of war construction in nine states of the Missouri River valley, and in his spare time he conceived the Pick Plan for the development of the Missouri River valley, which when executed will change the face of a large part of the United States.

Fifty-five years old, sturdily built, gray-haired, square-jawed, erect, and soldierly in his bearing, Pick speaks slowly with a drawl. There is nothing about him to betray the fact that he is a man of relentless, driving energy and indomitable will. He is quiet and relaxed; his relations with his officers and men are informal; convivial and courtly, he always has time on his hands for anybody who wants to see him. In his simple office at Ledo, neither aide nor secretary sat by his side, nor was there an electric pushbutton to hand. When he wanted something, he stood up from his desk, softly called "Mr. Willis," and a warrant officer appeared to do his bidding.

A man of simple tastes, Pick likes to read biography and to fish. He is, moreover, addicted to eating catfish. When I lamented to him that all the rivers of Burma did not contain a single catfish and were, therefore, as barren as the Dead Sea, the corners of his mouth crinkled with laughter. "You're wrong," he said. "We've got the best catfish in the world around here, and I've got the champion catfisherman — Old Tom, a Negro soldier. I'll wire ahead and when you get to Shingbuiyang tonight you'll have what you want." And that night, in the Burma jungle, I had a catfish dinner that even Roark Bradford might envy.

It is characteristic of Pick, the Southerner, that he insisted upon taking Negro troops of his command with him in the first convoy from India to China. It is also characteristic of him that, a lifelong soldier, he abhors war; and while doing superlatively well the tasks imposed on him by war, he is deeply concerned with remaking peacetime America. He thinks that the great river valleys of this country are only fractionally developed. Many a night on the road, tired from the day's task, but still excited about the future, he talked to his officers of his vision and traced the outlines of his plans on the dirt floor of his tent.

Those who have long known Pick say that his trials on the road aged him, temporarily at least, by ten

years. Conquering mountains and jungles, bridging streams, fighting malaria, leading a polyglot group of men in a race against time, sending his engineers to fight the Japanese one day and directing them on bulldozers the next, and living constantly with his troops under conditions that would have wrecked a man of less indomitable will, Pick's struggle against nature changed him. Always gentle, he is more than ever gentle. Always patient, he is more than ever patient. Always even-tempered, he is even slower to anger.

A leader who believes in leading, Pick was so constantly on the road that he came to know its every ditch and culvert. Twice he became ill and his officers insisted that he go to a hospital. But he went to bed only once, for forty-eight hours, when fever overcame him, and even then he worked by telephone. Despite his passion for leadership, however, Pick chose able men, delegated great responsibility, and let them alone.

He therefore not only accomplished the task, but its accomplishment was the easier because he gained the affection and respect of the officers and men of his command. Exacting but sympathetic, hard-driving but a lover of life, this man nonetheless has an air of withdrawal. It is not an ascetic retirement or a retreat from battle. It is rather that aloofness characteristic of those who, even while they are intent upon the task at hand, are dreaming of new worlds.

The road had progressed to Warazup (Miles 189.2) when the 1944 monsoon halted further operations. Except for occasional blocks, however, not only was it kept open during the rains, but heavy equipment arriving from the United States was placed where it could be used later, in the dry season. During the monsoon, Pick's men completed the biggest task of maintenance engineering in the history of the Corps of Engineers: the construction of a two-mile wooden causeway over a low-lying area, without which the flow of supplies would have stopped. Operating jungle sawmills, felling trees in the ceaseless downpour, fighting leeches and mosquitoes, the engineers cut, sawed, delivered, and put into place a million board feet of lumber within forty days.

Meantime the Japanese were retreating. Kamaing and Mogaung fell to the Allies. The critical battle of Myitkyina was on. Every available man was needed in the front lines. Two battalions of combat engineers were now taken off their jobs and flown in to help the infantry, while Pick ordered that an airfield be built to support the operation. In dense jungle the engineers worked twenty-four hours a day, dropping out one by one from exhaustion. By the close of the twelfth day, as the finishing touches were being put on the field, only two men remained on their feet. One of them was Sergeant Suggs, a North Carolina Negro, who had been running a grader for thirty-seven consecutive hours. With him on the machine was General Pick, who was teaching him the fine points of grader operation.

During the next twenty-four days, four thousand missions were flown from the new field, and after a

seventy-four-day siege the vital Irrawaddy River bastion of Myitkyina fell to Chinese-American forces.

4

WITH the end of the 1944 monsoon, work on the road again proceeded vigorously. At night mobile generators, supplemented by oil flares, kept the work going. Chinese engineers built an access road through ten miles of swampland to Warazup. It then followed the proposed highway route along the hillsides to a station on the Rangoon-Myitkyina-Mandalay railroad, halfway between Myitkyina and Mogaung. Leapfrogging along the access roads, units of Pick's engineers would build a four- or five-mile stretch of highway, then move forward of other units and start a new trace.

Long lines of bulldozers, driven by gum-chewing soldiers, pulling carryalls and giant, lumbering earthmovers, ate away the mountainsides in order that thousands of tons of soil might be dumped into the swamplands for a high dirt causeway to cross areas which were covered with deep water during the rains. For each mile of road built, 100,000 cubic yards of dirt were removed — enough to construct a solid wall three feet wide and ten feet high from New York to San Francisco. And because Pick was operating in an area of the world's heaviest rainfall, the culvert pipe he laid for drainage would form a continuous conduit over a hundred miles long.

Edging each other for room on the crowded, churned-up, uncompleted road were bulldozers, graders, and gravel trucks. The Burma Road is built of rock blasted from the adjacent mountains. But from Ledo, where Pick began, to a junction with the Burma Road, there is little rock along the route. In order to build and maintain the road, Pick's men had to dig trainloads of gravel from river beds, load it onto trucks, climb steeply up out of the river beds, and often go distances of twenty-five to fifty miles to deposit their loads. This enormous task in itself required the tireless energy and antlike persistence of thousands of men.

After the capture of Myitkyina, Pick's two engineer battalions which had fought there and suffered severe casualties returned; and upon being re-equipped, they resumed work on the road. One was given the job of strengthening bridges in the Hukawng valley. The other was to push the road south of Myitkyina to Bhamo, right behind the advancing infantry who were fighting the Japanese. Mine-detector crews now preceded the bulldozers. By the middle of November, 1944, they were building the highway from the swamplands and hills south of Warazup to the rice paddies of the Bhamo sector; and when Bhamo fell in December they pushed on toward the Namhkan-Wanting area, near the Chinese border, improving a rough narrow road to handle convoy traffic into China. Pick's men worked on the fringes of enemy-held territory, sometimes within sight of the front lines.

As the "impossible" road moved toward completion,

the excitement of its builders increased and the pace became faster. Americans from every state of the Union were directing the labor of thousands of men whose like they had never seen and perhaps had never imagined. There were laborers from the mysterious kingdom of Nepal, where few white men have ever been. There were Travancoreans, Garos, Bengalese, Assamese, Burmese, Shans, Karens, Kachins, and the excellent troops of the Indian Pioneer Corps.

To this multilingual group our soldiers spoke pidgin English, a smattering of Hindustani they had picked up along the way, or fluent sign language. There were Hindus, Buddhists, Moslems, animists; they were caste-ridden and superstitious. Their fires starved the jungle by night as they prepared their evening meals, while shrill religious controversies — always potentially dangerous in the East — arose as members of various sects insisted upon their own prerogatives in worship and rations, and as the "self-feeders" refused to eat anything prepared by another lest he thereupon become a brother entitled to claim all one's possessions.

Finally, in the darkness of early morning, January 21, 1945, Pick, who was to lead the first convoy into China, said to his drivers: "You are picked men to take part in a unique trip. Conduct yourselves as ambassadors of the United States. Don't discuss what you are carrying, don't speculate on the capacity of the road, and don't talk politics. It's up to us to get every one of these vehicles through. O.K. Start 'em rolling."

In fifteen months Pick had pushed the highway through. For most of its length the roadbed varies from twenty-four feet from shoulder to shoulder in the mountains to forty-nine feet in the valleys. It links India and China by road for the first time. Over it there have been rolling into China thousands of trucks, heavy artillery, and immense quantities of supplies. It enables us to make good our promise to keep China supplied. More than anything else, perhaps, it kept China in the war when it might have been disastrous to the Allies if she had been forced out.

After the road had been opened, General Stilwell wrote of Pick, who had kept every time-promise on the dot: —

If, among the thousands of American and Chinese combat engineers and infantrymen, one had to be picked to receive the honor of having cleared and built the Ledo Road, completing the link between India and China, Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Pick would be that man.

"The Old Man with the Stick" covered the road by foot, jeep, and liaison plane twenty-four hours a day. He knew every rock quarry, every mudhole and slide, every curve, every cutback and bridge. He never failed to meet an important date — if a certain section had to be completed by a given time, he would personally be on the spot until the date was met, and he kept his construction right on the heels of his combat troops.

General Pick had the support and devotion of the Engineers who served under him. If I know General Pick, he is even prouder of that fact than of the completion of the Road.



JOHN THOMAS'S CUBE

by JOHN LEIMERT

JOHN THOMAS THOMPSON, aged eight years and nine months, lived in a house with an old, warped, but extremely large and fruitful apple tree in the back yard. Beneath this tree, leaning with his back against the trunk, or in it, wedged between forking limbs, John Thomas often took refuge. Here he came to escape the turmoil of his expanding world and to dream the dreams and think the thoughts important to a boy aged eight years and nine months.

John Thomas went out to visit this tree at seven-thirty o'clock of the morning of September 30. He didn't even wait for his breakfast. He just tumbled out of bed, threw his clothes on, and dashed out. He wasn't much more than past the door when he set up a clamor for his mother to come and see what he had found. His mother, however, was busy making toast, and frying bacon, and pouring John's father's coffee. She called to him to hurry back into the house and eat his breakfast, and to be sure his hands and face were clean, or else he would be late for school.

John Thomas ordinarily was an obedient boy, but on this morning he ignored his mother's summons. "But, Mother," he said, "it's the queerest thing I've found. A little block of metal so heavy I can't lift it. Come and see. Please, Mother."

"You might just as well," John Thomas's father said.

When his mother came to where John Thomas was standing under the apple tree, she at first could see nothing. But the boy pointed to a bare spot and there on the ground was a perfect cube about one inch each way.

JOHN LEIMERT, who makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*, was born in Chicago in 1905. "Since graduating from Northwestern University," he writes, "I have made my living by selling everything from stocks and bonds to smoked hams and soap, and from electric hot-dog cookers during the depression to corrugated-paper shipping containers during the period of greatest paper shortage known to man, which is now. My greatest thrill to date has been selling a story to the *Atlantic*."

"It appears to be made of highly polished steel," Mrs. Thompson said, and stooped to pick it up. To her surprise, she could not lift it. "That's the strangest thing I ever saw," she said as her fingers slipped on the gleaming surfaces.

By this time Mr. Thompson had come out to see what was going on, and he, too, tried to lift the cube, without success. "John Thomas," he said, "did you bury a steel rod in the ground just to see what would happen?"

"No, Father," the boy said, "I didn't. Honest. I found it that way."

"Why don't you get a shovel and see whether it's buried?" Mrs. Thompson asked reasonably.

"I believe I will," Mr. Thompson said. He got a garden spade from the garage and shoved it into the ground at an angle under the metal cube. The spade cut easily into the soft earth without striking an obstruction.

"You see," Mrs. Thompson said, "it isn't buried."

Mr. Thompson grasped the spade firmly and tried to lift the dirt with the cube resting on top. He couldn't do it. He then shifted both hands to the end of the spade handle and tried to pry with it. The handle bent slightly with his effort, but the metal cube remained immovable.

Mr. Thompson now pulled the spade out of the ground, bringing a quantity of loose dirt from beneath the cube as he did so. John Thomas squatted to inspect the cube more narrowly. "Look, Father," he said. "The block isn't even touching the ground."

"That," Mr. Thompson said, "is impossible." Nevertheless, he stooped to look, and after looking returned to his spade. He began to dig a hole around the cube, and before long he was able to take a spadeful from directly beneath it. The weight of the small cube had been astonishing enough, but what now occurred dumfounded them.

When the supporting column of earth was removed,

the cube, contrary to all the laws with which the Thompsons were familiar, remained suspended a good two inches in the air. As they stared at the perverse, shiny object, a few grains of dirt fell free from its under surface, as though to demonstrate that for dirt, at least, the law of gravitational attraction still held firm.

"Perhaps the hole isn't deep enough to make it fall," Mrs. Thompson said, and her husband, anxious for an explanation, excavated another six inches of dirt from beneath the cube. Nothing happened.

Mr. Thompson now thought of another force. "Stand back," he said to his wife and son. "I'll fix this thing's clock for it." He raised the spade above his head, took careful aim, and then swung down at the cube with all his strength. He was rewarded with a terrific clang. The spade bounced into the air again, almost wrenching itself out of his hands, but the cube continued serenely to occupy the precise sections of time and space as before.

Five minutes later, when the city editor of the largest daily heard an excited account of these events from Mr. Thompson, he was understandably skeptical. Nevertheless, he sent a reporter out to have a look. The reporter, who was a cynical and degraded person, cynical without conviction and degraded without villainy, because his station in life required it of him, also was skeptical. He stopped along the way for two or three quick ones and when he finally arrived, looking bored and smelling of strong liquor, he found not only the Thompsons but most of their near neighbors impatiently awaiting him.

The hole had been enlarged by succeeding workers, who had the same idea as John Thomas's father, to a diameter of four feet and a depth of two. The reporter surveyed the hole, the block of metal suspended above it, and a branch of the apple tree directly above the cube. Then he said knowingly, "Which is the kid who found it?"

"I am," John Thomas said.

"Quite a magician, ain't you?" the reporter said, and taking off his hat, he swung it vigorously above the cube. The hat met nothing more resistant than air, and therewith the reporter became the first of a series of professional gentlemen who came to scoff and stayed to wonder.

2

THE news spread rapidly and the mayor was among the earliest of the dignitaries to arrive. He was followed by a committee of inquiry from the university, consisting of its president, the head of the physics department, the head of the chemistry department, an associate professor who was an expert metallurgist, the professor of astronomy, and their respective assistants bearing scientific instruments of all kinds.

"Here, gentlemen," the mayor greeted them, "is an incredible situation. This block of metal arrived in the Thompsons' yard, no one knows precisely when nor from where. There it remains, suspended in mid-air. Where did it come from? Why doesn't it fall? Will there be more like it? When will it go?"

"One question at a time, if you please, Mr. Mayor," the president of the university said. "Let us first have the facts so far known, and then proceed with an orderly inquiry. Mr. Thompson, would you mind telling us whatever you know about this cube?"

John Thomas's father obliged with a recital of the events of the morning, suppressing, however, the episode of hitting the cube with the spade. He did not want these people to know that he could lose his temper at an inanimate object.

When Mr. Thompson had finished, the president of the university went on. "I have formed a hypothesis that I am confident will explain all the puzzling questions that here confront us. There was a shower of meteors last night, a fact that my astronomical colleague will confirm, and this object arrived in the place it now is, in the form it now has, from the limitless distances of outer space.

"Why does it neither fall nor fly away again? We all know that there are two opposite but unequal forces that act upon every body at the earth's surface. One of these is the centrifugal force that results from the spinning of the earth upon its axis, a force that tends to hurl objects away. The other and stronger force is that of gravity tending to pull objects towards the earth's center.

"This particular object, moving freely at tremendous velocity through space, entered into the gravitational field of the earth and was pulled from its course. As it hurtled through the atmosphere that envelops us, it became increasingly heated from friction, with the result that its molecular activity was distorted in such a way as to set up within the structure of the cube itself a force that neutralizes the force of gravity.

"The result we all see. The cube is at rest in a perfect state of equilibrium. Centrifugal force plus the gravity-resistant force within the material itself exactly equals the force of gravity. In a moment I shall prove my contention by lifting upward against the cube, thus giving it an impetus that will destroy its present perfect balance and send it flying back into the void from whence it came. Before I do so, does anyone question the accuracy of my hypothesis?"

The various scientists present remained silent, but John Thomas said, "I don't think it will fly away."

"Well, well," the president of the university said. "And why not, my little man?"

"Because my father hit it with a spade and it didn't budge."

The president reversed his field with a mental agility that no doubt had contributed to his reputation as an administrator. "Exactly," he said. "What this boy has said exactly proves the point I was trying to make. When confronted with the unknown, it is idle to speculate, however rationally, without having first erected a sound foundation of fact. I shall now retire in favor of my colleagues of the physics and chemistry departments. When they have examined this object from every scientific aspect, we shall consult together and, in the light of known mathematical formulae, arrive at the correct description."

The chemists and physicists now came forward with

acids and bases, with agents and reagents, with spectroscopes and microscopes, with cyclotrons and atom smashers, with electric furnaces and vacuum machines — in fact with every known instrument by means of which man projects his senses into the infinite. The results were disappointing.

Viewed under the most powerful microscope, the surface of the cube looked no different than when viewed with the naked eye. No slightest fissure was revealed, no clue obtained as to the structure of the block. After finishing this part of the examination, the metallurgist said, "All I can say is that the surface is absolutely smooth, so that no part of it reflects more or less light than any other part. It is amazing."

The use of various chemicals proved equally ineffective. The block was impervious to every test and shed the most vitriolic concoctions like water off a duck's back. When it was exposed to intense heat, it not only remained cool, but it refused to expand or contract. No matter what they did to it, its dimensions remained constant.

It proved to be a nonconductor of electricity and had neither a positive nor a negative pole; yet when someone touched the base of an electric light bulb to it, the bulb lit. When this phenomenon occurred, the scientists retired to a corner of the yard for consultation.

Their places were taken by a delegation from the principal churches of the town headed by the president of the local theological seminary. "Mr. Mayor," this gentleman said, "we believe that further scientific inquiry into the nature of this object will prove fruitless. It belongs not to man but to God. What we witness is a veritable and unquestioned miracle."

"No material description of this block is possible, since it is not material, but spiritual. Science, in its search for a purely mechanistic explanation of reality, sooner or later comes up against an irreducible minimum which remains as unfathomable and mysterious as the larger conglomerate it was intended to explain."

"What we now have before us is a corporeal representation of this irreducible minimum. God in His wisdom has chosen to send us a reminder made manifest that, though men can tinker with the building blocks of nature, they cannot explain them."

At this stage of the proceedings a Mr. Heartly, chief engineer for a firm of tool and die makers in the town, stepped forward and asked to be heard. "I am neither a pure scientist," he said, "nor am I trained in theology and metaphysics, and therefore I am unqualified to make any statements concerning the nature of this block. But I am a toolmaker, and if I cannot account for the unusual behavior of this cube of metal, at least I can name it."

"In our business we use similar cubes machined with nearly perfect precision so that each face forms exactly a 90-degree angle with every adjacent face, and so smooth that when two blocks are placed together, the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere holds them firmly in place. Gentlemen, this mysterious object is a Johanssen Block, and with your permission I will now prove it."

With these words Mr. Heartly took a second block of metal from his pocket exactly like the suspended cube in every respect except that it was larger, and placed two faces of the cubes together. He then stepped back for all to see that they firmly adhered — so firmly that he was forced to strike his own cube a sharp blow to release it. "Only Johanssen Blocks," he said, "are machined perfectly enough to hold together in this fashion."

It would be pleasant to report that Mr. Heartly's solution proved satisfactory to all concerned. The scientists, however, while they thanked Mr. Heartly for identifying the object and demonstrating some of its properties, felt that to name a thing is not necessarily to have it. They advanced the proposition that no Johanssen Block could be expected to remain suspended in mid-air, equally resisting all forces exerted upon it, and to this Mr. Heartly agreed.

They stated that since the metal cube had been shown in certain respects to possess perfectly natural qualities and quantities, it must be assumed that its apparently unnatural qualities were capable of a natural and materialistic explanation. All that was needed was a patient application of the scientific method until the truth was made known.

To this the churchmen dissented. They did not deny that the block was a Johanssen Block if Mr. Heartly said it was, nor that it possessed some of the attributes of a Johanssen Block. But it did not possess all of those attributes, and the Divine purpose was to make the basic contradiction more clear. The shiny cube was sent to demonstrate that the fundamental mystery can never be discovered with man-made measuring sticks, not even that incorporeal measuring stick, the higher mathematics.

3

By now it was past noon and John Thomas suddenly realized that he was hungry. Not only that, but most of the discussions he had been hearing were totally without meaning for him. He recognized a word here and there, but that was all. It is true that the general feeling of excitement and wonder had communicated itself to him and he had enjoyed being the center, directly and indirectly, of so much attention. But at last he was bored and wanted his lunch.

His mother took him into the house and made him a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and gave him a glass of milk. While he was eating, he said to her, "Mother, do you like having that funny block in our back yard and all those queer people?"

"No," she said, "I don't. I'll never get any work done, and all that talk makes my head swim. I don't know who's right and who's wrong, but I do know that your father will want to stay around to superintend things, and the people he works for won't like that. I wish that block would take itself off to whatever place it came from."

"So do I," John Thomas said. "I'm tired of it."

At that precise moment there was a shout from the yard. "It's gone. The block has gone."

So it had. The mayor noted this fact with relief, since he believed that once the object that had caused so much discord and disquiet no longer existed, the problems it had raised were no longer of any importance. He stated this point of view and found that the majority of those present agreed with him, which, of course, is why he had been elected mayor.

The crowd dispersed at his direction, peaceably, except for the scientists and the churchmen, who could be seen contending for their respective positions as they walked off down the street.

As for John Thomas, he heard no more of the affair until that night at supper, but what he didn't know was that his father and mother had been holding a conference about him. His father approached the problem obliquely, as is the custom with parents.

"John Thomas," he said, "your mother tells me that the moment you said you were tired of the block, it disappeared. Is that right?"

"What block, Father?" John Thomas said.

"You know very well what block. The block in our back yard that caused all the trouble and excitement this morning."

Actually, being only eight years old, John Thomas had forgotten about the block. "Oh," he said, "that block."

"Yes, that block," his father said. "I know you had something to do with its being there. You were the first to see it, and when you said you were tired of it, it was gone. Did you have some reason why you didn't want to go to school today? Did you play during study hour yesterday and fail to prepare your lessons?"

When confronted with this partly right guess, John Thomas supposed that everything was known and that the best thing was to confess his crime in detail.

"It wasn't my fault," he said. "Billy Dixon kept whispering to me and writing notes and I couldn't get my work done. When I woke up this morning, I thought wouldn't it be swell if I didn't have to go to school. And then I thought that if there was a shiny little cube in the back yard that nobody could lift or move, maybe everyone would get so interested that I wouldn't have to. Then I got to thinking there was such a cube, and when I went out to see, it was there."

The next morning John Thomas's father and mother took him to Dr. Emanuel Klein, the famous psychia-

trist with offices in the Rookery Building. Like nearly everyone else in town, Dr. Klein was familiar with the facts in the case, and indeed had spent the previous evening discussing it with members of the committee of inquiry from the university. However, he was devoted to his profession and conscientious in the practice of it, and therefore first listened to a detailed account of the events as described by the Thompsons, and then proceeded with a careful examination of the boy himself.

John Thomas spent nearly an hour having his reflexes tested, starting at sudden noises, arranging blocks, sorting colors, identifying qualities of tone, and finding his way through labyrinths with pencil on paper. He then answered questions as politely and accurately as he could about the food he ate, how he liked his school, what his favorite games were, and the content of any dreams he could remember. When the examination at last was finished, Dr. Klein with great solemnity pronounced the opinion he had formed the night before.

In every respect save one, he said, John Thomas was perfectly normal for a boy of his age. He was above average in intelligence, had an excellent emotional balance, and was on the whole happy and content with his life. For this his parents were to be congratulated.

Nevertheless, he did have an unusually vivid imagination and was subject to hallucinations, auditory, visual, and tactual. Further, through the operation of a kind of mass hypnosis, he had the rare faculty of making the creation of his imagination as real to others as to himself. Hallucinations, however, are likely to become antisocial, as witness the perverse characteristics of John Thomas's cube, and dangerous, therefore, to the subject and his family. For this reason, Dr. Klein recommended a series of treatments designed to teach John Thomas to distinguish between the fabrications of his subconscious mind and the hearty, solid world outside of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, relieved that it was no worse, agreed to this program. They took the boy home confident that he soon would be able to tell the false from the true, the imagined from the real, as easily as the next one. As for John Thomas, he determined never again to admit adults to his own special world. The fuss they stirred up, he decided, wasn't worth it.



HISTORY AND VILLAINS

by HAROLD NICOLSON

1

THERE are few more interesting studies than the confrontation of contemporary with historical opinion. To what extent, for instance, is our view of the present condition of Europe, or of the character of the Nazi and Soviet systems, likely to be confirmed by those who, more than a hundred years from now, read our diaries and our newspapers? Will our grandchildren regard us as having been a generation obsessed by purely materialistic values, and one which clung pathetically to the fiction of economic man? Will they be astonished that we of 1945 failed to foresee the great surge of prosperity which came over Europe in the sixties and seventies, even as we had no true intimation of the religious revival which, starting from Lithuania, spread east and west between 1980 and 1992?

Will they regard us as dense or perverse in having persisted for so long in believing that the age of tranquillity was over, when in fact it was just about to begin? Will they read with amazement our own estimate of contemporary events and wonder how we could have been so ignorant or ill-informed as to believe that Adolf Hitler, in 1945, still existed or still exercised control in Germany? Will they laugh aloud when they read our diaries of 1940 and 1941 and find that many serious men and women were convinced that the invasion of England was not only possible but imminent?

Will they reflect somberly on the ineptitude of all human prescience when they discover that, three years before the German War ended, we were thinking of a general election; and that, whereas we suffered agonies of apprehension regarding the housing shortage, we never realized that the whole demographic problem of Europe would be radically altered by the plague of 1951? It may be, of course, that, being unable to foresee the future, we have got the present wholly out of focus. Yet, if we are to judge by previous experience, it is at least probable that we have got the present fairly right.

English author and diplomat, HAROLD NICOLSON entered the Foreign Office in 1909. He has served in the British embassies at Madrid, Constantinople, and Berlin. He represented his country at the Peace Conference of 1919 and later at the League of Nations, and as a biographer and historian he now casts up the accounts of some of our notorious villains.

The task and duty of the historian is to separate the true sequence of events from the tangle of contradictory evidence with which he is presented. His difficulty is that, having once disengaged what seems to him to be the chain of circumstance from the seaweed and the barnacles which encrust and obscure it, he is so delighted with the continuity which he has discovered that he rubs and polishes his chain until it shines like silver. If he finds a weak link, then he will solder it together with careful skill; if he finds a link missing, then all too often he is tempted to replace that link with one of his own fabrication.

In order to achieve clarity and conviction, he inevitably becomes obsessed and even bemused by the theory of cause and effect. He observes a certain result and assumes that this result must have been caused by some deliberate and ascertainable motive. He thus comes to attribute to the personalities whom he is describing a greater degree of prevision, prescience, and intention than they in fact possessed.

The historian, in his laudable desire to simplify, often falls into the error of oversimplification, and is inclined to ignore the immense part played in the shaping of events by the incidental failings of human nature, such as personal affection or physical exhaustion, even as he frequently forgets to attribute to the element of chance the often determinant influence which it exercises upon the course of events. When we study some famous episode of a hundred years ago, and plow through the innumerable diaries, memoirs, and correspondence which form the contemporary evidence, we are left wondering whether the neat chain of circumstance with which the historians have provided us bears any real relation to what the protagonists thought or intended or hoped at the time. We ask ourselves whether it is not so much the presence as the absence of motive which determines history.

It is even more difficult to decide upon the comparative effectiveness of activity or inertia when examining the evidence already accumulated around some historical episode of recent date. I have been reading recently two fascinating books upon the connected themes of the French surrender of 1940 and the French revival of 1941-1943. The first, which was published some months ago in Paris, is *La Vérité sur l'Armistice*, by Monsieur Albert Kammerer, one of the most precise

and scholarly of all French ambassadors. The second, of which an English translation is called *Algiers, 1941-1943*, is by Madame Renée Pierre-Gosset.

From each of these books, one derives the impression that in periods of rapid confusion men of good will, if deficient in momentary will power, find themselves at the mercy of men of evil intentions who know what they want. Laval and Darlan were able to seize control of the situation, not because they possessed some superhuman energy, but because they were able to profit by the honorable hesitations of others and to force into their service the incalculable elements of chance. In each case, coming comparatively fresh upon the scene, they derived advantage from the physical exhaustion of their opponents; in each case, when others were united only by their common lassitude and despair, they were able, in the general anxiety, to impose their own formula. But their success was due, not so much to the force of their own motives, as to the weakness of all other motives. It was not so much their activity which was the determinant factor as the inertia of those who were opposed to them.

Monsieur Kammerer, in analyzing day by day the tragic events of June, 1940, has had the advantage, not only of studying all available documents, but also of consulting people such as Monsieur Charles Roux, who were present at headquarters during the final scenes of that tremendous drama. His account is the most authoritative which we are likely to possess until the memoirs of General Weygand become available for publication.

It is inevitable that with the sudden defeat of great armies, with the piercing of defense lines which had been deemed unassailable, with the rupture of all normal communications, and with the intense confusion wrought by mass evacuation and constant aerial bombardment, the functions and self-confidence of a central government should become completely dislocated. The confusion and desperation which assailed the men of Tours and Bordeaux during those appalling days is fully comprehensible. It is understandable also that the French General Staff should have failed for the moment to foresee the miracle of the Battle of Britain, or to imagine the powers of resistance which this island, symbolized and inspired by Winston Churchill, and much fortified by twenty-five miles of salt water, would be able to develop.

But even when we recognize the strain to which Paul Reynaud's cabinet were exposed, and even when we excuse their lack of imaginative confidence in our own powers of resistance, three questions remain for answer. Was Weygand more afraid of internal chaos in France than he was of a German occupation? Monsieur Kammerer answers this question in the affirmative, and we must await Weygand's own defense before accepting this verdict as final. Two other questions remain. Why was the French fleet not sent to British ports? Why did not the President and the government transfer themselves to Algiers and continue the struggle in North Africa? Monsieur Kammerer has some interesting information to furnish upon both these points.

There is no question of bad faith on the part of Mon-

sieur Paul Reynaud. His intention from the first was to transfer his government to Africa, to take the fleet with him, and to continue the struggle from there. It was Laval, assisted by Pétain, who by a series of disgraceful stratagems and ruses prevented this consummation; and in the end Reynaud and his supporters found themselves interned in the S.S. *Massilia* in Casablanca harbor. Laval triumphed by kidnaping his opponents. Monsieur Kammerer tells this sad story as impartially as he can; but in the last sentence of his book his feelings get the better of him. "Thank you, Churchill," he concludes in leaded type. "Thank you, de Gaulle!"

The story is taken up by Madame Pierre-Gosset in her book about Algiers during the three years that followed. One turns with relief from the putrescence of Laval, from the sly senility of Pétain, to the first trumpet calls of the Resistance. Madame Pierre-Gosset has a good memory and a vivid journalistic mind; she describes the confused condition of French colonial opinion with acid acumen.

The general atmosphere which pervaded Algiers during those eighteen months was to her "both loathsome and intense." She describes how, gradually, North Africa was bled white by German exactions; how there was all the apparatus of the Vichy system — the propaganda, the Legion, "a disarmed and hesitating army," the prisons, and the police. She is by no means sympathetic to the French settlers in North Africa, whom she dismisses as "a crowd of indifferent and cowardly people." But she has a fervent admiration for the underground movement, and she describes with real brilliance the mixture of bluff and heroism with which they suddenly seized control on the night of November 7, 1942.

The main interest of Madame Pierre-Gosset's book, however, is her analysis of the chance circumstances by which, in the days that followed, Admiral Darlan came to power. She is not, I feel, at all fair in this connection to Mr. Robert Murphy, the United States consul at Algiers at the time. The State Department, rightly or wrongly, had placed all their hopes upon General Giraud; he failed them at the crucial hour. The whole fate of the expedition, the lives of thousands of men, the eventual issue even of the whole war, depended for a few hours on Mr. Murphy's powers of decision. He felt that the whole issue might be compromised unless he summoned Fouché to his assistance; he did so, and by so doing gave a horrid shock to American, British, and French opinion. The results of his action — both the good results and the bad results — are fully known to us. What would have been the results of inaction on his part?

2

It is often said that our forebears completely misinterpreted the Napoleonic epic, and that their estimate of Napoleon's character and intentions was invariably incorrect. Such a statement is not borne out by any objective study of contemporary memoirs and correspondence. Naturally, their judgment was much

clouded by party prejudices or affections. The Tories hated Napoleon as the child of the Revolution; the Whigs detested him because by him the Revolution had been destroyed. Their views again were influenced by contemporary propaganda. We find an exaggerated importance being attributed to the Jaffa poisoning case, the tragedy of El Arish, and even to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, which to our blood-sated sensibilities appears but an unfortunate episode. It is surprising to our minds to discover that, long after Napoleon had begun to put on flesh, he was still portrayed by English caricaturists in the guise of the "skinny Frenchman" battling desperately with a corpulent John Bull.

It is a little startling to find that many serious commentators, even after Marengo, were convinced that Bonaparte's victories must be ascribed, not to any military genius on his part, but to the brilliant assistance given him by Berthier. Of all the early misconceptions, the persistent Berthier legend is the one for which it is most difficult to account. Many foolish opinions were, of course, expressed. A clergyman, writing to the *Times* on October 13, 1809, ascribed Napoleon's demonic successes to the fact that there were so many impious theaters open in Paris. Much violent exaggeration was indulged in, but on the whole the British people seem to have estimated Napoleon's character, and the menace which it implied, in terms which were substantially accurate.

The spectacle of Napoleon dominating the whole of Europe filled our forefathers with alarm which often expressed itself in vituperation; but a sense of awe and wonder was never absent. Sheridan, in a fine outburst of rhetoric, expressed this general astonishment: "His are no ordinary fortifications. His martello towers are thrones; sceptres tipt with crowns are the palisades of his entrenchments; kings are his sentinels." They admitted the austerity of his personal life, and although the epithet of "heartless" occurs again and again, there were those who commented upon his affection for his family, and even those who reported that he was sincerely in love with Marie Louise.

The visitors who flocked to Paris after the Treaty of Amiens were much impressed by the simple dignity of his demeanor and the amazing beauty of his smile. Lady Oxford considered him the perfection of manly beauty; Miss Mary Berry hoped he would never be assassinated, since he was "so simple and unaffected"; and the Duchess of Gordon was credited with a desire to secure the hand of Bonaparte's stepson for her daughter, Lady Georgina.

It is a fact that, with few exceptions, all British subjects who came into casual contact with Napoleon fell a victim to his charm. Lord Aberdeen, lunching at Malmaison, thought him enchanting; Neil Campbell, who accompanied him to Elba, found conversations with him an unending delight; and Captain Ussher of the *Undaunted* was "proud to confess that all resentment and uncharitable feeling vanished" from the

moment that the Corsican monster stepped on board. It was only men like Lord Whitworth or the Duke of Wellington, whose contacts with the Emperor were either intimate or prolonged, who persisted in regarding him as ill-mannered, tempestuous, unreliable, and devoid of all honorable or gentlemanlike feelings.

Thus, although our forefathers were justifiably much alarmed by Napoleon, it cannot be said that they were blind to his merits. The Tories were apt to admit that, with all his upstart qualities, he had in fact introduced order and discipline into a chaotic country; the Whigs openly admired his elimination of the vestiges of feudalism. Lord Holland described the exile to St. Helena as "unworthy of the magnanimity of a great country"; and John Cam Hobhouse recorded that the "consummate injustice of such a measure is only to be equalled by the pleasantry of boasting of it as an act of clemency."

Of course they made mistakes. They persisted in believing that Aspern and Eylau were decisive victories; they imagined that the Battle of Leipzig marked the total destruction of Bonaparte and the immediate conclusion of a triumphant peace; they never fully appreciated, in spite of the Duke of Wellington's high eulogy, the brilliance of the final resistance in Champagne or of the battles of 1814 between the Seine and the Marne. His occasional outbursts of ill-temper, his sudden fits of barrack-room manners, were much exaggerated at the time. "General Bonaparte," wrote Admiral Cockburn, "has not read Chesterfield."

What is more curious is that they attributed his fits of violence, which were often deliberately assumed, to incipient insanity. Lord Malmesbury was certainly of opinion that he was verging on madness, and compared him to the Tsar Paul "towards the close of his reign." An even stranger contemporary fiction was the legend of Napoleon's cowardice; it was generally believed that at Waterloo he had manifested downright physical panic. But on the whole they regarded him as a tremendous genius who had been lured to destruction by overwhelming ambition and an obstinate confidence in his own good fortune. And therein they were more or less correct.

Will our contemporary estimate of Adolf Hitler prove as right as this? He has caused far greater human misery than did the other corporal, and his military and political genius were, to say the least, on a different level. To us also his gusts of screaming fury seem to savor of madness, and we may be right. But shall we ever regard him, as Byron regarded Napoleon, as some Prometheus chained with his vulture to a rock?

I believe rather that we are almost right, as they were almost right, in our contemporary estimate, and that history will not accord to Hitler the glamor by which Napoleon, even for his enemies, is today surrounded, but will leave him as a squalid and hysterical figure who, by almost demonic demagogic power, was able to drive his people into a fatal denial of all that was best in themselves.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE EGG AND I

"All Kids Have Fits"

by BETTY MACDONALD

SUMMARY. — The daughter of a mining engineer who trained her to be self-reliant, BETTY MACDONALD was born in 1908 and spent her childhood in some of the more rugged spots of this hemisphere — in Mexico, Idaho, and Montana. She entered the University of Washington expecting to major in art. But instead she fell in love and married. Bob, her husband, was fired with the idea of opening a chicken ranch on the Northwest Coast, and by pooling their wedding presents, their savings, and a small legacy, he and Betty scraped together \$1500, enough to purchase forty acres, a six-room log house, a barn, two small chicken houses, twelve pullets, and, as spring came on, ten cartons, each carton containing one hundred baby chicks.

Very early Betty found an almost personal adversary in Stove. She met her neighbors, the Kettles, who were carefree and borrowers, the Hickses, who were thrifty and critical, and the door-to-door salesmen who broke the monotony of endless chores. But she had difficulty in getting close to the chickens, physically and spiritually. Chickens, she found, are so unresponsive — so dumb. She loved the game and fish that went with the wild country, but had her anxious moments when Bob got clawed by a bear. The neighbors, however, worried more over Betty's newfangled notions about babies.

The Egg and I will be published in book form this autumn by Lippincott.

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MY BABY had sun baths, vegetables, meat, and cod-liver oil. My neighbors on the Coast viewed these practices in the same light as charms and asafetida bags. Even though I showed Mrs. Kettle the printed instruction in the government bulletins I had sent for, she was convinced that it was just some more crooked work on the part of "them politicians" and would bring my baby to an early grave. Her babies and her children's babies — in fact all the babies she had ever had anything to do with — had been fed pork gravy, mashed potatoes, pickles, and beer. And they had "fits." The number of "fits" (actually convulsions) a child survived was the measuring stick of the father's virility, the mother's knowledge of dietetics, and the child's superior physique.

The Kettles sat around their fire in the evening and Maw would say, "Let's see — was it Charlie or Mervin that had seventeen fits in one day? God, was that a day!" She'd sigh reminiscently and the children would urge her on. "Maw, tell about the time Elwin was blue in the face for two hours."

Maw would begin. "Let's see, Elwin was most a year old and I was well along in the family way with Ernest. It was a real hot night and Elwin had had summer complaint bad all day. He was fretful and I took him up right after supper and was rockin' him in the kitchen when all of a sudden he stiffened out and begun to foam and get blue and I seen he was in a fit, so I put a wet rag on his head and pretty soon he come out of it. He was all right for about an hour. Then he got another one — then another — then finally he got

one so bad I got scairt and sent Paw for the doctor, but the car had four flat tires —"

"I'd been meanin' to fikth them tireth all week," Paw would interrupt.

"Then Elwin turned kinda blue and his eyes rolled back and he looked awful and I thought he was dyin' and I begin to bawl, but Paw filled the washtub with real hot water and he dumped Elwin in clothes and all, and just kep' his head outta the water, and after a long while he begun to come out of it. God, was that kid limp! Just like a rag doll. And white! He looked just like a hunk of sowbelly."

Once I glanced at Elwin to see how he reacted to this unflattering description; but like many younger children in a large family, he was merely delighted to be the center of attention. Elbows on knees, chin propped in his dirty hands, his large blue eyes gazing at Maw through the shock of hair hanging over his face, he would sit like a dog waiting for a bone.

Maw concluded: "Well, I finally got that kid ready for bed and then I looked at the kitchen clock" — all heads would turn toward the kitchen clock on the shelf over the sink — "and holy smoke! that kid had been in that fit for two hours."

At this, Elwin would straighten up and look proudly at the assemblage. "Well, folks, look at what I growed up into!" He would stand and turn around several times and his family would look and all agree that Elwin was a fine specimen — and to think he had been blue for two hours!

One summer morning I pushed Anne's crib onto the

front porch and put Anne without any clothes in it for her sun bath. Mrs. Kettle came through the orchard just then to borrow some eggs because her chickens had taken to laying in the deep forest down by the creek. When she saw the baby she was horrified.

"You ain't gonta leave that kid out here, are you?" she asked incredulously.

"Of course I am," I said. "She has a sun bath every morning."

Mrs. Kettle said, "Joe's wife has a baby just two days older'n that one and he'd make two of her. She don't give him no sun baths." She poked disapprovingly at Anne's fat, firm, dimpled back. "Yup, Jeanie's baby would make two of that one."

A week later I had an opportunity to compare Jeanie's baby with Anne. Bob hired her husband, Joe, to work for us for a few days. He arrived about ten o'clock with Jeanie and Georgie, their big white baby.

Jeanie was a beautiful girl, nineteen, with soft brown hair, dancing eyes, and dimples; Georgie was eight months old and looked as if he had been molded out of dough. He was certainly large and rolling in fat, as Mrs. Kettle had said, but he was logy and fretful. Every time he squeaked, Jeanie ripped open the front of her dress and nursed him. She fed him six times between ten and five, and when she wasn't nursing him she was tossing him in the air, jiggling, tickling, bouncing, and shaking him.

She kept up a torrential flow of local gossip. I was eager for Bob's reaction to Jeanie. She was lovely to look at, but Bob preferred gaps in the conversation to interesting tidbits about his fellow farmers.

For luncheon we had Bob's favorite Spanish omelet, cheese biscuits, and Italian lettuce with Roquefort dressing. We also had Jeanie's account of her sister's wedding. "Maw was determined that Helen have a regular wedding and wear Maw's white satin wedding dress, and Maw had to spend more on the corset than on the food, and even then she had to put her knee in the middle of Helen's back to lace it tight enough so the dress would go on, and the house looked real pretty and they had the Babdist preacher and was all set, but Maw had made Paw take a bath and the bathroom's off the parlor and Paw had forgot to bring down his suit and my God! all the people was there, and the preacher, and Helen standin' in the door hardly able to breathe and waitin' for Paw, and in he come out of the bathroom in his long underwear and God! I thought I'd split and my Aunt Gertie swatted my backside, but even the preacher laughed —"

I looked at Bob. He sat mesmerized, fork poised above his sagging omelet, the untouched cheese biscuit cooling on his plate.

When I gave Anne her vegetables, cod-liver oil, and applesauce, Jeanie was horrified. She said, "I think you're takin' a awful chanct, kid. Georgie don't get nothin' but my milk, a bite of potato and gravy once in a while, and sometimes a little candy. Look how big and fat he is."

I asked Jeanie if Georgie had ever had a fit. She said, "No, he ain't had one yet, but I guess he will. All kids have fits."

The day was warm and muggy, but Georgie had on knitted booties, shirt, diaper, flannel petticoat, white petticoat, dress, knitted jacket — and when Jeanie took him out of doors she put a blanket over his large white head!

Babies in that region were exposed to the air as little as possible. When one was taken out, even on hot summer days, he was always bundled up like an Eskimo; his bedroom, usually shared with several other people, was filled with its original quota of air and sealed tight against any intruding drafts. The baby went where his mother went. When she had coffee, he got some; when she had beer, so did the baby. He spent many of his happiest hours in movies, at dances, or being passed from lap to lap in some warm, gossipy kitchen.

That was a great country for babies. People were always having them. More often than not the babies were illegitimate, dirty, runny-nosed, and smelly — sometimes not bright — but they were fondled and loved just the same. Even the men who were so brutal to their wives, and usually so cruel to animals, were not at all ashamed of loving babies. They stopped and admired other people's, and took their own, drooling and wet, with them when they went calling. Even the Indian men liked their babies — and that took depth of feeling, for an Indian baby could be smelled for half a mile.

Anne, with her red curls and fat, dimpled, rosy cheeks, drew an admiring crowd wherever we took her and it was only my strong will that kept her from developing a fondness for pickles, beer, coffee, and "fits."

18

ON summer days while I was out of doors weeding in the garden, picking fruit, gathering vegetables, or hanging out a washing, I could hear the short, sharp "Toot!" or "Toot, toot!" or "Toot, toot, toot!" from the logging camp nearest us. These toots were the signals given by the whistle punk to direct the operations of the skidder in bringing in the logs. It was a cheerful sound and made a pleasant break in the great blanket of silence which hung over the mountains on summer days. Occasionally, though, the whistle would give a long, mournful wail which lasted for several minutes and meant that a man had been hurt or killed. This sound crept up my back with icy fingers and made me vow I would never let Bob work in the woods as did many of the other farmers.

All the Kettle boys worked in the woods. They told me gruesome tales of crushed legs and smashed hands, of high riggers falling from the tops of great trees, fallers being killed by falling limbs, and logging-truck drivers tipping over their trucks and being killed.

The logging camp whose whistle I could hear was a very large concern. They "ran three sides" — which meant they had three great skidders to which ran three railroad spurs so that they could log three mountains at a time. Bob had several very good friends among the loggers. There were Blondie and Red (both since

killed in accidents in the woods), who ran sides for this logging company. They were actually superintendents. They were both unmarried, very quiet, terrific drinkers, and painfully shy. There was also Cecil, who was six feet, seven inches tall, and was considered the best faller in the country. He also was unmarried, very quiet, a terrific drinker, and painfully shy.

Whenever one of these three got drunk enough, he might drive up to see us. Once Blondie decided he would like an eggnog and came up to ask me if I would make it. Of course I said that I would — whereupon he went out to his car and returned with a water bucket of eggs, a gallon of cream, and a gallon of whiskey.

I said, "Do you want me to make enough for the whole camp, Blondie?"

"Oh, no, Betty," he said. "I had kind of a headache and thought an eggnog would taste good. I thought I might as well bring enough stuff for us all to have one."

Sometimes Red would bring steaks for me to cook. They were invariably two inches thick and each one was large enough for six hungry people. Red always brought two apiece. The day after one such occasion, I took one of the steaks to Mrs. Hicks and two to Mrs. Kettle. Then I had to stand helplessly by and watch each good lady place the beautiful tender steaks in a cold skillet over a slow fire with lots of chopped onion and carrots. I knew that by dinnertime all the juice would be drawn out and the steaks would be gray and chewy like pieces of thick, wet blanket.

Once I suggested to Mrs. Kettle that steak put into a very hot pan and cooked over a hot fire was more tender and kept its juices. She said, "Not for me, lady. I've et steaks cooked that way in restaurants and they was all bloody. We likes our meat cooked through. Clean through!"

One time Blondie took Bob and me to a poker game at a company house. We watched for a while; then Blondie took out a huge roll of bills, peeled off fifty dollars, and said mildly to the banker, "She wants to sit in a hand." I drew to an inside straight, made it, and won seventy-two dollars. They all groaned when I showed them what I had done, and several left in disgust; whereupon Bob took my place and lost all but three of my seventy-two dollars.

Late that summer, when there was already beginning to be a tingly feeling of fall in the air, Blondie invited us to visit the logging camp and to see his side in action. I left Anne with Mrs. Hicks, and Bob and I drove through the mountains to the camp where they were logging. On the way we passed barren, ugly hills which had once been beautiful green mountains, and saw mile after mile of slashings — ugly, dry as tinder, and inexcusable. The small companies were careless and wasteful in their logging, but their attempts at destruction were feeble and unimportant compared to the wholesale devastation Blondie's company left in its wake.

The size of the camp surprised me. It was like a small town. There were stores, bunkhouses, mess halls, equipment sheds, shower houses, and offices on one side of the road. On the other were forty or fifty company houses for married men and their families.

All the buildings were painted brown with white trimmings, and many of the houses had white picket fences around their yards.

Blondie was waiting for us and introduced us to the general superintendent, the timekeeper, and several other officials. Then we climbed aboard the train and rode up into the mountains. The train was a long string of flat cars which hauled logs from the woods to the mill on the coast. We stood on the steps of the cab while the loggers rode on the cars.

The skidder was a very large steam donkey engine, run by oil and mounted on track. A man in the cab of the skidder took the signals from the whistle punk — "Back up easy"; "Hold everything"; and "High-ball." I watched the chokermen and the hook tender fasten the chokers on a log as the hook tender yelled signals to the whistle punk. "Whoo!" shouted the hook tender. The whistle punk snapped his clacker, which was connected to the skidder by an electric wire, and the whistle went "Toot!" The man in the cab let out a little more cable or backed up or did whatever else was called for.

When the chokers had been fastened and everything was ready, the chokermen and the hook tender scrambled back out of the way, and the hook tender yelled, "Whoo, whoo, whoo!" The whistle punk clacked three times, the skidder answered, "Toot, toot, toot!" and the great log was jerked into the air, where it swung and swayed for a few minutes. Then away it high-balled toward the skidder and the train. It was exciting to watch, but I was scared to death when Blondie insisted that I take the electric signal from the whistle punk and operate it myself.

I was so nervous that I signaled "High-ball" when the hook tender wanted a little slack and the chokers were not set. The men down by the log shouted, and Blondie grabbed the clacker and signaled "Hold everything." I could hear the loggers shouting, "Well, of all the goddamned, sniveling little —" Blondie called out, "Watch the language, fellows. There's a lady here." I was much embarrassed and was glad to leave before the loggers could scramble up to find out "what in hell was going on." As we walked up the road to the train, I could hear the muted but fervent cursing of the men when they learned that "a woman" had been monkeying with the whistle.

The next day as I worked in my garden I heard the familiar "Toot, toot!" from the logging camp. I thought complacently, "A little too much line — jerk her back a foot or so." They must have followed my directions, for in a few minutes I heard "Toot, toot, toot!" and knew that another giant of the forest was being skidded through the woods — that it would soon be loaded on a car and before night would be floating in the bay. Later I heard the mournful wail of the whistle signaling an accident: my distress was even more acute than before, because now I knew more of the men and had been shown some of the dangers.

Two weeks later I discovered that the call had been for our friend Cecil, who had been hit on the head by a falling limb. He came to see us when he got out of the hospital, his head still swathed in bandages.

"Cracked my head like an egg," he told us cheerfully. "That limb hit me so hard on the head it drove my feet six inches into the ground, they tell me. All I remember is shouting 'Timbah!' and then waking up in the hospital with a helluva headache."

They had patched his head with silver plates, and except for a continuous headache he was as good as new — but his logging days were over.

Bob was so enthusiastic about logging, loggers, camp life, and logging terms that he asked Cecil if he would show him how to fall an enormous cedar at the back of our place. So one morning, armed with Cecil's double-bitted falling axe, with its narrow, deadly sharp blades, and Cecil's falling saw, which was so sharp and delicately set that they handled it like a soap bubble, they set out. For a while I heard the ring of the axe blows, then pounding, then the even rasping of the saw. Then Bob yelled for me to come.

I didn't want to go at all. If both of us got clunked on the head by falling limbs, who would go for help? Who would care for the baby? Anyway, this job was especially dangerous because the tree had a bad lean. The shouting continued, however, so I hiked out. I found them both standing on springboards which had been inserted in opposite sides of the trunk of the tree about five feet from the ground — these were used in order to make the cuts above the swollen base of the tree. In one side of the tree a deep cut had been made with the axe — the saw was almost through. The tree was swaying and groaning horribly.

I thought it would be an excellent idea if they both got off those springboards and came back to the house and let the next storm take down the tree, but they laughed hearty man-laughes at me and continued to saw. They took the saw out and began chopping vigorously — then they both jumped down. Cecil shouted "Timbah!" and Bob echoed, "Timba-a-a-h!" and with a sound like the indrawn breath of a giant the tree fell. It fell between two virgin firs, and parallel to the road, so that it was easily accessible for sawing and hauling. It fell, in fact, to the inch where Cecil had said it would. He was a wizard, but he had his broken skull to prove who was really boss.

19

I WAS all right at flushing game, Bob decided, but at retrieving I was a washout. This ineptitude was due to my nearsightedness and not to any lack of coöperation on my part, I might add. So when Bob bought Sport I uncovered another weak spot in my character.

"This dog," Bob dramatically informed me, as he gingerly untied the large, curly-haired, mahogany-colored dog which he had roped in the back of the truck, "is a thoroughbred Chesapeake retriever, has a pedigree, is a wonderful hunting dog, and is very, very vicious." Then, with what I considered an overdose of caution, he secured the dog to the feed-room door with a hawser large enough to anchor a man-o'-war. During all this the vicious dog regarded us stonily with pale-green eyes and didn't twitch a muscle.

Bob added, as he made a large detour around Sport to get his feed pails, "He has bitten almost everyone in town; but I understand dogs, and if I take all the care of him, keep him tied up, and just use him for hunting, I think it will be safe enough." The dog trainer went importantly off to the chicken house, and Sport and I looked at each other. He had on a handsome studded collar with a name tag, but from a safe distance I couldn't make out the name, and when I received only the cold, pale-green stare for my friendly overtures of "Here, boy," and "Old fellow," I started on my evening chores leaving Sport to brood.

During dinner that night Bob told me how, when I was in the hospital, he and the doctor had been discussing hunting and the doctor had told him about Sport. The doctor didn't finally make up his mind to part with the dog until it had bitten two postmen and three delivery boys. Bob talked about building a dog yard with eight-foot wire, the steady nerves it takes to train dogs, the heinous crime of treating dogs like pampered human beings, — here I surreptitiously placed my napkin over the puppy who was lounging in my lap, — and other firm, manly things concerning discipline and hunting; and then he left for the Hickses' to see about borrowing the team for disking.

Later, remembering I had not fed my ducklings and forgetting about Sport, I heedlessly rushed into the feed room and was scooping up chick feed when I felt a nudge at the back of my knees. I turned, and there was Sport the vicious, Sport the terrible, offering me his large, feathery paw. We solemnly shook hands and I learned that, though his name was Sport, he never wagged his tail, was dignified and really very shy. Throwing caution to the winds, I untied the rope and took him with me to feed the ducks. There I decided to test out the hunting theory to see if it was as ridiculous as the danger theory. I threw Sport a stick to retrieve and he lolloped after it, then tore down to the edge of the orchard and buried it under the plum tree. I confess that I hugged him for this, because now there were two of us who seemed to have had no vocational guidance.

When I heard Bob's car in the drive, I removed Sport from behind Stove and tied him in the feed room, and that was the way things were. Sport knew that I knew that he was neither vicious nor a sport, but we decided to let Bob dream on.

Bob, Sport, and I went hunting in the fall. Great sport for Bob and Sport; all work and no credit for me. The procedure was for us to start up the road with Sport disappearing into the woods at intervals supposedly to flush a covey of quail or some grouse. He would crash around like a bulldozer for a while and then appear all smiles and minus anything at which to shoot except himself; and shooting him proved a stronger and stronger temptation as the day wore on. At last I would cut through the brush, and flush some grouse, which always left the ground just in front of me with a roar of wings that scared me so much that I would fall over a log into some blackberry vines. Bob would take aim and fire and usually get one or two birds, which always fell in a dense thicket.

Wallowing in, bent double in an attempt to see the birds, with Sport rushing between my legs and back and forth just in front of me, I would inadvertently stumble on the first grouse. Usually the other one was only a few feet away. Thoroughly scratched by blackberries and stinging from nettles and small, whipping twigs, I would reach for the first grouse. Invariably Sport would see it too and, snapping it up, would bound off to find Bob. I could hear Bob praising and patting him as I crawled under a log with the salal snagging my cheeks and with blackberries wrapping themselves around my legs. Emerging at last, I would give Sport a dirty look while Bob calmly and without comment took my grouse and stowed it in his hunting jacket.

Bob really tried to train Sport. Every afternoon for a week or so during the early summer he worked on him. Through my open kitchen windows I could hear violent disagreement between the Dog Trainer and the Hunter. From the kitchen it sounded as though Sport wanted to sit heavily on his tail and shake hands, but Bob wanted him to take cover, or uncover, or do something quite different. "Damnation! How can anything be so dumb?" screamed the exasperated trainer as Sport eagerly offered the other paw.

His breed, color, build, and pedigree said that Sport was a hunting dog. He wasn't — he was a friendly dog. He loved companionship, warm fires, the baby, and me. He preferred chocolates to dog biscuits or meat and he was passionately fond of music. The Hickses had a battery radio, and when I walked down there and Birdie tuned in a musical program, Sport would elbow his way into the house, lie directly in front of the radio, and moan softly.

I still bear the emotional scars of the first time I heard Sport howl. It was the first night of the harvest moon and I was lying contentedly in bed watching the silvery moonlight on the pond when suddenly the quiet air was ripped to shreds by the most terrifying noise. It sounded as though a freighter had gone aground on the front porch and was giving a long, hoarse shout for help; it sounded like an ape man roaring for his mate; it sounded like the death call of an elephant.

It woke Bob from a sound sleep and sent him flying for his gun. Just as he reached the window it came again — louder, more terrifying. Bob thrust his head and shoulders through the open window; then he burst into roars of laughter. "Come here, Betty," he said. I went over to the window, and there below us, sitting in a shimmering pool of moonlight, was Sport, looking as self-conscious and embarrassed as only a Chesapeake who had built up a terrible reputation of fierceness could look when he was caught wallowing in moonlight and howling for love.

the only outsiders asked, which was a singular honor; it was a Kettle gathering on Kettle soil and our first introduction to the tribe en masse.

One hot July morning Mr. Kettle and Elwin drove up to the house to borrow some egg mash. I invited them in for a cup of coffee but Paw refused. He said, "Thure would like to, but you thee it'th Maw'th birthday tomorrow and Elwin and I are trying to get a little help with the haying tho we will be free to thelebrate. Do you thuppothe that Bob could thpare uth a little time?"

I said, "Bob has a lot of things to do and I know that he won't be able to help. What about the other boys? Can't they help?"

Elwin said, "Haw, haw, haw! Help with the haying? They gotta work in the woods."

Paw said, "Thath the way it goeth. The boyth won't help and the old lady can't do it all alone."

I said, "I thought you and Elwin were going to do the haying."

Elwin said, "I gotta get my car fixed before Saturday."

Paw said, "Mr. Olthon cut our hay latht year and Maw raked and thtacked it — I wath havin' turrible trouble with my back — but theein' ath how tomorra ith Maw'th birthday we thought we would give a little thupper party for her and we want you folkth to come but she'll be tho bithy she won't have a chanth to help with the hayin'."

I repeated again firmly, "I know that Bob won't have time to help with the haying."

"Well, tha'th too bad," said Paw. "But don't forget to come to the thupper."

"I won't," I said. "What time?"

"Oh, 'bout four-thirty," said Paw. "And by the way, everybody ith bringin' a little thumthin' to the party. You know — thort of picnic thtyle."

"I'll bring the birthday cake," I said. That evidently satisfied Paw, for he and Elwin took their egg mash and left. (They came up in September to solicit help with that same hay.)

I was not an expert cakemaker, but decided to make up in size for what the cake would undoubtedly lack in quality. None of my recipe books contained any directions for anything over two layers, so I doubled and tripled, and before evening I had the big, heavy square foundation layer done.

The next day was hazy but warm — a perfect day for a party and a perfect morning to bake the rest of the cake, which by noon was finished and frosted pink, white, and blue. It was poisonous- but festive-looking, and as a final corny touch I lettered *Happy Birthday* on one side in red cinnamon drops and stuck an American flag on the top. Bob drove to town for a pair of silk stockings and a birthday card. At four o'clock on the dot we loaded the cake and set off.

The farther down the mountain we drove, the hotter it grew, until by the time we arrived at the Kettles' it was stifling. Their yard was seething with cars, because all fifteen children with their husbands, wives, children, and in-laws were there. Mrs. Kettle was bright-eyed in a clean pink housedress which was miss-

ing the top two buttons in the front, so that as she greeted us I noticed that her large white breasts bobbed to the surface like dumplings in a stew. I handed her our present and she kissed me, unwrapped the package, and said, "Well, thank God, I don't have to wear them damn lizzle stockins no more."

She directed me to put the cake on the front porch, where we were to eat. I carried it through the dark front hall and out the seldom used front door and set it with a thump on the long table of boards which had been set up on sawhorses and covered with a pink crepe-paper tablecloth anchored with rocks. Almost all the chicken droppings had been scraped from the floor and railing, and the lilac bushes cast cool shadows across the table. Two flypaper curls had been suspended from the ceiling; already they were dotted with flies and swayed and quivered as more hit and stuck.

The little flag on my cake drooped as the icing grew warm and soft, and the *Happy Birthday* seemed about to slide off, so I moved the cake further into the shade before returning to the hot kitchen and the mobs of guests. As I left the porch I noted that the outhouse was going to be present at supper. When I went to the kitchen I suggested that someone put up some sort of temporary door on the outhouse. Mrs. Kettle said, "It's a good idea, but I don't think you'll get any of the men to do it for you. Go shout at 'em. They're on the back porch."

I shouted, but the men were busy drinking blackberry wine, dandelion wine, moonshine, and beer and comparing notes on guns and hunting. The only answer I got to my request was a look of annoyance from Bob. We women drank coffee while we made potato salad, cut the meat loaf, opened pickles, and sliced bread. It was stifling in the crowded kitchen, but we had to build up the fire to bake the rolls and boil the fresh coffee. I opened the door to the parlor, hoping to release a crosscurrent of air, but so many children immediately crowded into this new area that Mrs. Kettle got up, firmly shooed them out, and locked the door. The sanctity of the parlor was to be preserved even on her birthday.

The children raced from the kitchen, through the hall, out the front door, off the porch, around the house, up onto the back porch, and through the kitchen again. They dodged under hot platters, stuck their fingers in the jam and got whacked, rolled on the floor with the dogs, came to get their panties unbuttoned or buttoned, and tattled. The big rocker by the stove held a succession of mothers suckling babies, while the other chairs supported the ample behinds of helpers and cooks. The talk was about sex, logging, sex, cooking, sex, sewing, sex, salaries, sex, fits, and just plain sex. Every four-letter word I had ever heard and many I had never heard were employed singly and in unusual combinations. Mrs. Kettle laughed occasionally but she was plainly embarrassed, as was I. We cut up the potatoes and hard-boiled eggs and talked about canning. We were both relieved when the enormous granite coffeepot finally began to boil and it was time to set the table and carry out the food.

Everyone on the back porch was by that time quite drunk, and voices had become loud and somewhat quarrelsome. A small boy, a little bully who had been causing a great deal of unhappiness among the younger children, came screaming up from the barnyard, where he had been chased but unfortunately not eaten by an old sow. Maw sent Elwin to fetch Mr. Kettle from the barn and we all filed out to the porch for supper.

When everyone was seated, I suggested that we sing "Happy Birthday." This was a mistake, I realized too late, for they followed "Happy Birthday" with "Show Me the Way to Go Home" and the dirty version of "Little Red Wing." Maw interrupted this last by banging on the table with her fork and demanding quiet. Everyone cheered and said, "'At's tellin' 'em, Maw!" and began passing food.

Elwin had said that Paw would be right up, but we were eating ice cream before he appeared. To protect him from the flies, he had put on and pulled well down over his eyes a black straw hat of Mrs. Kettle's. From its crown bobbed a large pink rose. To shield him from drafts Mr. Kettle had thrust his arms into a jade-green knitted coat dress with a full pleated skirt. The skirt must have interfered with the milking, for he had taken a deep hem in it with horse blanket pins — it gave the effect of a ballet skirt. He also wore a black work shirt, dungarees, hip boots, and was smoking a cigar. Choking in an effort to control my laughter until the others had seen the joke, I glanced at Bob, but he shook his head at me warningly.

Amazed, I looked around the table — not one soul seemed to think there was anything unusual in Paw's dress. He clumped around the table, smiling happily at everyone, and climbed into the chair beside Mrs. Kettle by swinging one manurey boot carelessly over that end of the table. She said only, "You've took so long with the milking your coffee's cold, Paw. Helen, that there's the knitted dress Myrt sent me from New York. Ugly color, ain't it?"

After supper the men returned to the back porch, we women put the food away and washed the dishes, and Bob and I left just as a sizable fight started over who had stolen what from whose car. The cake was a great success.

21

WE seldom went to the movies, for two very sound reasons: (1) it meant driving seventy miles — thirty-five miles going and coming; (2) we had to get up at four o'clock the next morning. In addition, Bob complained that his legs were too long for comfort in any theater seat; he always slept through everything but the news; and I had become so biased that no matter how melodramatic the plot, I watched only to see if the heroine did any work or if she seemed to have all the conveniences of modern life. If she didn't work and seemed to have plenty of opportunity to take steamy, fragrant baths, I lost all interest in the plot. Under such circumstances, I didn't give a damn who got the man.

But a county fair is another matter. To me a fair is

the ultimate in entertainment, with something of interest for everyone, all the time in the world to enjoy it, and so many delightful smells — popcorn, coffee, molasses candy, and wet sawdust. Our county fair was held in late September, and by the opening day the dust was ankle deep. It had to be hosed down every morning, and the pathways had a pleasant spring rain smell. We attended the fair in true farmer style. I packed dozens of diapers, several bottles, blankets and pillows so that the baby could take a nap in the truck, mosquito netting to keep off the flies, and extra old shoes for the trip through the animal pens.

It was chilly and foggy in the mountains, but the town was flooded with bright sunshine and whipped by salty breezes. Despite the early hour, there were many other cars and trucks on the road, and when we turned into the fairgrounds we found as much activity as though it were late afternoon. We parked the truck under a large Balm of Gilead tree near the restaurant, I divested Anne of her knitted leggings, put on my old shoes, and we were ready.

The first thing, of course, was to have a cup of coffee and some fresh, homemade doughnuts. At stools along the counter on either side of us were other farmers and their wives and children. The other babies were being given sips of coffee and bites of the hot, greasy doughnuts. I felt hard and niggardly as I ate and drank, with Anne's round blue eyes following each sip and bite like those of a puppy. After the coffee we went to the poultry show — of course we thought that some of the White Leghorns that had won blue ribbons weren't a bit better than our own hens.

Bob was interested in the Australorps — black chickens which were supposed to lay as well as the White Leghorn and to be as fine a table bird as the Rhode Island Red or Barred Rock. It sounded too good to be true, but the farmer who exhibited swore that they were the most remarkable discovery since electricity. From the poultry houses we went to the pig pens, which were more pleasant early in the morning — then to the sheep, goats, and rabbits. By this time Anne was getting sleepy, so I took her back to our car and left Bob with instructions to meet me at the restaurant at noon. I fastened Anne to the seat of the car with a blanket under and over her and pinned to the upholstery, stretched the mosquito netting from the back of the seat to the steering wheel, and she immediately and obligingly went to sleep.

I spent the rest of the morning in the canning and fancywork exhibits. I felt a surge of pride when I saw that Birdie Hicks had won blue ribbons on all her canning and that Mrs. Kettle's quilts were prominently displayed. There were some really beautiful hooked and braided rugs and some perfectly hideous ones made of fringed gunny sacks and coated with yarn forced through the mesh and tied in knots. I remembered seeing instructions for these rugs in one of the farm magazines. There was a pen-and-ink drawing of the rug, showing it with a nap of about four inches. Underneath it I read, "There is beauty in even the common grain sack." There is, too, but not when it has been disfigured with yarny knots.

There were other ingenious uses for everyday objects. There was a Sears, Roebuck catalogue painfully twisted and shellacked and tied with a red cord. The white card beneath it said, "An inexpensive doorstep." There were catsup bottles made into bud vases, clothespins decorated with crepe-paper butterflies for use as curtain holder-backers, crocheted bags for silverware, bouquets of crepe paper and velvet flowers, an enormous funeral set piece of white organdy gardenias and dark-green oilcloth leaves with *Rest in Peace* spelled out in white pipe cleaners, embroidered pictures, burned-wood matchboxes, and fancy pillows by the hundreds. The pillows embraced every sentiment from "Frankie and Johnny Were Lovers" in black beads on a cerise satin background to the Twenty-Third Psalm in white on black velvet. It was an impressive exhibit of what loneliness can do to people.

At noon Bob and I met at the restaurant building and had a large turkey dinner. The day gave promise of being very hot by then, but we stuffed down heavy dressing with giblet gravy, slabs of white and dark meat, pickled beets, and pumpkin pie. A friendly, red-cheeked woman behind the counter heated Anne's bottle and her vegetables, and I fed and changed her on a robe spread under the Balm of Gilead tree.

We were thus occupied when Mrs. Kettle waddled up. She had on a large blue sunbonnet and a clean starched blue housedress and looked like the picture of the grandmother in the maple syrup advertisements. She sat down thankfully on the robe, kicked off her shoes, and said, "Keeerist, but my feet hurt. We been up here sence about eight and I haven't set down once." Mrs. Kettle and I rested under the tree until after two; then we wandered through the school exhibits, the forestry service display, and the farm machinery. At three we had more coffee, and at three-thirty Bob and I left for home.

22

THE well at the back of our place dried up in June; the spring at the foot of the orchard disappeared during the summer; and in August and September we carried water from a spring in a valley eighteen hundred feet from the house if we cut across the burn, or a mile and a half if we used the road. I was really glad when the orchard spring dried up, for it meant that Bob hauled the water in the truck in ten-gallon cans and I didn't have to feel guilty if he caught me washing my face more than twice a day.

Bob was so parsimonious with the water when he was carrying it that one would think we had pitched camp in a dry coulee instead of being permanently settled in some of the wettest country in the world.

"I have to have more water!" was my perpetual cry.

"More water?" Bob would shout. "More water! I just carried up two buckets."

"I know you did," I would explain patiently. "Two buckets equal five gallons, and the stove reservoir

holds five gallons. In addition, I made coffee and boiled you two eggs, made cereal for the baby, and wet my parched lips twice. The water is gone."

With set mouth Bob would go down through the orchard and get two more bucketfuls. These would see me through the first tub of the baby's washing. There were still the rinsings, the baby's bath, the luncheon tea, the luncheon dishes, the floor scrubbing, the canning, the dinner, and the dinner dishes — not to mention occasional hair washings, baths, and face washings. For these I carried the water myself.

I estimated that I carried a minimum of sixteen buckets of water a day — sixteen ten-quart buckets or 160 quarts a day; 58,400 quarts a year; 116,800 pounds a year. Is it surprising that my hands were almost dragging on the ground and my shoulders sagged at the sight of anything wet? Or that I was tortured by mirages of gushing faucets and flushing toilets? I could not believe it when Bob announced casually one fall morning, "We're going to start laying the pipe for the water system tomorrow."

"We?" I asked, missing the point entirely. "Who's we?"

"Jeff the moonshiner is going to help me install the water system — set up the tank and bury the pipe."

Evidently Bob expected dissent from me. He needn't have worried. If he had told me that they were releasing the homicidal ward from the nearest asylum to help install a water system for us, I wouldn't have uttered a protesting sound. Water from a tap — dripping, swishing, plentiful, wet water! No price, no sacrifice, was too great. Bob jumped into the truck and went down to get Jeff.

Fall was a wonderful time up there in the mountains. The sun got up at six languorously and stayed shrouded with sleep until about nine. Fall and school were still closely linked in my mind, and I could almost feel the pinch of new school shoes when I saw the first red leaf, heard the first hoarse shouts of foghorns. I remembered the last fall, when we had driven along the valley road one morning early and had seen the children, scrubbed and clutching their lunch boxes, waiting at each gate. I wondered if we should still be on the farm when Anne started to school. While I was absorbed in this reverie Bob returned with Jeff.

Jeff was a tall, tobacco-colored, lithe man with an Old World courtesy of manner, a voice so liquid and soft he could have bottled it and sold it for soothing syrup, a Southern drawl, and light yellow eyes which saw in the dark and which spotted every exit in a room before he crossed the threshold. He and Bob came in for a cup of coffee. He tilted back in a kitchen chair, fingering the gun in his coat pocket and flashing his big white teeth.

Burying eighteen hundred feet of pipe proved to be a slow, strenuous project. Oddly enough it was most difficult on the burn, where the ground was netted with the tough, resilient roots of Oregon grape, salal, blackberry, alder, and hazelnut. Bob and Jeff inched their way along, digging, chopping, sawing, and sweating.

The six-hundred-gallon water tank arrived, knocked down and looking disappointingly like a bundle of

fagots. Bob and Jeff spent a day in the woods finding four straight poles to support the platform for the tank. I scanned the bathroom fixture division of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, but found it difficult to settle down to the details when running water was still in the mirage department. My rhododendrons were thriving and blooming, so Bob picked that corner as the only place where he could add on a bathroom. Did I care? Not a whit — I jerked them up and put them by the woodshed. We were all out for water.

The presence of Jeff at the ranch did not pass unnoticed. First Mrs. Hicks drove up to find out why he was there. She said, "Saw that moonshiner's car on the road this morning — that it over there by the chicken house?"

"Yes," I said. "He's helping Bob bury the pipe and install the water system."

She said, "Sure he isn't looking for a new location?"

I said unconvincingly, "He's the only person in the country we could get to help with the pipe-laying. He's a good worker and we are glad to have him."

"He's a moonshiner," said Birdie Hicks. "And having him up here don't do your reputation any good."

I let the subject drop there and we had tea. But as I watched her self-righteous back go down the lane to her car, I knew I could expect no quarter from Birdie Hicks. If we became involved with moonshiners, we could expect to be reported on — it was her duty.

23

ONE day I decided to walk down to the Kettles' to see what their reaction was to our having Jeff up at the ranch. In the baby buggy I put Anne, a bucket of extra eggs, and half a chocolate cake. With Sport and the puppy racing fore and aft we started down. It was a delightful walk and our cheeks were rosy and our spirits high as we trundled up to the Kettles' porch.

I was startled out of my intent maneuvering of the buggy wheels around axles, stray fenders, car parts, and tools by a terrified roar from Paw Kettle in the barnyard. I turned just in time to see him streak out of the milk house and into the barn. Then the water tower, which was on a platform about thirty feet high and supported by four straddled spindly legs, gave a great groan and collapsed with a splintering crash on the milk-house roof.

A geyser of water flooded the barnyard and frightened an old Chester White sow and her pigs so that they went right through the discarded bedspring which was part of the barnyard fence and disappeared into the oat field. I jerked the buggy out of range of the small pieces of the wooden tank that sailed through the air and the splats of water that landed with smoky puffs in the dusty driveway.

After a time things quieted down and Paw came sidling cautiously out of the barn. Elwin called from under his car, "Hey, Paw, you dropped something! Haw, haw, haw!"

Maw shuffled down from the back porch and for a while they stood and looked; then Paw whispered,

"The damn thing almotht got me! It almotht got me!"

Maw said, "For godsake, what happened?"

Mr. Kettle looked belligerently at the hole in the milk-house roof and at the shattered tank. "All I wanted wath a little pieth of two-by-four. How would I know the bugger'd collaph?"

Mrs. Kettle said, "Paw, what *was* you doing?"

Mr. Kettle said, "I needed a little pieth of two-by-four for the apple bin and I thought the other legth could hold her all right. I only took a pieth about a foot long from that leg by the milk houth."

Maw said, "Well, I'll be damned. It was only a little piece you took out of the water tank support? What in hell did you think would hold it up — air?" She started back toward the house.

I went with her. We left Paw still muttering, "It wath only about a foot long. Only a little pieth."

Elwin was crowing delightedly, "I knowed what would happen when I seen the old fool sawin'. Haw, haw, haw!"

Two cups of coffee later, Bob came to get Anne and me. There was no mention of Jeff.

Mr. Kettle was at the back door before seven the next morning. "I heard you wath inthtalling a water thytthem," he said as he scrambled off his wagon and adroitly intercepted Bob's intended escape through the orchard. "And I wondered if perhapth you had a few hundred feet of old pipe you wathn't going to uthe, thome extra fittingth or thome lumber [preferably four thirty-foot four-by-fours to support a new water tower] and then I heard Jeff wath up here with you and I wondered if you could thpare me a few dayth with the haying. We're awful late thith year but the boyth won't help and Maw and I can't —"

Before he could finish and before Bob could make his usual courteous excuses, Jeff vaulted lightly over the fence he was mending, walked over, and stood directly in front of Paw and said in his soft, caressing voice, "You whinin', snivelin' old beggah. Why don't you gather up some of youh worthless sons, go out in the woods and cut some poles, and *buy your pipel*!"

Paw, not at all nonplused, thought this over for a moment and then said, "Well, I tell you, Jeff, the cream check wath pretty thmall thith month and I jutht thought that perhapth Bob had thome old pipe or perhapth he had ordered too much and I wouldn't want to thee it wathted when I got a good uthe for it." Jeff said, "Aw, get out of my way you, you maggot gut!" Paw went scuttling back to the wagon but he waved cheerfully as he drove out of the yard and I knew he would be up the next day for something else.

At last our water tower was finished except for the water. To the casual outside eye it was just a very sturdy, well-constructed platform on which rested a round wooden water tank. To me it was lovelier than the Taj Mahal and gave me a pleasant, progressive feeling when I approached the ranch from either road and saw its blatant newness towering skyward.

When the pipe was all buried, the engine was started; and one bright fall morning I heard the musical splash and gulp of water being pumped into the tank. The

tank was scrubbed and drained and then filled. I returned to the kitchen to find that the faucet in the sink had been left open and water was an inch deep all over the floor. I didn't care — it was in the house and available. From then on, when I felt blue, all I had to do to cheer up was to turn the faucet, and there was the water, a little muddy, but wet and handy.

The day we got our water I rushed down to tell Mrs. Kettle and incidentally to find out what she was doing since the collapse of their water tower. What they were doing for water was evident long before I reached the house, for, sitting on an ordinary kitchen stepladder at the site of the old tower, was a fifty-gallon wooden barrel into which the ram was busily pumping thousands of gallons of water. The barnyard was awash and a white Peking duck and her ducklings were paddling in and out of the tool house. The old sow who had disappeared in the oat field the day of the crash had made a lovely wallow just outside the milk-house door, and little waves lapped against the old wagons and discarded furniture as she shifted her weight from side to side.

Mrs. Kettle was futilely sweeping mud out of the milk-house door, but every time the old sow or one of her litter moved, a fresh wave was washed in. I called to Maw from the edge of the flood and she stopped sweeping long enough to call out, "There's some pitch in the woodbox. Put the coffeepot on and I'll be right up."

When she finally came in, flushed and discouraged, she said, "You know, that mess down there is only one of the thousands I've been in ever since I met Paw. He's good and all that, but he ain't got system." Which was where she was wrong, of course, for Paw had the perfect system for getting out of any and all work.

I hadn't the heart to mention our water system.

When we first bargained with Jeff about the water, I was foolish enough to think that when the pipe was buried he would be completely divorced from us and we could actually and truthfully deny any knowledge of his activities. Of course, that was not to be. Jeff continued to eat most of his meals with us; we enjoyed his company, for he was a charming and intelligent man, despite his illiteracy.

At breakfast one morning, Jeff presented me with a ten-gallon charred oak keg of aged whiskey. He said, "This ain't rectified stuff — this was aged by swingin' in a tree." The whiskey was as smooth as oil and full-flavored. Jeff rubbed some between his fingers, then smelled it — his way of testing it, for he himself did not drink. "In a couple of years, that would really be good drinkin' liquor," he said solemnly.

I was very grateful but felt much the same as a person who has been presented with a time bomb. I didn't know where to put it. I toyed with the idea of burying it under the carrots in the root cellar, but that seemed so obvious. If I were a Federal, that would be the first place I should look. Then I thought of the feed room, but that again was the obvious hiding place of a farmer. Then the pantry, the bedrooms, the cellar.

In desperation I put it in the outhouse and decided that if the Federals came I would go out there and sit until they had gone!

Jeff priced his whiskey at \$12.00 a gallon, but some people paid \$13.50 and some only \$7.00. It depended on the customer. The whiskey was sold in gallon jugs only — the customer to bring an empty jug to exchange for a full one. Jeff never sold whiskey to Indians. This was not from any respect for the Federal law. It was merely that he didn't like Indians. The Indians weren't good to their women, a heinous crime in Jeff's eyes, and they had often found his caches and stolen his whiskey.

24

A root cellar was originally a storage place for root vegetables such as carrots, potatoes, rutabagas, beets, and turnips. Actually it used to be an earthen pit where the vegetables were buried against the winter freeze. Root cellars in our district were more elaborate affairs — built to store fruit and vegetables in winter, milk and cream and butter in summer. Our first root cellar was a poorly constructed house next to the feed room. It had shelves and bins of sorts and a dirt floor.

During the second spring and summer Bob built a new one: tunneled into the bank near the driveway, it was constructed like a mine shaft, timbered on top and on the sides, lined with double walls filled with sawdust, and with a door that would have done credit to a bank vault. It was a sturdy thing and had a floor of white sand. Bob built shelves for my canned fruit, screening shelves for the winter pears, bins for apples and potatoes, racks for squashes, cabbages, pumpkins, and my wrapped green tomatoes, and bins of clean sand for celery and carrots. There were also spaces for crocks of pickles, and cupboards for storing milk, butter, cheeses, and lard.

All that storing, storing, storing against the winter should have given me a feeling of warmth and security. It didn't. I felt much more as if I were being prepared for the tomb. I had spent so much of the first winter in gooseflesh that it took me the next spring and summer to get my skin to lie down flat again. Preparing to go through the whole thing again, no matter how much we had to eat, left me cold. Cold and lonely.

The root cellar began where the pressure cooker left off. I canned my last quart of corn, emptied the pressure cooker, dried it, put it away in the pantry. Then it was time to start digging potatoes. I love to dig potatoes. To me it is an exciting occupation, especially when the soil is ideal and each hill yields large, middle-sized, and small ones. Our potato crop that second fall was so huge that we kept track of the potatoes in each hill and called excitedly to each other as we broke the record with new hills. The potatoes ran up to twelve inches in length and six inches in breadth; they were free from scab, and cooked to a dry white fluff. We had five tons, of which the most perfect were laid aside for seed, the largest put in a bin for baking, and about three tons of mediums sacked and sold.

A month after the potatoes, we dug the carrots, beets, rutabagas, celery root, and parsnips. Between the potatoes and these root vegetables came the apples, pears, squashes, pumpkins, and green tomatoes. We left the cabbage, Swiss chard, broccoli, and kale in the garden along with the winter spinach, then several inches high, and a fall planting of early peas, but not the celery. Leaving that in the ground made it pithy and bitter, so along in October we lifted out the celery, being careful to take along lots of damp earth, and buried it in layers in a special dark, damp corner. It kept beautifully.

In September we had bought a cider press. I gathered buckets and buckets of windfall apples and set them outside the feed room, where Bob squashed them into cider for vinegar and cider to drink. I made one five-gallon crock of cherry-leaf sweet pickles and one five-gallon crock of garlic dill pickles. I found a wild plum tree down at the edge of the big burn loaded with hard green plums which Mrs. Hicks said made wonderful olives. I intended to experiment with perhaps a pint or two, but Bob got wind of it and came staggering in with a washtub of plums. They were the size of jumbo green olives and as hard as bullets. I made a five-gallon crock and gave the rest to Mrs. Hicks. Five gallons of this, fifty quarts of that — two hundred jars of everything. "At this rate we'll have to hire a full-time worker just to unscrew jar lids," I muttered to myself.

Then it was time for the butchering. Earlier in the fall I had begged Bob to take over the feeding of the pigs because I was becoming too fond of Gertrude and Elmer and did not wish to go through the winter bursting into tears every time I fried the breakfast ham or bacon. Bob thought this was pretty silly of me at first. Then he took to telling me of little incidents where the pigs showed great intelligence or affection, and the next I knew, Jeff was feeding the pigs.

The day of the butchering I took the baby and walked down to Mrs. Kettle's. That they too had been butchering I could tell from a heap of entrails in the driveway opposite the kitchen door. The entrails hadn't really begun to smell bad — just very entrailly — but the flies were like a black undulating cloth thrown over the gray shiny pile, and the back porch was heaped with cut meat which even my cursory glance revealed to be dotted with little clumps of fly eggs. It was not appetizing, but it didn't bother the Kettles, as I could tell from the smell of roast pork coming from the kitchen.

Mrs. Kettle had just made a fresh pot of coffee and had baked a coffee cake, and in spite of the butchering, the entrails, and the fly eggs, I was soon sitting at the kitchen table, eating and drinking with good appetite.

"A year ago my stomach would have rebelled actively at first sight of the entrails," I reflected dreamily. I had come a long way in a year, but was I climbing upward toward some sort of well-balanced maturity or sliding downhill into a slothful indifference? I asked Bob about it after dinner, but he merely looked at me quizzically and went to bed without answering.

(The End)

A DESIGN FOR FIGHTING

by HARLOW SHAPLEY

ONCE upon a time recently there was a great nation in a mess. The nation's ills were everywhere obvious. A great many poor people were hungry, while other citizens destroyed their surpluses; more than ten million were unemployed; the desires of the laborers for greater pay and prestige were doing badly; the women without higher education were submerged by custom and lack of opportunity; the people had no thrifty desires to accumulate savings — indeed they had nothing much to save; the young men and women received little systematic training in health or in patriotism; they had little opportunity to travel.

In this economically and spiritually confused country, diseases like measles, pneumonia, and syphilis were badly controlled, if at all; mosquitoes and flies were destined to be eternal pests and carriers of disease; the airplanes were relatively slow and weak (we continue to list the nation's ills); the researches in the physical sciences throughout the country were listless; the art of ship-building and ship-sailing had practically disappeared; and worst of all, there was little zest for life and liberty, no driving principle or policy to make the citizens from all the corners of the country proud to be citizens of that nation and brothers under a sun that might illuminate a hopeful future.

If I had, at that time, ventured to offer a remedy for all these ills, every one of them, by advising the afflicted nation to take active part in the greatest and bloodiest human war ever conceived — a war that destroys more property and brutally butchers more innocent people than the worst human butchers have ever enjoyed in their most gorgeous dreams; if I had recommended that mad procedure, guaranteeing the almost complete cure of all such ills within ten years, and the practical attainment of all the high goals I have implied, it is quite likely that both my advice and I should have been (to understate it) deplored.

Naturally, I did not make such a recommendation.

Astronomer and philosopher, HARLOW SHAPLEY graduated from the University of Missouri in 1910, took his Ph.D. at Princeton in 1913, and has been Director of the Harvard Observatory since 1921. Last summer on his hilltop in Vermont he began thinking about the warfare to which he would like to see Americans dedicating themselves when the present fighting is over. He spoke his conclusions before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in September, 1944. Then he published them in the *American Scholar*. Now, in a revised form, he lays his case before *Atlantic* readers and urges them to come on in and fight.

Nevertheless, this nation did get into just such a war, and all those happy desiderata and many more have come about.

Probably never in the history of this country have its people, as a whole, eaten so well as during the past three years. There is practically no unemployment. The soldiers and sailors are the best paid and fed in the world. The nation is healthier. The people have rather willingly adopted healthful restraints, constructive collaboration, unified determination, a national spirit of worthy sacrifice.

Sensational advances in the treatment of certain diseases, new knowledge of food, new accomplishment in a million new home gardens, new and widespread instruction in world geography — all these have come also. Without the war, most of them would yet have been totally missing, and the others of slow maturing. The women in the offices, factories, and armed services have discovered abilities and self-assurance heretofore unrealized. Elementary applied sciences have been taught to about a million young men who would otherwise have been deprived of a practical training that is important in a civilization highly dependent on applied science. The political and social prestige of labor has increased remarkably in three years of war; and millions of citizens have billions in savings — establishing a policy heretofore unknown, unpracticed, or impossible.

With such manifold blessings to the majority of individuals and groups in America, and with such apparent social gain for the nation as a whole, who could sincerely regret this world war and who would take steps to prevent another one? Should we not praise those who precipitated it? Or is there a counter-acting Design for Not Fighting — some substitute for Beneficent War?

War was long ago recognized as a good tribal business by certain savage and primitive people, but they fought for food, women, loot, and the joy of personal combat. These are not our American motives. We have food; we have, if anything, too many women; our individual property averages the most and best in the world; and the lust for personal combat has been pretty well bred out of us. (Even if it has not, modern war provides little opportunity for personal bloodletting, since it is about nine-tenths fought on the draftsman's board, in the machine shop, and by the remotely located ground forces.) Fewer than a tenth

of our mobilized warriors in battlefields, factories, and farms ever smell the human enemy or grapple with him. The poetry and romance, the snorting rush of the foaming charger and the savage clash of sabers have been machined out of modern and future wars. Most of the thrills for most of us are vicarious. At the height of a hard-pressing crisis, we may work at the lathes some fifty-four hours a week — with time-and-a-half for overtime, of course.

Our material gains in war are therefore not so elemental as those which made war a national business for earlier tribes. It is now not so much for food, loot, and glory that we fight, as (if we judge by our successes) for the great social gains: for widely distributed prosperity, the education of the masses, large wealth for a new set of capitalists, the provision of work for everybody, and good pay for good work. Socially uplifting is this war, as well as materially profitable, for more than 100 million Americans.

Up to this point, it sounds as though it would be folly not to adopt world war as the national policy. The amazing advantages and dividends must be balanced somehow, or even written off in some way; otherwise we are at a loss to understand another equally amazing situation: namely, that practically everyone wants this beneficent war to end immediately, and fervently hopes, apparently, that there will never be another such war.

Undoubtedly there exist a few friends of war, scattered among the officers of the armed forces, the politicians and government officials, the magnified personalities of press and radio, and especially among profiteering businessmen — a considerable number altogether, who secretly hope that this war will continue and that others will come. These people must be watched, but I choose to consider them as low moral perverts, and not as a part of the American citizenry.

Why Not War as a National Business?

To enumerate briefly the chief objections to war, we note first that it is making nearly all our regularly trained army and navy personnel important, and perhaps overweeningly arrogant. The same is true for hundreds of Washington bureaucrats. It may be pretty hard to demobilize the pride and spirit and habits of many of the war-enriched, glory-inflated citizens.

The war is building a much greater American Legion — again, a two-edged sword, disadvantage and advantage.

The war has decreased the normal care of children, and probably their morale. The bull-market boom of the late twenties, of course, tended to do the same.

The usual type of college education has been interrupted for a few years for many boys. Presumably that should be listed as a disadvantage.

Although the war has improved the business of newspapers, of the radio, of manufacturers, of the transportation and communications industries, and of most small businessmen the country over, there were some enterprises temporarily ruined by the war (although the corresponding businessmen themselves

have landed on their feet elsewhere). And the white-collar classes have, as usual, suffered disproportionately, because the take has lagged behind the increased outgo.

Some would list “the economic waste of war” as a frightful price to pay for our full employment and full stomachs and purses.

Finally, taxes have become atrocious; but hardly any of us regret that others pay the government heavily, to meet a part of the costs of the war and to help in moderating the inflation natural to the existence of prosperity. In fact, we almost cheerfully pay our own taxes as a part of the healthful national discipline.

It is obvious that I am reaching around desperately to find sufficient disadvantages of war; it must be discredited somehow.

As I see it, there are two major comments to be made on our aversion to adopting war as the best national or international business. One is obvious; the other leads toward hope.

We in America are on the winning side of this war, and from the first we have known that we are winning; also the war is not on the home grounds. Those obvious factors explain much. Practically none of the war advantages cited above have been available to the French, Dutch, Norwegians, Czechs, and other conquered states. Only a few temporary advantages (like full employment and perhaps unity of spirit) have been available to the now defeated Axis countries; and by no means all of our advantages have come to Great Britain and the Dominions. This time we have kept a winning war at a distance. It is relatively very profitable, and not all the profits are temporary. We have reasons to suspect, however, that a future war might eventuate otherwise.

It remains to make the hopeful comment that the basic reason why 130 million Americans and untold hundreds of millions of others want an end of this war, and of all similar world struggles, is that war is immoral. The moral values in the situation more than balance the immediate material and social advantages, more than balance the prosperity, the glory, the excitement — even for us, a winning nation. This is a fact of highest encouragement to all who are solicitous for the further evolution of the human race. It is inspiring that we, who are temporarily gaining so many worth-while social and personal advantages, are nevertheless conscious of the cosmic error of it all.

We owe our present consciousness of the long-range tragic penalties of war to two widely different causes. One is the remarkably dramatic news coverage by press and radio, which has not concealed from Americans the bitter blood and tears. The other is the religious and secular education of past centuries, which has gradually built an intellectual heritage and a universal ethics that link peace with social justice, international good will, and human progress. Through moral education, peace has become an inherent human desire; it is almost an instinctive good, for educated men, and war an instinctive evil.

Possibly there are other important factors that tend to cancel or minimize the social and material gains of

successful war at a distance — mass anxiety and regret over economic waste, for instance. But we also had deep pre-war anxieties. Personally I am content to accept the contention that the moral gain of abolishing war is the best reason for such a policy. The arguments based on economics and demography are too often specious and circular; usually they involve merely postponements and short-term compromises. The inherent moral antipathy, moreover, is a factor most clearly associated with the mental and spiritual development of mankind. I am gratified that we can rate it highly.

As the current strife draws to a conclusion that seems to be satisfactory for the continuance of a Western culture, we may profitably turn our thoughts first toward post-war peace plans. And when the world gets stabilized politically and economically, or even before then, we should begin planning for the next war. In the remainder of this article I hope to incite my readers to consider plans for new martial activities. It will then become clear why I have taken time to consider both the advantages of successful war and the moral and material costs thereof. We shall have standards of comparison.

Our Recent Inglorious Defeat and Humiliation

In 1918–1919 more than four times as many Americans were killed by Influenza as by our enemies of the First World War. Twenty million human beings perished of that ruthless disease. The economic loss in the world-wide battle with the influenza organism was also tremendous. Moreover, sad and shameful to say, we lost that war. Only when it became satiated with its successes did the savage foe recede into the invisible realms where it normally dwells, and from which it has at times made further minor forays with murderous and economically destructive results. Even yet, that adversary is not defeated; our defenses against it are permeable and insufficient.

Clearly we have right here a dangerous enemy for our next war. Why are we not all arming ourselves against this treacherous foe that does not hesitate to make sneak attacks and has no respect for armistice? There were several millions of us engaged in those influenza battles of 1918–1919; we are the casualties who recovered. I now wonder why in heaven we who returned from those battlefields did not form an American Flu Legion, don our old face masks and march in parades, brandish our voting strength, and influence Congressmen.

With our political power, under the leadership of General Doctor, Captain Laboratory Technician, and Lieutenant Nurse — all who fought valiantly with us millions of private sufferers in the great influenza war — we might have got the government to fortify research laboratories munificently, drill the citizens in epidemic prevention and control, enforce the care of body and mind, and turn the powerful mass psychology into a fervent patriotic assault on the enemies of mankind that have always been more deadly than the soldiers of European fanatics and tyrants. So prepared,

when the next attack comes along, we should be ready for it. We could sell Health Bonds, pay taxes luxuriously, work like the devil, and perhaps, this time, win the war, conquer our great enemy, and keep him subjugated for as long as man remains civilized and sanitary.

But, alas, we did not organize. Medical investigators and public health officers continue to do their best, without much government or public support, while the undertakers year after year continue to tuck us away prematurely.

Selecting Enemies for Coming Wars

But the Design for Fighting I want to sketch here is not so simple and obvious as would be a defensive war against some major decimating epidemic. To fight defensively means admission of intellectual defeat. I want to go deeper. We should remember that it is only the bodies of men and women that the grave-diggers inter and the cremators oxydize. Our influences, our contributions to knowledge and to the art and beauty of human living, — our spirits, if you will, — escape the mortuary. Our works live after us.

Let us, therefore, seek out some of the enemies that assail those human qualities that we group loosely under the term “civilization”; let us look up the opponents to the evolution of those human characteristics that seem to differentiate men from other animals and plants. We may discover that an enthusiastic warfare against such opponents, even if only partially successful, is a fair substitute for warfare against fellow men. At least it would emphasize the absurdity of world wars or national wars where life and property are wildly squandered, while these greater enemies — the enemies of the soul, mind, sometimes body — are almost completely ignored.

Instinctive and acquired human morality, as we have noted, opposes the promotion of man-kill-man war; but I believe this same inherent morality must unquestionably be vigorously pro-war, war to the death, if we define our enemies as those that obstruct or challenge the social and intellectual growth of man and of human society.

We could, of course, betray this innate evolutionary struggle, deliberately refuse to grow, and go turtling through the ages, dull and static; we could even regress, like a petered-out biological species, by way of recurrent world wars and social degradations. But it will be better cosmic sportsmanship to go to the top, to the limit of our abilities and aspirations; for there may be something at that rainbow's end that will make even the galaxies look incidental.

Whatever the postulates in which we clothe ourselves, whether our tailors are religious prophets, pagan philosophers, modern scientific cosmogonists, or the still striving spirits of jungle-born curiosity, the majority of Americans are already amply dressed for the uphill climb. This readiness of the citizen-soldiers is a challenge to those who venture to make plans. No boastful pacification of a restless island will suffice, no capture of a distant market for the enriching of a few

traders, no gloating superiority in armored flying battleships. Those are goals unsuited to human dignity in this time of a New Renaissance.

No, it has to be good, this set of plans; and those whom we have trained to be the long-range social thinkers should heed well the ways and means, the details of joining battle with the real enemies. These new conflicts, moreover, must not be local wars, for a few scientific laboratories, or for one country or one county. The fight must be at least nation-wide. Perhaps over the borders are potential allies, willing, well-armed, and similarly star-bent.

As a simple preliminary, I shall mention four national or international problems the resolution of which seems to lead in the right direction.

Illiteracy

Education, as we know, is well spoken of. Although it is perverted at times and in places into antisocial channels, it is by and large both good and necessary. It is indeed indispensable if democracy is to prevail and the dignity of the individual man is to be respected and enhanced. Literacy is basic for it. Notwithstanding the rapid rise of auditory education by way of the radio, and of pictorial education by moving pictures and oncoming television, there is no reasonable escape from the general necessity of knowing how to read and write. Even a tabloid requires a modicum of literacy, and the comic strips carry printed materials.

The point I am driving at is that Illiteracy can and should be wiped out. The basic equipment (reading and writing) for general and special education should be universally provided. It is not a job for school-teachers alone. It is a national job, for the public and the local governments. Ten years from now the existence of illiteracy between the ages of ten and sixty should be reckoned as a community disgrace. The shame should be on the community, and not on the unfortunate individuals. In many communities volunteer teachers, performing a sympathetic rather than a patronizing task, could take care of this business without difficulty.

In Mexico, the enlightened president, General Manuel Avila Camacho, has requested educated adults to undertake, as a part of their national service, the elementary education of at least one unschooled neighbor. Must we lag behind in social progress? Must we wait for a presidential order? A command from the conscience of the community should suffice. The people can do this work with pleasure and with justifiable pride. And once the first battle for universal literacy has been won in the community, city, county, or state, the level can be raised and a further step taken toward an enlightened citizenry. The second goal might be: "Eighty per cent of those older than fifteen years to have a completed grammar school education"; and there should be a ceremonious bestowal, on the successful community, of an "E" for Excellent, or Education, or Evolving.

There may be, of course, an irreducible minimum of illiteracy of perhaps one per cent, because of the

existence of insurmountable physical disabilities and the presence of illiterate transients. But the occurrence of foreign-language elements in a community should be no excuse for not undertaking or solving this problem; rather it should be a challenge — and an opportunity, by the way, for mutual education.

Premature Senility

As a second martial enterprise, let us organize ourselves and declare war on Premature Senility. The more we study the life span and the death causes of Americans and Europeans, the more we realize that a few maladies and a few bad habits cut off too many useful people prematurely. Most of us say that we should dread the prolongation of useless old age; but who can object to the adding of ten years to the active lives of men and women to whom the years have brought augmented wisdom, and in whom experience has produced nobility of character?

I look forward to the time, perhaps in a century or so, when an adult caught with a communicable disease will be heavily fined, and one indulging in afflictions like cancer, tuberculosis, arthritis, and neuroses will be branded as a social pariah and put in jail. I hope that the names of some of those diseases will become so little known that one would find them only at the bottom of the dictionary page — "cancer: a rare disease, rampant in the dark ages, when, about 1940, it was killing 150,000 Americans annually." But my hope is perhaps too wild. Certainly there will need to be some hard fighting and heavy expense and further education before that Utopia dawns.

The Western world is not too crowded; there is useful work to be done, there are joys to be shared, fine thoughts to be meditated, sunsets for everybody. The proper balance for a diminishing but healthfully controlled birth rate could be the prolongation of adult life. Already the medical and health sciences have done astonishing work on the diseases of infancy. The average age has risen spectacularly in America and elsewhere. But mature men and women will live and work happily half a generation longer when, as the result of a sincere and widespread war, we conquer or control arthritis, cancer, nephritis, and diseases and disorders of the circulatory system, the respiratory system, and the brain. These six are the chief disablers. There is reason for the high hopes of continued advance against all of them.

The battles must be fought, to be sure, largely by the specialists, but in three ways the public can contribute notably; and without this public help, complete victory is impossible. We can inspire brilliant young scientists to enlist, preferably as volunteers, in this great war in the interest of human life and happiness. We can provide directly by gift, or indirectly through influencing governmental support, the necessary funds for the hospitals, research laboratories, and field studies. We can coöperate in controlling some of these scourges by care of personal health and by seeing to it that our communities are provided with appropriate health programs.

Let me comment briefly on each of the six: —

1. In the United States five million people suffer from the various forms of arthritis, and hundreds of thousands are prematurely disabled thereby. Yet, with minor exceptions, there are no appreciable funds for the basic study of this disease, and no specific research army or institution. Arthritis rarely finishes off its own victims; it prepares them painfully for the kill by some more lethal assailant. The average mildness of the malady is probably the reason it is commonly overlooked as one of man's great enemies.

2. Some further comments on the cancer war. The first eleven days of the critical and bloody invasion of Normandy took an average of three hundred American lives a day; cancer killed an average of four hundred Americans on each of those days. And it does not stop; it offers no armistice. In the next twelve months there will be the customary 150,000 deaths in America from this one source, preceded in general by great suffering, sorrow, and expense. Why are we not doing something about it? But we are! Yes, we spend *annually* in cancer research in all the universities and medical research institutions (not including the National Cancer Institute) a little less than the receipts of one major football game! For the current "War of the Tyrants" we spend 300 billion dollars of public money. For the war against cancer, the greater man-slaving enemy, one-millionth as much!

Of course we need more research men and more ideas for the fight on cancer, but both will be forthcoming if ample funds are supplied for numerous *full-time* research positions in leading hospitals and medical schools. The cancer investigators must also explore the possibilities in neighboring fields, and the public should no more worry about efforts and money wasted in following faint trails than it now worries about the expense of exploratory scientific researches for the present war. Four hundred American lives a day justify an expensive fight.

3. Hard arteries and the associated consequences stop in mid-career too many important workers in business, in the professions, in public service. A career of high nervous pressure is tough on the circulatory systems of those men who respond too generously to the call of duty and opportunity. As yet we have no real defense — only worried sermons from harassed wives and family doctors. More than half a million Americans die each year from diseases of the circulatory system; and of the people who are over ten years of age, more than half will die of these maladies unless something vigorous and drastic is done. How much do we spend in basic research on the ravages of this enemy? Practically nothing at all!

4. Tuberculosis is still a deadly enemy to those important people between the ages of twenty-five and forty years, notwithstanding modern progress in care of the afflicted; and also unsolved as yet is that other respiratory affliction, the expensive common cold.

5. Nephritis buries nearly 100,000 Americans a year. We lose the lives, but save a little money, for again there are negligible funds earmarked for research on kidney diseases.

6. But perhaps our greatest enemy among the major maladies is the group of physiological and psychological factors that disorder and spoil the human mind. Some of the many forms of mental diseases are already yielding to the various therapies. Epilepsy is pretty well under control. The depressions are better understood than formerly, and that new knowledge is a necessary preliminary to successful treatment.

The plight of the schizophrenics is no longer a hopeless mystery. The alarmingly large number of neuropsychiatric cases coming out of the armed forces — approximately one half the total discharges for disability — emphasizes dramatically the great importance of fighting this ruthless enemy; fighting hard for the sanity of the race; fighting, also, for the prolongation of mental power. With the mind senile, a virile body is rudderless; the centenarian's closing days should be bright, but not balmy!

Without further documentation, let us acknowledge the need for a concerted national attack on the recognizable causes of premature senility — the ailment that sooner or later will be of personal interest to practically all of us. Would you like to have a tenth of one per cent of your future Federal income tax devoted to the elimination, or at least the great diminution, of the ills that prematurely weaken and destroy? That's all the cash it would require. There is a highly sponsored National Science Fund with committees that could administer grants for medical research.

Would you participate in a national "one meal fast" to pay for research on the major maladies? If all took part, and contributed the equivalent, about 15 million dollars, we should win both happiness and years, because several deadly diseases would die.

Cultural Uniformity

Universal literacy is a goal the average citizen can help attain; longevity is a problem chiefly for the specialists to handle. I should like to isolate another conflict in which everybody can take part. We can name it the Fight Against Cultural Uniformity. It would take long to elaborate the need for this movement, and longer to specify sample procedures in detail. A brief summary must suffice here.

Life, I have found from experience, is the dullerest thing one can live; and it would be vastly duller but for variety among the people one meets, diversity in their habits, manners, and intellectual reactions. To maintain and increase the diversity, to the end of enhancing the degree of satisfaction with life and the opportunity for intellectual and artistic growth, requires immediate fighting against real foes.

I assume people realize that a world state is in prospect for the near future — geologically near; perhaps not in this decade or generation, but soon. By world state I mean the organization of practically all terrestrial men. The quality and degree of the internationalism of the coming world state should be examined. Aviation and radio, and similar modern arts, force the unification. A world-wide economic association that encompasses all states that do business seems so

inevitable, ultimately, that one wonders why we go ahead trying halfway substitutes.

And the unified political organization that will include all the present nations is also rapidly developing, notwithstanding some stubborn and perhaps bloody resistance, and in spite of the temporary dominance by political cartels of major powers. Some would probably predict that the political unity will be obtained and stabilized before the end of the present century; and others may hold out for a thousand years of strife and political individualism. But we all should probably agree, if put to it, that we either sink to savagery or rise, perhaps slowly, to a world unity, however drab this last prospect may appear.

But is a world-wide common culture an inevitability of the new order? I believe not. A political inter-nation and a universal economic agreement need not lead to a sterile uniformity in the cultural world. Local languages perish slowly; and many local customs can persist because they are linked with local geography. Hills, valleys, deserts, mountains, the seashores, and the various belts of latitude will remain, notwithstanding the ingenuity and deviltry of man. And the climates, soils, waters, and scenery in these various types of geographical localities can and will have a basic effect upon the folkways of whatever inhabitants choose to remain, or are permitted to remain, in such relatively specialized domains.

That localized cultures change slowly (whether of man, plant, or animal), and with some care might be made almost permanent, is demonstrated in nearly all the large countries of the world by the present social and domestic differences in contiguous groups. Only if the world maintains these cultural human varieties, these endemic cultures, will it provide natural opportunities for evolution. I mean evolution in taste and art, as well as growth in industry and natural science. For it is well known to the biologist that a uniform population changes but little.

We must therefore oppose, if I am right, those tendencies that are working toward standardization and cultural homogeneity. We must strive against chain thinking and acting. As one contribution to this objective, the small community must continue to live, to play, and to think by itself. It must be our fervent hope that the local American community will grow in cultural self-sufficiency, not only for the delight of the people in being doers rather than in being done for, but also because of the importance of endemic cultures to general welfare.

We are quite willing to give over to international organization the responsibility of the larger political and economic management, if such delegation means peace, efficiency, and progress. But let us work toward a colorful new world through the development and maintenance of local customs.

And it is high time we got started on a program of deliberate cultivation of community life. For we must admit that much of our thinking and feeling has now been delegated to others through the predominance of chain newspapers, broadcasting syndicates, and motion picture theaters. It is alarming to realize how

many of us hear the same news commentators, the same comedians and music analyzers; and to realize how many of us read the same comic strips, eat the same food, announce the same observations on passing events.

All this standardization and mental goose-stepping has gone so far that escape seems impossible. Chain thinking has linked our brains. The radio serves simultaneously ten million of us parrots. Originality of thought and expression has been sold down the river for the joy of hearing a hot gag.

Possibly we cannot retrace and start over; and most of us would not want to; we are mentally lazy, and too willing to follow leaders. But can we not counteract a little the deadening effect of this national centralized domination by emphasizing the activities and the contributions of localized natural communities?

Some of us have cheerful hopes about the more methodical encouragement of craftsmanship in country, town, and city. Already much is done, and it has been tremendously worth while. Art and science often blend in the craftsman. Local group work in the sciences is an entering wedge for community collaboration. In less than two years, the membership in Science Clubs of America has increased 600 per cent, and now we have some five thousand active groups that are doing things, with a maximum of inspiration and a minimum of centralized direction.

Much of the work of the Science Clubs, in the schools and among the adults, deals with the biology, topography, and archaeology of the community. Such interests foster pride in the community. Before long, many counties or valleys are going to be proud, for instance, that the herbarium of the home county valley is well known and has been related to the flora of larger regions and to the community's horticultural and agricultural problems.

The rise of small symphony orchestras and choruses, and the growth of amateur musical performances, are signs that we can develop loyalties to the home folk, and really enjoy their performances, notwithstanding the superior excellence that could be ours by the turning of a dial. These musical movements, especially when they can be related to the folk songs and folklore of the community, are a challenge for all of us who recognize the importance of the independent life of the community, and the heightened likelihood of the evolution of taste and intelligence if homogeneity is opposed.

In the contest against deadening centralized manipulation of the minds and mores of the people, we have a happy fight that all can join; and, paradoxically enough, nationally working artists and scientists can help to incite diversity and direct the development of local cultural projects; the radio and press syndicates can assist in spreading the gospel of community self-sufficiency.

The Tyranny of the Unknown

I come now to the fourth scheme for combat. I cannot escape the feeling that the human mind and human

curiosity are significant in this world — even perhaps in the cosmos of geological time and intergalactic space. With this impression (or illusion) that the mind is the best of us, and the best of biological evolution, I cannot escape the feeling of a responsibility to glorify the human mind, take it seriously, even dream about its ultimately flowering into something far beyond the primitive muscle-guider and sensation-recorder with which we started.

It is, possibly, naïve to deduce that the acquiring of knowledge and sensations, and the judging and correlating of such knowledge and sensations, are a human necessity; and also rather elementary to observe that in the short time that the race has had for reasoning about things, it has been impossible to learn much. But pointing out such fundamentals gives us background, and perhaps modesty. Relative to the total surmisable extent of knowledge, we have advanced very little beyond the level of wisdom acquired by many animals of long racial experience.

We are, to be sure, no longer afraid of strange squeaks in the dark, or completely superstitious about the dead. On many occasions we are valiantly rational. Nevertheless, we now know “how much the unknown transcends the what we know.” The unrevealed seriously oppresses us as men of mind. We are tyrannized by the unanswered more than by governmental restraints or social taboos. This tyranny shadows the brightness of the explored realms of nature and of man. To use again the battle cry of the cornered, the war slogan of the ardent social fighter, “Let’s do something about it!” Let’s exorcise these tyrannical spirits of the surrounding darkness. Let’s declare a methodical and elaborate war on the Tyranny of the Unknown.

Already, in our quiet way, most of us are mildly opposing this tyranny. We do it in our spare time, sometimes apologetically, and sometimes with rather brave and hopeful sanction by our institutional chiefs. But, of course, except when we have war-urgency assignments, we do not let the fight get in the way of comfortable living, routine duties, and our ordinary neighborliness.

Now please do not get the impression that I have, with large words, simply advocated the continuity of research. That is not at all what I have in mind. I said “a *methodical* and *elaborate* warfare on the Tyranny of the Unknown.”

It is time we quit treating the acquisition of new knowledge as the luxury of a special class, or as the precursor to profit-making new gadgets or nostrums. It is time we quit leaving the explorations beyond the horizons to the long-haired professors and the workers in a few government bureaus. The contest against the tyranny of the unknown is a job for the people of America, if they are going to keep up in the competition with other countries. It is their job if they are planning to participate in either the practical or the idealized progress of mankind. It should be the concern of the businessman, the labor union, the fruit grower, and the farmer. This war can be an affair for the Popular Front, if the proper leaders properly blueprint the campaign.

Practically every community in America that can produce an ensign or a sergeant could produce a boy or girl who could be trained to effective, even if modest, service in these new armies. Once the attack is briefed and the skills are sharpened, finding new facts and checking old interpretations are no more difficult than making an automobile from blueprints, or managing intership communications, or unraveling the mysteries of an income tax form. Yes, certainly the increase and spreading out of scientific and other research is a national concern, and, in making this a national issue, respect for fundamentals need not be sacrificed to the utilitarian. But how far we now appear to be from an aggressive governmental interest in this particular fight!

Over a year ago (on April 19, 1944), the British House of Commons debated “Sir Granville Gibson’s motion calling for a bold and generous Government policy towards research. . . . The debate itself ranged over a wide ground, and no scientific worker could desire to have so many of his points made more effectively or trenchantly than was done in its course. The case for adequate remuneration of the scientific worker was pressed even more forcibly than in the House of Lords debate [the preceding July], and the arguments on this point . . . would have seemed incredible in a Parliamentary debate ten or twenty years ago. The credit for this change of outlook must be attributed in no small measure to the work of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee, the reports of which have done much to prepare the ground for the debate.” I am quoting from *Nature* for May 6, 1944. To me it seems that that particular session of Parliament was epochal, not only for science in Western civilization, but for the British Empire.

Can you imagine our own Congress sympathetically and understandingly considering research as a national issue of high importance? Almost inconceivable, you would say; and unfortunately there are smug scientists entrenched in Washington who would say, “Thank God, Congress is keeping out of this.” And I fancy that many others would say, “Nonsense — this enlisting of the common people in a war against the unknown! They can’t understand research, to say nothing of doing creditable creative work. They would only mess up the profession.”

But fortunately only a few scientists feel that the increase of knowledge is for the elite alone. To the rest, I go on to say that we are not yet ready to open the systematic national or international campaign against Enemy Number One. There must be several preliminary preparations, all of which take labor, thought, and time: —

1. The crusade must be sold to the average citizen, through skillful propaganda (or education, if you prefer that term). We must discover appeals to the imagination and the emotions. We need systematic research on the methods of creating understanding and sympathy for research. We must discover the way to make the fight against the tyranny of the unknown a national issue, like good government and individual freedom.

2. Local and national governments must be convinced of the merit of this cause, and of the importance of increasing official support for the mobilization of appropriate forces and resources.

3. The schools and colleges must recognize the importance of producing critical scholars and creative thinkers. They must see that one man fired with curiosity is worth much more than two solid and stolid citizens.

4. The Design for Fighting must be prepared. It must be outlined and published to the collaborating workers. It may require the leadership of a new institution — an Academy of Intellectual Exploration.

Among the citizens of America are several thousand who are the special agents of the people and of the civilization they compose. These agents or servants of society have been trained, mostly at the expense of the public, to know what is known and what is not.

It is to these several thousand servant-thinkers that I now put the question I set out to ask: Would it be advisable and possible to list *in extenso* for each of scores of special fields of knowledge the unsolved problems immediately before us?

The question requires elaboration. The proposed listing would be for technical specialists chiefly — and less directly, or only incidentally, for the non-specialist. Probably in all fields there are many able workers who for one reason or another do not have a grasp of neighboring areas, or even a full picture of their own subject. These workers may be young and as yet inexperienced, or they may be isolated scholars, away from discussion groups or large laboratories and libraries. Important fields often are thoroughly comprehended by only a few intense workers who have favorable temperaments and opportunities, and for such fields even highly competent investigators in adjacent areas are unacquainted with the problems solved and unsolved.

Everybody gains when the obstacles to enriched research — namely, the unclear pictures — are removed. Would not such detailed clarification through problem-listing be worth doing, for the benefit of beginner and professional? What are the immediate unknowns, practical and theoretical, which might be subdued if they were fully recognized and if there were an abundance of thinkers and resources available, in, for example, mammalian anatomy, in atomic structure, in the amelioration of insanity, in regional planning, in pre-Cambrian stratigraphy, in the history of printing devices, in the phylogeny of the anthropoids, in aeronautics, group tensions, meteorology, and the use of leisure?

I visualize a great impetus to research through the methodical listing of the problems. Several biologists and physicists have told me that the project should be both feasible and highly profitable in their own fields.

No doubt in economics, sociology, administration, philology, and the like, it would be possible to prepare essays on the detailed problems that should be attacked. The evaluation of the unknowns would perhaps become more personal, and possibly less valuable, the farther one goes from the physical sciences. But surely, in almost any field of the humanities or the social sciences, there would be gain from an attempt to tell the world which unknowns (that time and intense study might liquidate) now seem most to bedevil the advance of knowledge and constructive theory. The various surveys could not well be homogeneous in formulation or presentation; and they need not be, to attain the desired end.

In practice, there would be the danger of narrow or personal views of the major and minor problems. And another handicap is the natural one that a scholar, forgetting his social responsibility, might hesitate to show his cards; he might want to reserve the brightest battles for a test of his own personal valor. He might be selfish. In the natural sciences a worker's connections with industrial research might stop him from presenting in detail some problems that have commercial value.

The campaign to list systematically, and with bibliographic reference, the visible problems in a special field will require the judgment and ingenuity of a leader in that area. Of this I feel sure. The work cannot be done by popular science writers. The big question then arises: Is the light worth the candle? Are the survey of the field, the guidance and acceleration of other investigators, worth the time and effort of the expert? Are we in America still young-minded enough, and socially-minded enough, to work in this way for a common national and human good? Or should we leave dreams such as this to those national groups where there is no hesitation in making five-year plans, social, economic, scientific — and where the plans are carried out and progress made premeditatively toward the transformation of a national culture?

The necessity has come to American scientists and other scholars of taking an active part in searching for intelligent substitutes for war. America and Americans will never retreat to the pre-war sociology and economics; need we retreat to the pre-war indifference of the academic specialist to the national social problems? To me that seems impossible, especially for scientists. There is not an officer or private, among the ten million in the Army and Navy, who does not know that we are winning this war, not alone through personal valor, but very largely because of our superior engineering and scientific activities.

We should be devoid of vision if we did not take advantage of these new contacts with practical science and of the new respect for it.

Accent on Living

Feeling Tired?

By LEWIS GANNETT

THE coming of the automobile brought a great change to the American countryside. In my youth an occasional board fence promoted the virtues of the Kickapoo Indian Cough Cure, and a few farmers leased their barn-sides to proclaim the virtues of a laxative that worked while you slept, or the restorative powers of other less well remembered pills. The great spreads of billboard came with the automobile. Then the loveliest hillsides were redecorated to resemble, as closely as possible, the molding panels of the streetcars, so that a city automobilist might feel thoroughly at home, and not be able to detect any difference between a river valley and a subway.

The sign-builders worked while we slept; yet in the course of time a few progressive Americans woke up and wrote letters to the papers, and lobbied their legislatures, and built up that mysterious force which we call, in our ignorance, public opinion. The through highways were hopelessly lost; the highway between Philadelphia and New York, for instance, long ago became one long ribbon-like slum, resembling the conventional view of almost any American city from a railroad train: one mighty procession of slightly decayed billboards.

But the automobile public did not relish the prospect; it began to insist on park-like highways free from billboards, and community after community across the once fair face of this land began to limit the ancient freedoms of property owners and to enact statutes against the desecrations of advertising. Some of these communities actually convinced their

citizens that it paid not to advertise; people liked to gaze on green grass and green trees without being forced to meditate on bathroom functions.

All of which is merely an introduction to a meditation on the apparently hopelessly diseased state of the American radio public. Upon my return from six months overseas, where I had listened occasionally to the sedate programs of the British Broadcasting Corporation and the almost uninterrupted jazz of the American Army network, neither of which is punctuated by "commercials," I took a two-week vacation in the country and got snowed in. So I listened to the home radio with somewhat fresh ears, and my ears were horrified.



I learned about something loudly described as "American stomach," which I think my grandmother would have described, in a decorous family whisper, as biliousness; I gathered that it was virtually universal among American civilians. I heard enough laxative advertising to convince a visitor to this country, hearing our radio for the first time, that the chief wartime occupation of the U.S.A. was performed in its W.C.'s. I gathered that we were a nation of sufferers from acid stomach, chronic headaches, inadequate elimination, and general physical incompetence. The only way to escape the constant oleaginous chatter on these topics was to turn off

the radio altogether.

I heard a stirring news broadcast slide into the disease mood with a slogan which appeared to be "Work, fight, give, make democracy live, do you feel tired when the alarm clock goes off, you need. . . ." And the name of the remedy which seemed to be destined to make democracy work and fight and jump up eagerly at the sound of the alarm clock was spelled out again and again and again.

It was, quite literally, sickening. Living with the

LEWIS GANNETT is widely respected for the critical integrity which has always distinguished his daily column, "Books and Things," in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

"What goes on here?"



MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds

WELCOME, little bright eyes. Welcome to a world that needs your eagerness, your courage, your beaming friendliness. A world that needs, above all, the venturing spirit that brings you across that threshold.

For it is in the crossing of new thresholds that lie the opportunities of tomorrow.

Opportunities for new jobs. Opportunities for generous rewards for those willing to earn them. Opportunities for even higher standards of living than in the past.

We need only to turn to past experience for examples to justify this idea.

Years ago the Diesel engine gave promise of new, economical motive power. General Motors spent years in research to improve it and today the highly developed GM Diesel not only gives the railroads a compact power unit of greatly increased efficiency, but is doing a great job on all war fronts powering ships, bulldozers, trucks, landing craft and so on. And thousands of men have good-paying jobs because of General Motors work on the Diesel engine.

In the days of peace to come, you can count on such examples to be multiplied many times over in industry. American enterprise will be free again to unleash its energy and resources on new peacetime achievements.

General Motors expects to make its contribution to those fruitful years, in even greater measure, with "more and better things for more people."

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

uproariously healthy American Army at the front, I had forgotten all the vitamins and salicylates I had taken with me from America, had fallen asleep almost instantly every night, and felt huskier than I had felt for years. Returning to "rest" after this arduous life at the front, and listening to the radio, I found myself tossing in bed, getting up and searching the medicine closet, wondering if something might not really be the matter with me. If the U.S.A. has not in fact become a nation of neurotic, chronically hypochondriac pill-chasers, it certainly isn't the fault of the radio. Radio is doing its utmost to make us such.

It occurred to me that when the healthy Army comes home, after years of listening to radio programs uninterrupted by insidious suggestions of liver, stomach, and brain troubles, it might be alarmed for the health of the home population, or it might just be plumb disgusted with radio commercials. I once put that suggestion in print, in a modest paragraph tucked into the middle of an article on the probable reactions of men returning from the battle fronts to the home front.

The rest of my article was ignored. But I was astonished at the reaction to that little paragraph. Apparently a lot of civilians who had never been off to the wars but had sat at home, night after night, listening to the laxative radio, felt the same way only more so. One veteran of the last world war seemed to feel the subject more important to the future of this country than the San Francisco Conference; he had written a blistering letter to his home-town paper and proclaimed: "I would be proud if shot for having written it."

Still, he and other letter writers gave me fresh hope. Perhaps the radio commercials didn't express the basic metabolism of America after all. Perhaps the public, instead of being sick at its stomach, was sick at the radio. Perhaps it would revolt. And then I remembered the campaign against billboards, and the serene billboardlessness of the new parkways all over the country, and the successful campaigns of Harvey Wiley, and Samuel Hopkins Adams, and others, which a quarter century ago blasted the nastier patent-medicine advertising out of the pages of the better magazines and newspapers. No self-respecting newspaper or magazine today would accept the stuff which is the every-quarter-hour diet offered by the radio.

Not that a little something might not be done in the magazines too. Just to check my optimism, I pick up a current issue of a relatively scrupulous weekly. I find headlined advertisements reading, roughly, "Don't let infectious dandruff spoil your crowning glory. As a precaution, use Sizzler systematically." "Underarm odor? You can't count on your morning shower to keep you from the risk of offending. Get Dumb today!" "To combat bad breath I recommend Boldface's dental cream."

"Soldier! Try NG for quick relief from headaches." "Try improved corn plasters activated with Insane." Perhaps the magazines need an anti-billboard campaign too, and perhaps the American Medical Association should be encouraged to give up its idiotic crusade against social medicine and to crack down on quackery instead.

When the boys come home, they may be too busy hunting jobs to worry about radio, but they'll be aware of the perversion of it as never before. They've had their radio pure. They're used to straight stuff. And they have cultivated, in the idle moments with which war is filled, the old American habit of griping. They might be ready to chime in with a revolt of the civilians.

I don't know the answer. Perhaps it's too late to hope for anything more than a few billboardless parkways of the air. Perhaps not. After all, commercial radio is still young; I discover that only twenty-three years ago a shrewd Republican businessman, then in the United States Cabinet, said: —

It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter.

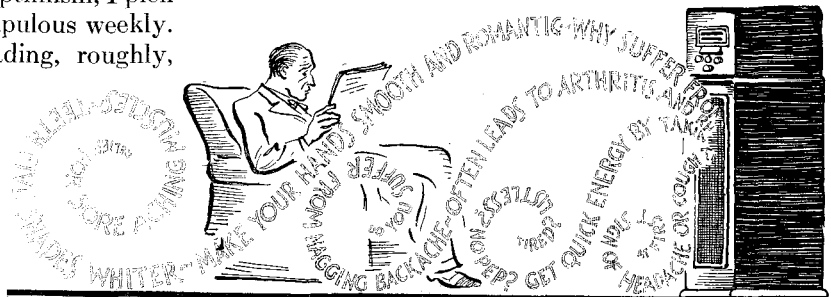
Two years later, in 1924, the same great engineer remarked: —

I believe that the quickest way to kill broadcasting would be to use it for direct advertising.

And in 1925 he said: —

Advertising in the intrusive sense will dull the interest of the listener and will thus defeat the industry. Furthermore it can bring disaster to the very purpose of advertising if it creates resentment to the advertiser.

Herbert Hoover was elected President even after he made those subversive remarks. I don't recall that he continued that line of thought publicly after he became a candidate for public office, but he may still be thinking along the same lines. I suspect that a good many million Americans are doing so. And if more of us stood up and shouted what we feel as we hear, night after night, the shoddy nastinesses of everyday radio commercials, the industry would listen. It's worried. And the highways of the air might be made pleasanter traveling — which, even when we again have gas for our automobiles, will still be important.



Recordings

By MOSES SMITH

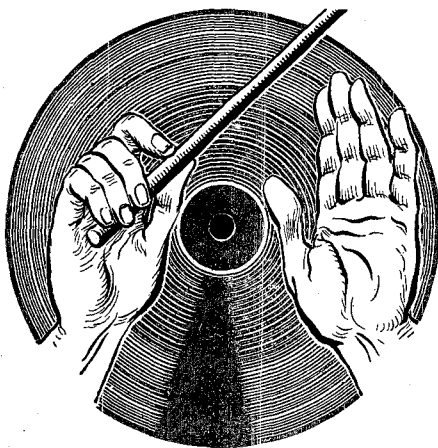
WHEN Victor and Columbia finally settled their differences with James Caesar Petrillo and his Musicians' Union, record collectors looked forward to filling in some of the enormous gaps in classical libraries. The indications are, unfortunately, that the record companies will concentrate instead on new versions of recorded stand-bys. Even though it is obvious that a record company would prefer the release of a favorite concert-hall item to a little-known work of the past or an aggressive novelty of the present, it is not quite so apparent why a second and even third recording of a familiar number should be issued before a first recording of an unfamiliar one is attempted.

The commercial justification for this procedure — and record companies are commercial enterprises — is that the fresh recording of an old favorite sells far better than a previously unrecorded work which is not well known. This apparently arbitrary restriction of recorded repertoire thus reflects popular taste.

In the opera house the public is chary of novelty and insists on the repetition of the same operas year after year. The repertoire in symphony concert halls consists largely of performances of hackneyed music, generally bearing the stamp of nineteenth-century Romanticism. The inertia of managers, conductors, and performers is largely responsible for the rut in which the record companies now find themselves.

A glance at some symphonic music recorded since Victor and Columbia resumed operations shows that, for the present at least, nothing has changed. The first fruits of the new association between Columbia and the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Eugene Ormandy, were Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Dvorák's "New World" Symphony, and "Death and Transfiguration," by Strauss — all of which are represented by several earlier recordings in domestic catalogues. The first recording session of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Rodzinski for Columbia yielded a reproduction of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, for which current catalogues offer a choice of many versions, and George Gershwin's "An American in Paris," already in Victor and Decca catalogues but not previously in Columbia's.

Meanwhile, Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra spent five hours and \$8000 in two sessions recording that same Seventh Symphony of Beethoven



for Victor, which already had in its catalogue a wonderful performance of the work by Toscanini and the Philharmonic. Technically, it is true, the earlier recording is not so good as the playing, but it is still good enough for most record buyers, especially when there is so much unrecorded music for Toscanini to undertake. Perhaps it is a cruel poetic justice which resulted in Toscanini's refusal to approve the recent recording despite the great expense and effort which went into it.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, busiest of all, put in seven sessions under Koussevitzky, and there have been several sessions of "Pops" recordings under Arthur Fiedler. The most novel item of Koussevitzky's repertoire was the Piano Concerto by Khachaturian, a Hollywoodish sort of bombast out of Russia. One of the hits of last season — a good-will offering to the Soviet Union, which requested the recording — it brought fame to the soloist, William Kapell.

Of the great music of the past, Victor decided to commit to permanent form the recent performance of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" under Koussevitzky, with William Primrose as the superlative viola soloist. This has never appeared in an American record catalogue or, at last accounts, in any foreign one, save in excerpts. The bulk of the Bostonians' recording, however, was devoted to the Fifth Symphonies of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky, Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Brahms's Third Symphony, and Mozart's great E-flat Symphony, all of which have been recorded many times before; and to the Second Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë," of which there are three recordings in domestic catalogues, including one by the Boston Orchestra under Koussevitzky.

There are valid reasons for duplications in recorded repertoire, such as the improvements in recording technique or differing tastes in interpretation. These reasons, however, are overstressed; and they often do not determine the actual decisions of the companies, anyhow. The selection of classical repertoire for records in this country is still largely impulsive and hit-or-miss, as it is inevitably in the field of popular records.

Proposals for fresh repertoire to be recorded are, therefore, likely to fall on preoccupied if not deaf ears. Yet one likes to hope, for example, that Decca will find something more substantial for Heifetz to record than the four saccharine salon pieces recently released. Heifetz had been a Victor artist since he came to this country as a boy prodigy in 1917, and it was the spectacular announcement of Decca's acquisition of his services which was said to have precipitated the settlement between the Musicians' Union and Victor and Columbia. Decca, which had settled a year earlier, was thought to be preparing to challenge the other two companies in classical, as previously in popular, music.

An accomplished musician and teacher, MOSES SMITH succeeded the late H. T. Parker as music critic of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Later he served as Director of Classical Recordings for Columbia.

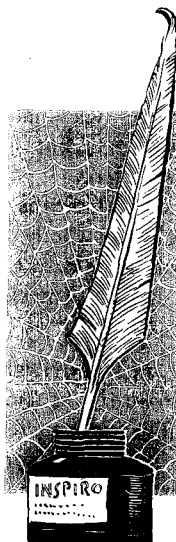
Some violinist, at any rate, whether it be Heifetz or not, ought to record the beautiful new Violin Concerto by Bela Bartok or the attractive one by Bohuslav Martinu. Both works have had popular success in concert, a *sine qua non* for a new recording. Mahler and Bruckner are still inadequately represented in the record catalogues, while their symphonies grow steadily in favor in this country. There is the Symphony of Stravinsky, whose far more dissonant music has sold well on records. There is Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," a masterpiece of which only a few selections have been recorded. Toscanini recently directed a remarkable performance on the radio, made to order for records.

Suggestions could easily be multiplied without going beyond the bounds of commercial feasibility. In the past, American record companies have usually followed the lead of the companies abroad. Now they have the opportunity to exchange roles, for they have the music of the world at their command.

Twang That Lyre Somewhere Else, Muse

By NINA BOURNE

"Every saint and every sinner
Has at least One Novel in 'er."
Where mine is I do not know.
I've been searching high and low.
Tried all methods: hunt and peck;
Hired an analyst on spec —
"You'll get ten per cent," I hissed,
"When it's safe on Scribner's list."
Care and cunning he employed;
Probed my innards with *sang Freud*;
Opened my subconscious wide;
Found neuroses (three) inside;
Checked my ego — bitter cup!
Wiped my windshield; sewed me up.
Slunk away without a fee.
Nary novel could he see.
I tried X-rays and hypnotism;
Tested my metabolism;
Tried a scalpel; tried a sword;
Stethoscope and ouija board.
Found, I'm sorry to report,
Not so much as one short-short.
Sorry, Knopf and Viking Press.
Sorry, Stokes and Essandess.
My apologies to you,
Pulitzer and Nobel, too.
These few lines and I am done.
Literary life was fun.
Hail, ye Muses, and good-bye —
Sorry, girls, the well is dry.



Horse Cavalry

By Pfc IRA HENRY FREEMAN



I TOOK my basic training in the cavalry — the horse cavalry, if you please. Not that the American Army uses horse cavalry anywhere in this war — anyway not since the 26th Regiment's gallant last stand in the Philippines in 1942. The First (and only) Cavalry Division, which helped to retake the Philippines, left their horses in Texas and fought on foot. And the cavalry troops that contributed to victories in Sicily and Italy were all mechanized.

Naturally, I did not request the cavalry when I was inducted. It never entered my mind. Besides, I was born in New York and had never bestrode a horse in my life. It was just one

of those Army assignments. It's all done by machine, I am told; no human hand or brain touches your case. Somehow, when the Army's wonderful classification machine got rolling on a requisition from Fort Riley, Kansas, for a few hundred horseman trainees, my card fell out.

In the Army, you aren't told where you are being shipped. So it was not until we rookies piled out of the train after four days' westward travel from the induction center at Camp Upton, Long Island, and were loaded into strongly smelling vans, that we realized we were in the Land of the Houyhnhnms.

Mounted cavalry is not abolished — not quite. There are several thousand head of Western wild stock, broken to the saddle, at Riley. There are more horses than trainees to exercise them. For, even at Riley, the majority of cavalry trainees these days are mechanized; that is, equipped with jeeps or scout cars or light tanks. During our seventeen weeks of basic, we centaurs developed a fathomless contempt for these jeep-mounted frauds, lacking our distinction of breeks, boots, and spurs.

Long before you get a chance to ride, you are taught humility in the stable police. That means a lot of things — all of them hard work from 8.00 A.M. to 5.00 P.M.; but mostly it means pitching manure. The stable sergeants were ranch boys with provincial dialects we could infrequently understand.

"Hey-yawl-buckem-graysax-ryecheer," one of them said to us once while we were unloading bags of feed from a wagon.

"What?" we asked, and he repeated the order in his native double-talk.

"Can you make out what he wants?" I asked my buddy, George.

"Yuh blessed bless-heads!" the sergeant roared,

IRA HENRY FREEMAN was a reporter on the *New York Times* for sixteen years before entering the Army. He is on the staff of *Yank*.

Joe Haynes, a CBS sound effects technician, sat in a chair during a rehearsal of *Big Sister* waiting for his cue to produce the sound of a falling body. The director threw a finger at him; Joe fell off the chair.

"No, no, no," said the director. "That sounds like you fell a couple of hundred floors. Relax. Give it to me easier."

Joe fell off the chair again. The director shook his head sadly. "Loosen up." Joe fell off the chair again.

"Swell," said the director. Then he saw Joe moaning low on the floor. At the doctor's Joe was treated for a mild case of sore ribs.

What ex-Marine Sergeant Joe Haynes (Presidential Unit Citation), can't figure out is how a man can go through the Guadalcanal campaign, keep "hitting the deck" on hard lava rock day after day, and then get hurt falling off a chair in a peaceful radio studio. ★

CBS caused to be made an impartial study over a period of 18 months of more than 5000 daytime serial listeners of varying incomes and educational levels in 125 communities ranging from farms to large cities. The study sharply analyzed the content of daytime serial programs. Such reliable researchers as Elmo Roper, Dr. Raymond Franzen, Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld of Columbia University and Dr. Carl Rogers of Ohio State University supervised the job. The findings point toward the inescapable conclusion that the serial form of program is a substantial power for good. The findings also upset a lot of hearsay and irresponsible or biased criticism.

Among other things, the survey found:

1. That 54% of all women who stay at home during the day listen to daytime serial programs.
2. That 40% of college-trained women at home in the daytime listen to them.
3. That 35% of upper income women who are at home in the daytime listen to them.
4. That listeners and non-listeners,

level for level, are just about "the same kind of people." They belong to the same kinds of organizations, read the same kinds of newspapers; like the same kinds of movies, volunteer in the same kinds of war activities, attend church in equal proportions, are of equal intelligence and emotional stability.

5. That 3 out of every 4 listeners said they liked the programs because they were "true to life"—that is, they recognized in the serials familiar types of personality and experience.

The survey pretty well dispels the misinformation on which some critics have based their squawks about the daytime serial. What's more, the study finds ample room for improvement, finds that most serial programs could do with less accident and coincidence in their plots, more varied situations, more plausible characters. Perhaps the chief usefulness of the study will be to remind some of the producers and writers that 20,000,000 American serial listeners listen with more intelligence than they have been given credit for. ★



Among the things General Eisenhower said when he came home (and they were all good and true) was this:

"We have long been in countries where we didn't understand the language, and later when we were in Germany, not only were we unable to understand the language, but the faces were hostile and sullen.

"You don't know what it means to hear language that clinks sweetly in our ears—to hear commercials on the radio—and in all it means America to us." ★

A hurricane 40 miles off the Charleston coast brought station WCSC (the CBS affiliate) to its feet at 2:10 a.m. on June 25. John Rivers, the station's manager, and his family were right in its path in a house on an exposed beach. The station got him out of bed and told him to take cover. Then it went on the air and told all

the people in Georgetown, Pawley's Island and Myrtle Beach to make for high ground. WCSC was the only station on the air in that area between 3 a.m. and 6 a.m. and kept up a steady report of the progress of the big wind, the chances of tidal waves, the assurance of help, if needed, from the Red Cross and the Coast Guard. It entertained, soothed and explained for 3 hours until all danger had passed. The next day its listeners poured in their gratitude, including a man from Buffalo, who said he could hear the reports quite clearly, but couldn't hear any wind. ★

On Saturday August 4 Columbia will broadcast the 34th consecutive program of *Assignment Home*, the CBS-ASF program which deals in specific and moving terms with the problems of the returning veteran. When it recently moved to its new time (10:15 p.m. EWT), Commanding General Brehon B. Somervell of the Army Service Forces thought it important enough to say publicly:

"Most of our fighting men will come home ready and eager to resume normal lives. *Assignment Home* is important because it presents problems that must be faced by that small percentage of men who are returning as war casualties... We will repeat many programs already presented. These programs have been chosen by the Army Service Forces and CBS as the most important in the series. They will be repeated because we feel that the new audience should be given the opportunity not only to enjoy excellent dramatic presentations but to learn about the more urgent problems confronting this nation and your own community." ★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

this time with fair clarity. "Cain't chuh understand plain English?"

The order, we deduced at last, was: "Hey, you, buck those grain sacks right here."

I had to admit, though, that when it came to horses, my ignorance was complete. I dumfounded my sorely tried stable sergeant on many occasions. The first time, he was pushing a cart full of oats and barley down the center of the stable, having told half a dozen of us stable police to put a measuring can of the mixture into the feed bin in each stall.

Guessing that this act was the finale of the long day's labor, I dashed energetically in and out of the stalls to get the job done. In a few minutes we had run out of cans.

"What the hell goes on here?" the perplexed sergeant demanded. "Where are the cans?" Then he looked around and discovered the horses miserably nuzzling the tins.

"Why, you blessed dummy!" he ranted at me, unable to believe his eyes. "Did you put them blessed cans in them blessed feed bins? Do you think a blessed horse can eat out of a blessed mess kit?"

Most of us were a little nervous about getting too close to the horses in the beginning. Some of the trainees were downright scared. The very first day of our horsemanship training we were sent into the corral, which was jam-packed with the untied beasts milling about.

"Everybody catch a horse!" the training sergeant ordered.

We shuffled timidly into the herd. When you snatched for the halter of a horse, the startled animal would whirl to punch at you with a hind hoof. As you jumped for safety, you would jostle another nag in the mob and set him to rearing, and the first thing you knew, the whole corral was bucking and kicking, with panicky soldiers dodging and yelling "Whoa!" and making the confusion worse. The noncoms in charge of our training nearly died laughing; this was the standard introduction of trainees to their mounts.

After a while, we found you ought to walk softly among loose horses and not shout "Whoa!" at them, but murmur sweet nothings as you approach. That way you can slip up to a pony and clip a halter shank onto him before he sees through your little game.

We had already been initiated as housemaids to the gee-gees; now we became their nurses. In the Army, trainees are instructed in everything "by the numbers." The process of right shoulder arms, or about face, or making a bed, or whatever, is broken down into its component movements, which are numbered and which are performed one at a time on the command of a noncom. We began to groom horses, therefore, by the numbers.

"Back, barrel, and belly on the near side," the cadre sergeant would call as we "stood to heel" five paces behind our horses in the deep mud of the corral. "Move in!"

Thus, we went over the whole anatomy, rib by

rib, joint by joint, with curry comb and brush. Tenderly we held a muddy hoof in our laps to pick out the muck, and immediately dropped it right back into the gooey stuff. We cut the burrs from the tail, cleaned the corners of the eyes.

At last the day came for our first riding lesson. When people ask me how long it takes to learn to ride, I say two hours. Certainly, the Army wastes no more time on the rudiments.

That morning, our instructors had us cinch blankets on our horses, loop halter shanks around their necks, and lead them into a "sweat box," as the practice ring enclosed by a high board fence was called.

"Prepare to mount," the training sergeant called. "Mount!"

Mount! How the hell could you ascend a horse without stirrups to give you a leg-up, or some leather to catch hold of? Furthermore, we discovered at that moment how slippery a horse is. While the sergeant bellowed his disgust, we awkwardly boosted one another onto the saddleless ponies.

"Slow trot," called the sergeant. "Ho-oh." And at that command, given in the minor-keyed singsong peculiar to the horse cavalry, we trotted around and around the ring without benefit of either saddle or stirrup on the first ride of our lives.

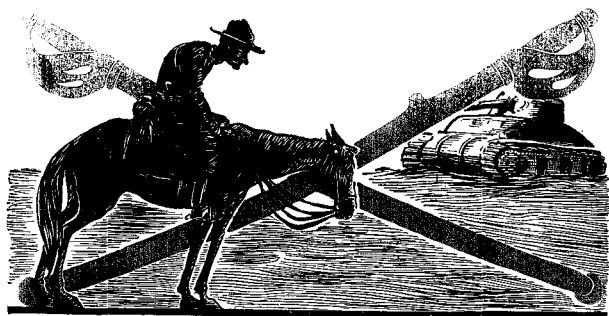
"Gallop," called the heartless sergeant. "Ho-oh." And, incredibly, we galloped. It was impossible to cuss; we had to grit our teeth hard against the jouncing.

With only brief and rare intervals of walking the ponies, we were kept at this painful business for two hours. At one time, the torture was such that all fifty of us trainees were groaning together. That sounded so ridiculous we had to laugh, and then we were laughing and bawling in the same breath.

By the end of that first session, we were so sore we could hardly march back to midday chow. A popular practical joke that evening was to pinch a horseman trainee high up inside the thigh; the screeching victim would all but collapse.

However, in a month of daily practice we did learn to ride; not well, but in the GI manner. Which means we could stick to the saddle, in formation and at the Army cross-country pace, for four hours at a stretch, doing thirty miles a day over the endless Kansas plain without regard for weather, and turning aside for no obstacle except maybe a vertical wall over five feet high.

When we had mastered the fundamentals of the





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"GI seat," we got tactical exercises. A couple of squads would hide in a draw, while scouts conned the terrain on the other side of the rise. Then we would rush at a snorting gallop over the hill, fling ourselves to the ground with rifles ready, and engage the "enemy."

It was all kid stuff, of course, and very strenuous. Still, it was about the only thing in the Army that was any fun, and I suspect we all enjoyed it, not excluding the men well over thirty-five.

The climax of this childish circus was mounted pistol practice toward the end of our training. The idea was to gallop in a "column of troopers" (single file) in a big circle, each man holding aloft a .45 automatic pistol. As we flashed past a row of targets representing the silhouettes of foot soldiers, we were to lean 'way out of the saddle and fire in the best Wild West style. We were warned we should have to pay for the horse if we shot him.

Here, surely, were the dreams of everybody's boyhood come true. I kicked my sorrel pony into the gallop and joyously banged away like Buffalo Bill himself. After a few happy circuits, I noticed the sergeant glowering at me with more than usual distaste.

"How am I doing, sarge?"

"I wanna tell you somethin'," he replied sourly. "I don't know what the hell you imagine you are, but in the Army, when we shoot from the gallop, we don't keep yellin' 'Wheeeee!'"

The Chickadee

By MARK VAN DOREN

THE chickadee has three short songs
To love the world with, spring and fall;
And winter,
For he loves it all.

And two of them are cherry sweet,
But one is diligent persimmon;
Children
Love the last, and women.

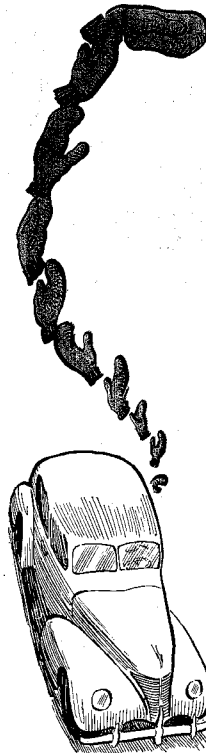
And it is cheerful at the door,
In snow, when nothing else will sing.
But woodsmen
Hear a different thing.

In ragged pines, in melting March,
Or in September's softer prime,
Two sounds,
Or three, in saddest time:

Most plaintive, as the happy heart
Can be, pretending. So they say,
Those men
Alone, and look away.

The Mittens That Multiplied Like Rabbits

By ELIZABETH WARD



IT WAS really all my fault, for I was the one who first put the idea of mittens into Charlotte's head. We were members of the same car pool, and we used to meet every morning at the Esso Station in Red Bank. There George, our driver, picked us up and whisked us over thirty miles of N. J. State Highway to Linden, where we all work in an aircraft factory. About half way there we stopped to pick up Tony.

The trip home was comparatively leisurely and relaxed; but in the morning it was George's fixed purpose to arrive at the plant in time for a cup of coffee before punching in at eight o'clock. We made for Linden as if shot out of a gun; and if anything disturbed our progress, such as a car coming out of a side road, we never deviated from our course by so much as a fraction of an inch.

It occurred to me that some form of light manual labor during the ride would keep me from imagining such headlines as "War Workers' Bodies Not Yet Recovered From Smoldering Wreck — Complete Story on Page 4." Outside of engineering drawing, I have no love for handiwork; but I thought that any fool could make mittens, and, as it turned out, I was entirely right. I made dozens of pairs, and arrived at work calm and collected as a payroll deduction.

I must admit that, although I did all right on the straightaway, the thumbs and tops of the mittens were too complicated for me. I therefore worked out a system involving two sets of needles, two balls of wool, and my mother. I would knit the mitten up to the place where you have to make a hole for the thumb, and then turn it over to my mother, who took care of the thumb situation while I was knitting the cuff of the second mitten. We pursued this method of switching mittens throughout. By the middle of July we had reached peak production, never bottlenecking each other, and mittens were coming off the assembly line at the rate of two pairs a week. My immediate family had long since absorbed mittens to the saturation point, but the problem of the surplus crop was solved by the imminence of Christmas.

ELIZABETH WARD left publicity work to take a job in a war plane factory in New Jersey. This is her first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

I never supposed that Charlotte would be interested in my mitten-knitting technique, so I had not explained it to her, and it was only natural that she was misled by the speed and ease with which mittens ripened and dropped off my needles. One Monday morning she turned up in the car with an enormous hank of red wool, four needles the size of crowbars, a hand-painted cardboard container, and the announcement that she was going to knit a pair of mittens when I gave her my directions.

The only direction I could give was "Set up 42 stitches and k 1, p 1, from Red Bank to Linden." Since it was the first time that Charlotte had ever asked my opinion, or treated me with any show of respect (she works downstairs in the plant, makes twice as much as I do, and regards the Drafting Room as distinctly inferior), I was reluctant to display my ignorance. Fortunately, her hank of wool was unwound, and it took her all the way to Linden to wind it up into a ball, so we arrived at the plant with my prestige unimpaired.

Since we weren't busy in the Drafting Room that day, I passed the morning by working out a conversion factor on the calculating machine: Diameter of needles times gage of wool over 42 stitches equals *k*, a constant, and so forth. During the afternoon I made what is known to the trade as a flat pattern, which I entitled "Layout and Development — Mitten — Charlotte's. Left Hand Shown, Right Hand Opposite." On the way home I was able to give Charlotte authoritative information about how to proceed as far as the thumb. That night I had my mother write down the instructions for the thumb, as well as the tricky business of narrowing the top, and by the end of the week we were streaking through our mittens in top form.

The only flaw in our relationship was that, in calculating the conversion factor, I had overlooked Charlotte's knitting. It was of the casual, happy-go-lucky variety, and much looser than mine; so her mitten developed heroic proportions. I assured her, however, that she could block it to size — a phrase I had picked up from my mother — and she looked at me trustfully and went on happily knitting.

Over the week-end Charlotte finished her first mitten, with the exception of the thumb, which I had told her to leave to the very end, and by the time we reached Linden on Monday morning she was almost up to the thumb hole on its mate. During the morning she came into the Drafting Room and asked me where she was supposed to put the thumb. I was busy, and, conscious of my boss's disapproving gaze, I said with great conviction that inasmuch as her mitten had, up to this point, neither



back nor front, it didn't make the slightest difference where she put the thumb.

Charlotte looked pretty bewildered — I can see now that she had every reason to — but I finally reassured her and she went away. Of course you know what happened: she made both mittens for the left hand. But she bore this misfortune philosophically, for the entire business of knitting mittens had captured her inflammable imagination. She said that she might just as well have two pairs anyhow, and would now knit two right-hand mittens. I

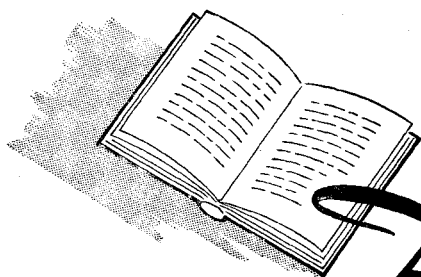
applauded her ingenuity and resolution. Charlotte roared through the third mitten at breakneck speed, and had reached the top of the fourth when the wool gave out.

You might think that all she had to do was get another hank of red wool. But it seems that no two hanks of red wool are ever exactly the same color, unless they come out of the same dye lot, and there wasn't any of Charlotte's original dye lot left. I didn't blame her, with three and three-quarters thumbless mittens on her hands, for saying rather plaintively that if she had realized how difficult it was going to be, she would have knitted a scarf instead.

Even the male members of the car pool, who had hitherto regarded the mittens with apathy, exhibited concern. Between us, we finally evolved a plan of partial salvage. Charlotte was to rip out the fourth, unfinished mitten, and use that wool to make thumbs for the other three. This would give her one complete pair, and a widowed left-hand mitten, which she could keep on file in the hope that the exact shade of red wool might turn up someday.

Then Tony, who had been pondering the problem in silence for several minutes, came through with a really magnificent bit of mitten lore, dredged up from who knows what remote corner of his past. He advised Charlotte to knit a fourth mitten with the new wool, and then soak the third and fourth mittens together in a strong solution of hot water and soap. They would both run a bit, he claimed, and would come out of the water a perfect pair. At this critical juncture, the Drafting Room went on a different shift, and I had to find a new ride into Linden, so I have never learned how Tony's theory worked out.

The other day Charlotte flashed by my table; and as she passed, she flapped a huge, half-knitted mitten at me. I was delighted to see that it was a black mitten, with a jagged yellow streak emblazoned on its cuff.



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

WE ARE speaking of dogs and of what makes a good one — speaking in terms of the family, not of the show ring or hunting, and with the strong prejudice we each feel for our favorite breed. Dogs became loyal to man as far back as 5000 B.C. Alone of domesticated animals, they prefer us to their own kind. In gratitude we have taken care with their breeding and have given them a mixture of love and discipline which in rare cases amounts to education.

Since I was city-bred, my experience has been with the smaller breeds. There was "Teddy," the Airedale who saved me from drowning in Lake Hatley. Alone on the dock at the age of three, I reached too far for the string of my submerged boat, and he was after me almost as soon as I splashed. There was "Mr. Dooley," a white bull terrier who used to take me to Miss Jones's School and came back the eight blocks to fetch me at noon (no motors in those days). And there was "Smoke," the black and white Boston bull, the first dog I shared with my brothers and sisters. He had measles with us, spots and fever; he swam and played through those happy summers at Bay Head; he was a spunky, laughing friend whose death was long a scar.

Then came the years when Princeton was Mecca. One Easter when my mother was sick, our cook vamoosed and it fell on me, the eldest, to locate an accommodator. I found one at last who was willing, but she explained that she couldn't leave her two-day-old puppies and their mother. I bought the pups on the spot and they came along, one jet-black, the other brindle. They gave promise of being bulldogs, and that night they were christened "Nassau" and "Tiger."

The summer of their puppyhood their paternity

was still in doubt. My family — all seven of us — were then crowded into a tiny cottage at the seashore. There was a miniature hedge in front and the pups loved to play in its shade; they would tunnel under it from opposite sides and then yap at each other through the roots. This yapping, unchecked for an hour, would get to my father, who was never the least irascible of men, and I can remember one Sunday dinner when his patience snapped. He flung open the screen door to the porch and shouted, "Stop it, you damn little fools! Stop it!" There was a momentary pause, enjoyed by the neighbors; then the yapping continued. Whereupon he seized my German silver napkin ring and flung it at the hedge. The scufflers emerged and by common impulse burst into one of those irrepressible puppy sweeps. Round and round the cottage they tore, and each time they flashed by the door, Father let fly another napkin ring. Great sight.

We raised "Nassau" and "Tiger" to mongrelhood in those border years when the automobile was driving the horse — and the dog — off the roads. But our pups had too dim an intelligence to appreciate the speed of a car. To them it was simply a challenge for a race. No shouts of ours could keep them out of the road: they had to learn the hard way, and "Tiger" went first on Newark Avenue. It was sheer luck that ripened "Nassau" into fat middle life. Never to the end did he learn to look and to choose his openings as do the Boston dogs who trot over to the Common on their own today.

What makes a dog laugh?

My fifteen-year-old cocker, "Mickey," black as the ace of spades except for the white hairs at his muzzle, lies sleeping by my foot as I write. He, too, fancied himself as a hunter in his salad days when his senses were more alert. One summer we were living in the Red Cottage, bounded on the south by a vegetable patch and on the east by a moraine and then the beach. Rabbits used to make free with the carrots and lettuce in the garden — so free that one sunset I pointed "Mickey" at the cottontail which was plainly visible from our doorway. He was off like a yipping arrow, and the chase led over the hill and

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Three

By **Stuart Cloete**

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into the woods. A half hour later there was his scratch at the screen door. No rabbit, but in his jaws the half-eaten carrot the rabbit had left behind.

This tickled our sense of humor, not his. But "Mickey" does laugh, unquestionably. He laughs in an October orchard as we play apple-catch-apple-chase. The apple he retrieves is his and he rolls on it at once to make sure I understand. Then with it between his paws he lies there laughing. Even now when his teeth are gone, he knows he can keep the apple, dodging and darting until for my sake he drops it accidentally on purpose. This is his sense of humor, and it tickles me. We have played this game on the beach with the fishermen's corks, we have played it inside with hickory nuts and grapes (a Malaga grape, you understand, and he would never break the skin), and we've played it with rocks — smooth rocks. But the apples in the orchard are the best.

"Mickey" laughs, as all dogs do, in expectation. The words "Go out," with a rising inflection, bring that canine grin and the special indrawing of breath which means anticipation. Similarly, "Oh-h" with the question mark big in it will bring him quickly to see what is at my feet, grinning. "Mickey" laughs at the prospect of squirrels up a tree: it is enough for me to touch the bark and peer into the foliage. Up he goes as high as he can leap; for, all his life, squirrels have been the Unattainable.

Dogs talk while they fight, but most of their private conversation is inaudible. I remember William Morton Wheeler telling of a walk he had taken with one of his dogs and how on their return the two who had been left at home sniffed the news from tip to tail. A dog's sense of smell is mysterious and baffling to those of us whose olfactory senses are all but atrophied. I wish I could read the west wind sweeping through the woods with half the accuracy of "Mickey" as he stands with his nostrils twitching. We have either forgotten or never invented the words to describe those shades of experience which he is taking in. Our supply of good smelly adjectives is pitifully meager, as any writer soon discovers who tries to take us into the canine world. Virginia Woolf was keenly aware — as keenly as one of us could be — of the scent and the nostril when she wrote *Flush*. And Kipling, master of the sensuous detail, certainly did his best in that unforgettable short story, "Teem." But both were up against it: both were faced with a shortage. Perhaps this explains why there are so few good dog stories. I can recall only a few: *Bob, Son of Battle*; *Lad* by Albert Payson Terhune (another lover of the collie); Sir W. Beach Thomas's memorable *Letter to My Dog*; and in part those telling pages of the *Forsyte Saga* in which Galsworthy speaks of Balthasar.

The violence within

Stronger Than Fear by Richard Tregaskis is a novel dedicated to the Infantry, "the soldiers without armor, who are the vanguard of every attack." It is the personal story of Captain Paul

Kreider, who has twice been wounded, decorated with the Silver Star, and then returned to command a company of his old outfit. He knows the law of battle averages as well as anyone, and he is too honest a fighter not to notice the sergeant's glance or to read the inference in the colonel's voice when instinctively he begins to spend more time in Company Headquarters than on the line. This story picks him out of his drugged sleep just before the jump-off. It follows him into action with the knowledge that he has to "ride on the platoons" if B Company is to hold its place. Here then is the internal struggle between caution and demand as it ceaselessly revolves in his mind, and here is what he does to lead his men in the risky confusion of house-to-house fighting in Germany. A rare picture and an authentic tribute by one who knows.

The Brick Foxhole by Richard Brooks, on the other hand, is the story of those who do no fighting save within themselves, the men long in uniform who have been bogged down at home, the men who suffer from frustration and suspicion, the men who were never intended to be soldiers, the men whose ignorance and whose brutality have been aroused to violence not by the beaches of Okinawa but by the callosous boredom of the interminable regimentation which is war. This is the sordid story of men to whom the claustrophobia of camp is a nightmare, men cut off from their wives and from normal living, men whose only and transitory reward is a few hours' leave in the tawdry night-spots of an overcrowded city. It is curious to compare this book with John Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers*, with which it has much in common. Here are the same profanity, the same superficial cynicism, the same brutal reaction to discipline. But in Mr. Brooks's book one is very much aware of the moral indignation which prompts him to revile the very stupidity and hatred he is describing.

Here today

Before the war I thought R. C. Hutchinson the best-developed of the younger English novelists ("younger" being under forty), and it is a relief to find that his experience in the British Army, while it has delayed, has not diminished his powers. His new novel, *Interim*, which was written in 1943-1944, is separated by time and hard experience from the earlier books, like *Testament* and *Shining Scabbard*, which so clearly established his authority. But for all his absorption in the war, Mr. Hutchinson has not lost his touch as an artist of character, and to my mind *Interim* is by all odds the best novel England has sent us since the blitz.

The spell of this story is the spell of immediacy, the delight of those snatched-at hours when a man on leave is taken suddenly into the confidence of a family in an unfamiliar place. *Interim* is the story of such a family and such an intimacy — a family inhabiting a stone farm on the high, rocky Uplands of the West Riding and the intimacy which it created for a particular sergeant of artillery who, with his crew, blundered into the farmyard at three in the morning.



Illustration by A. Y. Jackson for Henry Beston's *THE ST. LAWRENCE*

A tale
from the
*Rivers
of
America*
SERIES

Edited by
HERVEY ALLEN
and
CARL CARMER

It happened in August . . .

ON ONE GREAT DAY in the year the white man's religion and the Indian traditional habits are curiously blended together on the banks of the St. Lawrence. For the tribe of the Montagnais the great annual celebration is not only the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin but the traditional date of their return to the woods for another winter. From her niche in the tiny chapel which stands on the river's banks, the Indians carry their Patroness in solemn progress to the Indian Christ at the edge of the forest, so that she may gaze upon her Son . . .

As the Virgin passes in solemnity from her church into the roofless air the young braves raise their guns and salute her with a ragged volley of tribute and exultation. Their Patroness once more enshrined in her niche, the annual blessing given, the connection of the tribe with the St. Lawrence is broken. Shouting good-byes and setting out together as a fleet, the Indians paddle their canoes from the St. Lawrence into a headland of a lesser river — the limitless forest lies ahead . . .

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Having intruded, Roger comes back — the first time, to apologize, and then on leave, drawn by the attraction of these remarkable people.

The Quindles are people as valiant as they are variable, and Roger is drawn back to them not because of their hospitality (which is war-frugal and self-help) but because of the temper of their thinking and the simple, sterling quality of their living. In the Army, Roger is something of an intellectual hermit. Hopelessly estranged from his wife, shut off from the books on which he has fed, he finds on this lean farm with its Upland beauty a solace which he is to hold on to for as long as he lives, and this solace comes directly from the four members of the household — from Bernard Quindle, the head of the family, a doctor of humility, an ever questioning Christian who has dedicated his life to trying to transfer to China the civilization fast fading in Europe; from Charlotte, the invalid and possessive mother whom Sargent had painted and in Masefield's phrase "the woman marching by the beaten man"; from Vaughan, the psychologist son, a pilot of a heavy bomber in the RAF when he might so easily have been doctoring in a hospital, and Virginia, the forthright, resourceful daughter, victim of an impossible marriage, whose presence pervades the whole story, though in truth she is seldom at the farm.

These energetic people, so impervious to poverty and the strain of war, so full of each other, so full of argument (much of the book is in dialogue), of intellect, and of deep caring, are a family to remember as Roger remembers them when at last he is brought to hospital: —

I could see the shape of Orchilly with peculiar clearness: firelight on the worn furniture and the dogs sprawling; a morning wind at my bedroom window, the very tricks and tones of Bernard's voice, the day's tiredness dissolved into the tune of the evening. So fresh were those scenes, passing in procession across the white wall and the pain in my side and the ragged music, that they possessed me with their happiness.

~ ~ ~

NEW CHUM

\$2.50

By John Masefield

MACMILLAN

It is not easily apparent why the Poet Laureate of England should have written this book. It is a strictly factual account of his first term as a thirteen-year-old apprentice aboard H.M.S. *Conway*, a training ship for potential officers in England's Merchant Marine. Perhaps a nostalgic reverence for the seafaring life has mellowed his recollection of the past; for, although he calmly recounts the succession of brutalities and indignities he was forced to endure, he does so with an almost aloof serenity. Only at times do passages of beauty and feeling break through the accurate, pedestrian journal of life aboard the *Conway*.

He came to the ship an orphan, eager, infatuated with the sea, anxious to enjoy the humblest task, provided it was sailor's work, from swabbing decks to polishing brightwork; he reveled in going aloft alone and studying the varied shipping in the Mersey. But from the moment of his first

meal in mess, he lived in fear. He was forever being knocked down and knocked about, dumped out of his hammock, kicked and abused by a gang of sadistic louts who took pleasure in brutalizing and degrading their juniors, the "new chums." Some of the older boys treated him kindly and tried to protect him, but the bullies were always lurking, ready to seize any opportunity for another of their cowardly attacks. It is not a pretty story.

Nothing, however, could extinguish the new chum's profound feeling for ships and seafaring. By the end of his term he was passionately a sailor. He appreciated to the full each new discovery, the nice craftsmanship of sailors, the knots they tied, the models they made, the pictures they drew. He took keen pleasure in the ships themselves and the way they were made, the unsplinterable hardness of the decks, the functional rightness of the rigging, the lines of the great clippers, the sheer of their bows, the rake of their masts, the beauty and truth implicit in a creation destined to struggle with and overcome the sea — a contest in which only the best and cleanest and the least superfluous could endure and survive.

Perhaps he became a poet subconsciously when, for the first time, he saw the wounded *Wanderer* returning to harbor through fog and rack, from havoc of tempest and ocean, beautiful beyond imagination. He discovered beauty in the tall ships, and he never forgot his discovery. In this book written some fifty-odd years after the event, that discovery of beauty is the important thing — not the technical details so carefully described, not the physical pain and humiliation, not the indifferent schooling, but the sudden boyish awareness of

... the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

He could have said that — and indeed has said it — in a single poem. One asks again, Why did he write this story in this way? It may be the subtlest of approaches to future volumes which will sound with glory. This is the basic foundation perhaps, the facts you have to know before you can understand the mystery and the magic. One thing is sure — and the same is true of so many other volumes which he has written — when you have read and closed this book, your chief emotion is that you *like* John Masefield. He must have been a brave, as he was certainly an eager and sensitive, boy. He learned his lessons the hard way, but he kept, man and boy, his integrity.

R. E. DANIELSON

~ ~ ~

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By George W. Norris

MACMILLAN

GEORGE W. NORRIS was conspicuous in that Progressive movement which has so greatly affected American politics. He grew up on a farm in Ohio and earned money for his education by working on farms and later by teaching in country schools. He studied law, moved west, and opened an office in Beaver City, Nebraska. Active, energetic, keenly interested in political questions, and with a taste for speaking formed in the debating societies that had been a feature in his education, it was almost inevitable that he should get into politics.

Like many who enter public life, he believed that he did so only at the call of duty. He speaks of his service as a District Judge, the office he held when first elected to Congress, as the most satisfactory period in his life. One

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(*Book-of-the-Month Club News*)

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Alfred A. Knopf
Publisher, New York

doubts if he quite appreciated his own motives or the subconscious fascination of a public career. Certainly he never turned back, and remained in Washington for over forty years — in the House until 1912, and then in the Senate for three successive terms. He only retired in 1942 when defeated in a Senatorial election, and he speaks of that defeat as a great disappointment.

As a young man, Norris "thought the Republican Party was perfect." Indeed, until 1936, when he ran for the Senate as an Independent, he always was elected as a Republican. It is an illustration of the confusion in political parties that he was able to remain for so long technically a regular Republican, while often opposing the policies of the party and sometimes voting against its Presidential candidates. He never became a Democrat, however, for he grew to dislike both political organizations.

He had the faculty, so convenient in politics, of believing in the righteousness of his own cause and in the iniquity of the opposing forces, coupled with tolerance for individuals among his opponents. In return, he enjoyed the liking and respect of many of those who were most irritated by the group to which he belonged. He quotes Speaker Cannon as having said to him, "If any member of your damned gang had to be elected to the Senate, I would prefer it to be you more than any of them."

Throughout his career Norris was consistent in the advocacy of measures which he hoped would produce purity in government, greater opportunities for the poor, and the conservation of the country's natural resources. Men felt he was sincere and they knew where he would stand on most public questions. It was only in foreign affairs that his course reflected the bewildered uncertainty that hampered America until the country was united by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

This book is about an interesting man in an interesting environment, but it is unsatisfactory in many ways. It is unbalanced — diffuse in some places and curiously reticent in others. For example, there is no mention of Norris's personal attitude toward Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose name does not even appear in the index. There is little record of Norris's intellectual development. We are left in ignorance as to whether he died poor or rich, as to his social and religious affiliations, and as to much else we should like to know. The book is the combined result of dictation by Senator Norris, completed shortly before his death, and of the work of his friend, Mr. J. E. Lawrence, who, Norris says, was called in "to elaborate upon some parts of the material and to eliminate others in order to create a balanced story within the necessary limits." It is not easy to be sure where Senator Norris leaves off and Mr. Lawrence begins.

ARTHUR D. HILL

HOME TO INDIA

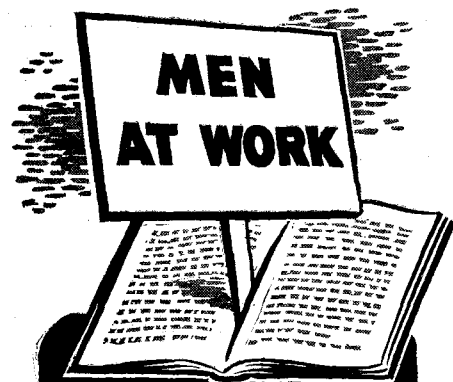
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AN English-educated Brahmin girl of sixteen comes home to India after an absence of ten years and honestly and engagingly sets down her chronicle of rediscovery. With an august grandmother who allows pigeons to nest in the bedroom, but will not tolerate having servants treated as equals, and a dynamic mother who believes in horoscopes, but stands ready to lead the All India Women's Conference should its president be imprisoned, and her sister Premila, as modern as her tennis shorts and wisecracks, the author draws an arresting sketch of three generations of Indian women.

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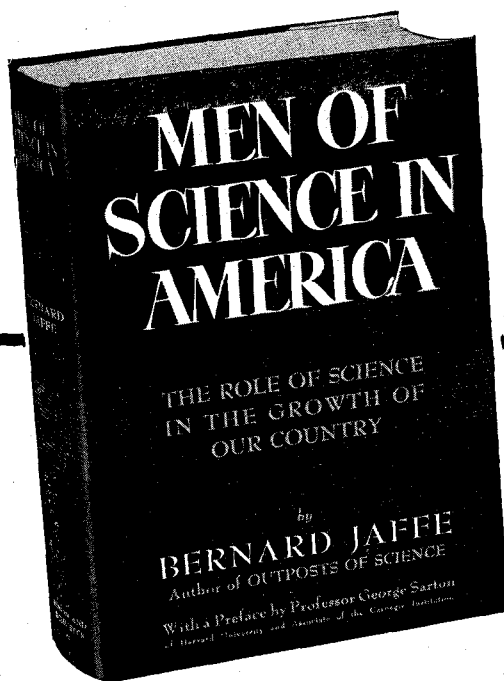
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monuments and worthy projects, slums and palaces—there is always the growing portrait of the author finding herself. Finally, her first question of what India is to mean to her becomes, through her wise mother's suggestion, a problem of what she may eventually contribute, and she leaves for college in America to study "a real democracy." One hopes that what she found was worthy of her expectations and her gay and sound interpretation.

ANN LEIGHTON

THE FATES ARE LAUGHING

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By W. P. Crozier

HARCOURT, BRACE

MR. CROZIER belongs to that small and special group of authors who have chosen Imperial Rome as the theater for realistic novels. This group has respectable but not always successful antecedents. When Macaulay wrote his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, he obviously failed to convince anyone that he was an Ancient Roman, but he fully succeeded in convincing his contemporaries that he was a brilliant and eloquent product of the English Public School and University. Later writers have been less successful. No one, except the most wishful thinker, would accept General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*; *A Tale of the Christ* as anything but sanctified melodrama, or *Quo Vadis*? as much better than treacle, or *The Robe* as anything but a popular best-seller.

On the other hand, there have been a few conscientious writers who have been deeply interested in the curious manner of living and thinking in the days of Imperial Rome, who have tried to translate that habit of life to modern readers in the terms of intimate novels or alleged autobiographies. One thinks immediately of Robert Graves's *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God*, in which the erudite author slips himself inside the baffling personality of that strange emperor and explains his intimate purposes and methods. It is all very cozy and just among ourselves—and extremely well done.

Mr. Crozier, in this instance, follows an earlier and, to my mind, superior example. His easy, colloquial story of a Roman senatorial family living under the tensions and fears of the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula has a simplicity and a verisimilitude which remind the reader of that little-known masterpiece, *Andivius Hedulio*, by Edward Lucas White.

Perhaps the unenlightening and rather forbidding title explains the comparative neglect by his countrymen of Mr. White's novel. The incredible sharpness of detail, combined with the strange, dreamlike unreality of *Andivius*, can never be duplicated or approached, but Mr. Crozier does succeed in a different manner, in telling his story quite as convincingly, as though it were told as of London today instead of Rome about A.D. 40. This is a very considerable achievement, and the story is a good one. Incidentally, it demonstrates that it is not good to live under the caprice of a tyrant—something which this generation has learned all over again.

The inevitable urge to drag the early Christian Church and Pontius Pilate into his novel has acted on Mr. Crozier as it has on most of his fellow classic-novelists. He does it with a wave of the hand and a shrug, but he does it just the same. It seems to this reviewer that one could write a novel of contemporary American life without hauling Earl Browder across the stage, but the temptation to introduce Peter or Paul in a "Tiberius" novel would seem to be compelling. I accept, being a poor Latinist, the civilization and thinking of Imperial Rome as Mr. Crozier presents them. And I am quite certain that he has written an entertaining, interesting, and constructive book, well worth anyone's reading. Addicts of *Andivius*, take notice!

R. E. DANIELSON